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R. H. STODDARD.

Personal Reminiscences
BY
O' KEEFFE,
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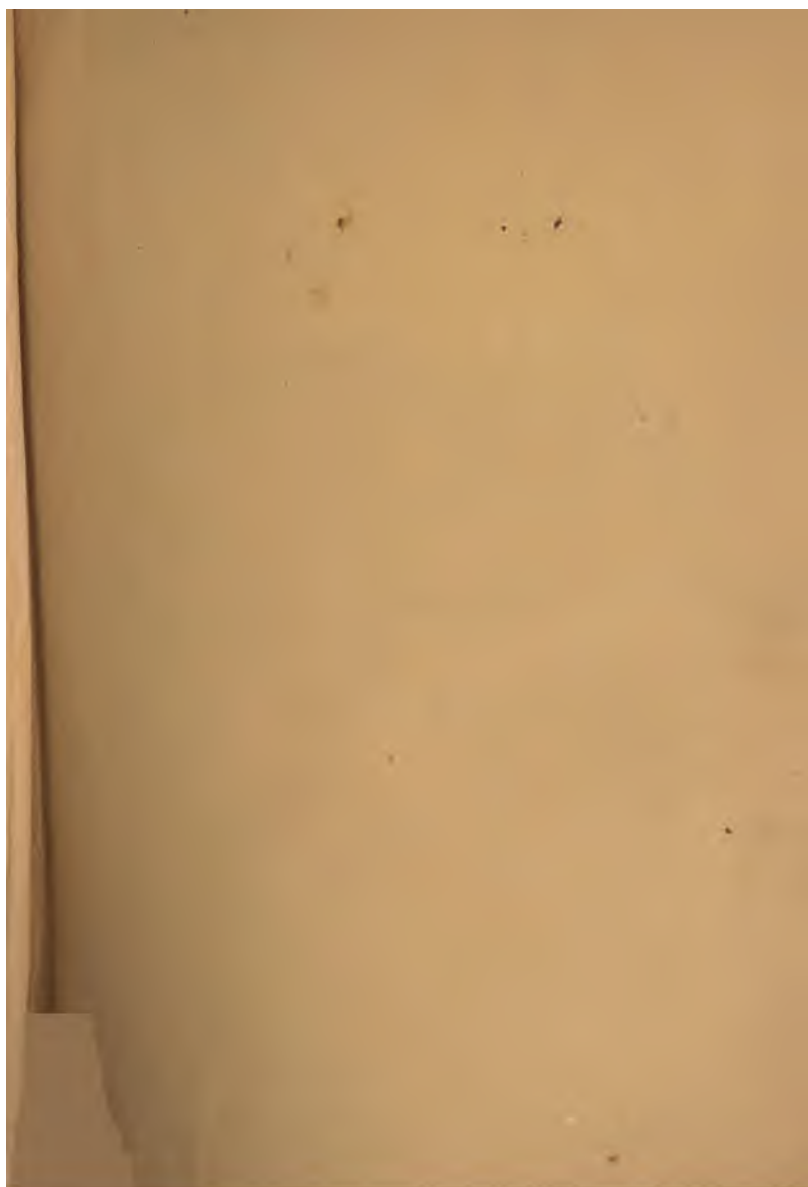
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BY

O'KEEFFE, KELLY, AND TAYLOR

EDITED BY

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD



NEW YORK

SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG, AND COMPANY

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PREFACE.

IF all who figure in public during their lives, and of whom biographies are written after their deaths, it would be difficult to name a man or woman of any profession towards whom the world feels more kindly than towards the heroes and heroines of the stage. There is a glamour about them which is not always justified by their achievements, and which is seldom justified by their personality. It is not so much because they were great that we remember them, as because they interested us. We cannot be said, indeed, to remember them at all ; it is the parts which they played that we remember, the tragic or comic masks which they wore, and to which they imparted for the time being a more potent individuality than their own. It is not the elder Booth, say, who rises so vividly before the mind's eye ; it is the crook-backed tyrant into whose devilish nature he entered so vigorously. It is Richard that we see, or Sir Giles Overreach, or Pescara, not Junius Brutus Booth, scholar, madman, and man of genius.

The biographies and autobiographies of actors and actresses ought to be, one would think, the most entertaining reading in the world ; but, unfortunately, they are not. I have read scores of them in my time, partly by way of recreation, and lately in the way of business, and truth

compels me to say that I found but little pleasure or profit in them. They are dull and tedious. They contain good things, however, even the poorest of them, and it is those which charm the lovers of theatrical ana. The savor of whole volumes lives in a few anecdotes which refuse to be forgotten. I have been struck by this fact especially since I began the preparation of this series of volumes, in which it was my intention from the beginning to include as many good theatrical anecdotes as were contained in the works laid under contribution, and the variety at which I aimed would allow. That the introduction of this element has been successful, I gather from the general tenor of the criticisms it has called forth. At any rate, it is this belief which has led to the compilation of the present volume, which will be found, unless I am mistaken, as entertaining as any in the series. It contains the anecdotal substance of three notable books: "Recollections of the Life of John O'Keeffe, Written by Himself" (2 vols. London, 1826). "Reminiscences of Michael Kelly, of the King's Theatre, and Theatre Royal Drury Lane, including a period of nearly half a century, with original anecdotes of many distinguished persons, political, and musical" (2 vols. London, 1825); and "Records of My Life, by the late John Taylor, Esq., author of 'Monsieur Tonson,'" (2 vols. London, 1832). A few particulars regarding the writers of these autobiographies, who share the forgetfulness which has overtaken so many of their dramatic contemporaries, will probably interest the reader.

John O'Keeffe was born in Dublin on the 24th of June, 1747. He was designed by his parents and his own inclination for a painter, and was not above six years of age when he was placed at Mr. West's, of the Royal Acad-

emy, a Waterford artist, who had studied in Paris under Bouchier. The child's drawing gave him a taste for the Antique, and set him reading, and his fancy soon strayed from Latin, Greek, and French authors to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and the comic dramatist who succeeded them. The first edition of Farquar's comedies, with the prints affixed to each of them, led him to studying and acting private plays among his school-fellows, and this transition from drawing to poetizing was ultimately very fortunate for him. In the summer of 1762 he was consigned to an aunt in London, and a few weeks after his arrival, as he was standing in the court of St. James's palace, his loyal little heart enjoyed the sight of Royalty. "The Queen came to an open window on the left hand," he writes, "near the passage leading to the Park, with the infant Prince of Wales in her arms, to display him to the admiring people; the babe, frightened at their loud shouts, and loyal huzzas, cried, and the Queen delivered him to a lady who stood by. I can acquit myself of any share of voice in terrifying the infant; for at that time, and for the first year or so in London, I was afraid of opening my lips, lest I should be laughed at for my Dublin brogue. This was the first sight I (his poet) had of my illustrious and royal patron."

During his two years' residence in London, O'Keeffe practiced the art he was studying, and frequented the play-houses with the ardor of a young man. He was delighted with the acting of Garrick, especially in *Lear*. "His saying, in the bitterness of his anger, 'I will do such things — what they are, I know not,' and his sudden recollection of his own want of power, were so pitiable as to touch the heart of every spectator. The simplicity of his saying, 'Be these tears wet? — yes, faith,' putting his

finger to the cheek of Cordelia, and then looking at his finger, was exquisite."

He returned to Dublin in 1764, and shortly after, at the age of eighteen, began his career as a dramatic writer. His first attempt was a comedy in five acts, entitled "The Generous Lovers." Wishing naturally to have it performed in London, he sent a copy to his brother who was then residing there, and who, instead of offering it to a manager, went to the tiptop booksellers, and asked them to buy it, and print it, and lay down a great sum of money for it. Of course they declined. O'Keeffe's second venture, "The Gallant," was brought out by Mossop, the tragedian, at the Smock Alley Theatre, of which he was manager. Whether it was successful or not O'Keeffe does not tell us, but as he soon abandoned painting, and gave himself up to dramatic writing, its success may be presumed. His recollections of this period of his life are of no general interest, consisting of rambling accounts of places which he visited, and persons whom he knew or met. In 1774 he married Mary Heaphey, the elder daughter of Tottenham Heaphey, and three years later removed with his young family to London. He had written three plays in addition to those already mentioned, — "The India Ship," a two-act afterpiece; "Colin's Welcome," a one-act musical pastoral; and "The Comical Duet," which was acted with great success in Cork and Dublin. He now brushed up a play which he had written four years before, as a sort of sequel to Goldsmith's "She stoops to conquer." This play, which he christened, "Tony Lumpkin in Town," he sent to George Colman, Patentee of Theatre Royal Haymarket, with a letter, requesting that if he should disapprove of it, he would have it left at the bar of the Grecian Coffee

House, directed to "A. B.," and if he liked it well enough to promise he would bring it out, that he would send an answer to that effect to the same place; and that the author, on his mentioning a time, would wait upon him. The next day he called at the Coffee House, where he found a jocular, but polite and friendly letter from Mr. Colman, directed to "A. B.," approving of the piece, promising to bring it out the following summer, and expressing a wish to see the author at Soho Square, the next day at eleven o'clock. O'Keeffe congratulated himself upon receiving it, as his friend Lewis, the actor, to whom he had shown the play, had told him it was not worth two-pence, and was punctual to the appointment. Mr. Colman laughed heartily at the whim of the piece, accepted it, and O'Keeffe disclosed his name. It was produced while he was at Portsmouth, and was only moderately successful, owing to the heat of the weather; the account of the sixth, or author's night, yielding, after the expenses had been deducted, the pittance of £26.

In the spring of 1779 O'Keeffe returned to Dublin, where he finished his comic opera of "The Son-in-Law" in three weeks, and dispatched it to Mr. Colman. It was produced the same year, and its success silenced the croakings of his timid friends. He certainly stood in great need of encouragement, for his sight, which had begun to fail in his twenty-seventh year, was now very much impaired. The last piece which he wrote with his own hand, the opera of "The Agreeable Surprise," was produced in 1781. Macklin was in the pit the first night, and at the dropping of the curtain was heard to say that "'The Agreeable Surprise' is the best farce in the English language, except 'The Son-in-Law.'" O'Keeffe's brother was also there, and such was his anxiety that he

asked a person who sat next to him, "Do you think they will ever let this be done again?"

The life of O'Keeffe, as related by himself, is little else than a list of his dramatic productions, and the circumstances under which they were written. It was uneventful, and as prosperous in the main as the life of a blind man could be expected to be. He had his triumphs and his failures, but the former far outnumbered the latter as he became a master of the profession he had adopted, and rose in popular estimation. No dramatist of the time was a greater favorite with the public, or more in demand with the London managers. The King frequently commanded his plays, and expressed his royal approbation of their merits. On the demise of Whitehead in 1785, he waited upon the Lord Chamberlain, and asked him to make him poet-laureat. His lordship informed him that he had not the slightest objection, but that he had previously given his promise to another. This was the ingenious Dr. Warton, so O'Keeffe lost his claim to the Daphne wreath. For thirty-three years he supported himself and his children, hired amanuenses, servants, etc., by his pen; then he conceived the idea of making an effort to realize something for the future. He had previously collected his dramatic works for the purpose of publishing them by subscription. They filled four volumes, but as he printed only five hundred copies at a guinea and a half the set, he made nothing by the venture. He had the satisfaction, however, of knowing that most of those five hundred copies were in the libraries of King, Lords and Commons, and the further satisfaction of a gift of fifty guineas from the Prince of Wales.

The most life-like glimpses of himself that O'Keeffe gives is at this time, *i. e.* 1798: "I soon after went to

reside at Acton, where I had a good garden to my house, a number of walks, and at one corner an arbor, with a large marble table in it, where John, my amanuensis, sat with papers and 'pen and ink-horn' before him, whilst I, walking among my flowers, and shrubs, and fruit-trees (Thalia was aided and cheered by Flora and Pomona), dictated to him in a loud voice, never considering who might hear me from the adjacent houses, roads, and gardens, and the acres of pea-fields that stretched behind the house over to Turnham Green."

In the summer of 1800 Mr. Harris, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, gave O'Keeffe a benefit, with the profits of which he purchased a small annuity for his life, and three years later Mr. Harris gave him an annuity of twenty pounds for all the dramatic works then in his desk, none of which, with one exception, had ever been performed, and that one only one night.

The list of O'Keeffe's productions, which extended from 1766, when he wrote "The Generous Lovers," to 1826, when he finished his "Recollections," is very large, containing no less than sixty-eight plays in prose and verse, comedies, after-pieces, operas, interludes, pantomimes, burlettas, etc. Few have kept possession of the stage, the latest and best known being the five-act comedy of "Wild Oats," which is occasionally revived.

The conclusion of O'Keeffe's "Recollections" is a loyal and pleasant page. "On Sunday, the 22d of January, 1826, my humble cabin was cheered by the presence of the Lord Bishop of Chichester, who, with the joy of benevolence, came to inform me of an accumulation of honor from the King, and a most happy and welcome addition to my means. His lordship read to me and my daughter a letter to himself from Sir William Knighton,

among others, Monk Lewis's "Castle Spectre," Sheridan's "Pizzaro," Miss Bailie's "De Montfort," Colman's "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," Tobin's "Honey-Moon," and Coleridge's "Remorse." Between 1797 and 1821 he assisted in the production of sixty-two different pieces, the greatest number that was ever produced by any English composer, Bishop alone excepted. He died in 1825, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Of John Taylor there is but little to be gathered from the voluminous records of his life, for which he appears to have made no preparation, resorting to his memory for such facts as presented themselves, without the regularity of dates. He seems to have had a feminine aversion to dates, omitting to mention the year in which he was born, and most of the incidents of his childhood. He was, he tells us, the eldest son of Mr. John Taylor, who for many years prosecuted the profession of an oculist with the highest reputation, and was admired for his wit and humor. Taylor's father was the only son of the celebrated Chevalier Taylor, as he was called, who was appointed oculist to George the Second, and afterwards to every crowned head in Europe. The Chevalier Taylor published his memoirs in three volumes, in which, as his grandson well observes, he certainly shows no remarkable diffidence in recording his own talents and attainments, as well as the influence of his person and powers of conversation with the fair sex. He is said to have been skillful, especially in the operation of couching, or depression of the cataract, and is described as "a coxcomb, but a coxcomb of parts." His grandson, our John Taylor, was appointed oculist in ordinary to George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, in 1789, and in the following year to his father, George the Third.

About this time he began to turn his attention towards literary pursuits, particularly towards the public press, considering it a shorter and more probable path to independence than his profession afforded. What journals he was connected with, and in what capacity, we are left to conjecture, until we find him one of the owners of "The Sun," with William Jerdan, who made himself as disagreeable as he knew how. They squabbled, as Jerdan narrates, until Taylor was almost beside himself with rage. It is not easy to say who was most in the wrong, but from Jerdan's own showing he was the greatest aggressor, treating his brother editor as if he were a fool, which he may have been, though he was certainly a kind-hearted and well-meaning gentleman, to whom fussiness and pomposity was natural. He was devoted to the stage and all who were connected with it, and in a milder way to literature and literary men. He died in 1832.

Such, in brief, was the journalist, the singer, and the dramatist, whose acquaintance the reader is about to make.

R. H. S.





JOHN O'KEEFFE.





JOHN O'KEEFFE.

GEORGE FAULKNER.

ONE day, passing through Parliament Street, Dublin, George Faulkner, the printer, was standing at his own shop-door ; I was induced to stare in at a bust on the counter. He observed me, and by the portfolio under my arm, knew I was a pupil at the Royal Academy. I remained in fixed attention, when he kindly invited me in to look at the bust, saying it was the head of his friend and patron Dean Swift. To display it in all its different views, he turned it round and about for me, and then brought me up-stairs to see the picture of Swift.

George Faulkner was a fat little man, with a large well-powdered wig, and brown clothes. His precision of speech in using the word *opposite* instead of *facing*, was the cause of Swift choosing him for his printer. At this period of my boyhood Swift's memory was recent ; he was greatly beloved and revered in Dublin. There were many signs of him in canonicals : they were called the Drapier's Head, from the signature of his letters against Wood's half-pence. I have one of those half-pence. Amongst a multitude of benevolent actions, he lent small sums to tradespeople, to be repaid at a shilling a week, five pounds the greatest sum ; which practice laid the foundation of many a fortune obtained by industry, and was the support of numerous families ; but one neglect of the shilling a week repayment, no more money was lent by him to that person. Whenever the Dean walked out, the people fol-

lowed him with shouts of blessings, and the children held his cassock. My early passion for the drama made me like Swift, from his having been a friend of Gay.

A PROPHETIC EPITAPH.

It was, and perhaps is still, the Dublin custom on St. James's Day, for the relations and friends of those buried in St. James's Church-yard, to dress up the graves with flowers, cut paper, Scripture phrases, garlands, chaplets, and a number of other pretty and pious devices, where those affectionate mementos remained, until displaced by fresh ones the next year. In this state, the whole church-yard made a most interesting and pleasing appearance: everybody went to see it; and I, when about nine years of age, went on St. James's Day. On my return home, full of the fine sight, I got my materials, and set to at drawing St. James's Church-yard. Amongst tombstones in the foreground, I drew a very large one, with a high flat stone at the head, and wrote on it, "Here lies the body of —." As I had exhausted my stock of names on my other tombstones, I was puzzled for a name for this. At that moment, a man happened to come into the room, with a pair of new shoes for my father. He was of the county of Wexford, a very good shoemaker, and a very honest fellow — in health and person remarkably well-looking; strong, tall, and athletic. His name being Paddy Furlong, I, most *apropos*, wrote upon my tombstone "Patrick Furlong." He had been looking over my shoulder, and admiring the drawing; but, when he saw me add his own name, seemed a little startled. With the thoughtlessness of childhood, I went on writing "Who died on the —" here I was at another stand; when the Wexford shoemaker said to me, "On the Second of September, — put down that." I did so. "One thousand seven hundred and fifty-six — put down that." I complied, and away he went. About a week after, we heard he was ill, and dangerously so; and in a few weeks more we were told that he had died on the 2d of September, the very day he himself had desired me to write on the tombstone.

SIR TOBY BUTLER.

When I was a child, I saw the famous Sir Toby Butler, a favorite lawyer of his time, his powers of oratory being great: but he always drank his bottle before he went to the courts. A client, very solicitous about the success of his cause, requested Sir Toby not to drink his accustomed bottle that morning. Sir Toby promised on his honor he would not. He went to the court, pleaded, and gained a verdict. The client met him exulting in the success of his advice; when, to his astonishment, Sir Toby assured him that if he had *not* taken his bottle, he should have lost the cause. "But your promise, Sir Toby?" "I kept it faithfully and honorably, I did not *drink* a drop—I poured my bottle of claret into a wheaten loaf and *ate* it. So I had my bottle, you your verdict, and I am a man of my word."

YOUNG VESTRIS.

I also saw, many years after, in 1781, young Vestris, who owed his celebrity to springing very high, coming down on one toe, and turning round upon it very slowly, whilst the other leg was stretched out horizontally: he was about twenty years of age, and wore light blue, which became a fashion, and was called Vestris blue. When he returned to Paris, he was sent to prison for refusing to dance before the King and Queen. His father, the elder Vestris, had taught him, and was ballet master. On an amateur nobleman remarking to the latter that his son was a better dancer than he, old Vestris replied, "Very true, my lord, but my son had a better master than I had."

CANNOT AFFORD BETTER ACTING.

At Crow Street there was a little thin actor of the name of Hamilton. Barry one morning remarking to him, "Hamilton, you might have done your part (Drawcansir, in the Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal) with a little more spirit last night," he replied, "To be sure I might, and could; but with my salary of forty shillings a week, do you think I ought to act with

a bit more spirit, or a bit better? Your Woodward there has a matter of a thousand a year for his acting. Give me half a thousand and see how I'll act! but for a salary of two pounds a week, Mr. Barry, I cannot afford to give you better acting, and I will not."

INGENIOUS STAGE PROPERTIES.

Barry and Woodward, the first builders and managers, and all that, of Crow Street Theatre, soon fell into a kind of jealousy for preëminence,—one for his tragedy, and the other for his pantomime. As a set-off against the powers of harlequin's wooden sword, Barry had Nat Lee's "Alexander the Great" got up in fine style, particularly the triumphal entry into Babylon, which in splendor of show exceeded Mosop's ovation in Coriolanus. I have not been inside the walls of a theatre for upwards of twenty-six years, therefore know not how they manage these affairs now; perhaps in a superior way, but I hardly think it possible. Alexander's high and beautiful chariot was first seen at the farther end of the stage (the theatre stretching from Fowne's Street to Temple Lane). He, seated in it, was drawn to the front, to triumphant music, by the *unarmed* soldiery. When arrived at its station to stop, for him to alight, before he had time even to speak, the machinery was settled on such a simple, yet certain plan, that the chariot in a twinkling disappeared, and every soldier was at the instant armed. It was thus managed: each man having his particular duty previously assigned him, laid his hand on different parts of the chariot; one took a wheel and held it up on high—this was a shield; the others took the remaining wheels; all in a moment were shields upon their left arms; the axle-tree was taken by another,—it was a spear: the body of the chariot also took to pieces, and the whole was converted into swords, javelins, lances, standards, etc.; each soldier thus armed, arranged himself at the sides of the stage, and Alexander standing in the centre, began his speech.

I have seen in my day operas, ballets, pantomimes, melo-

dramas, etc., at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Haymarket, and the Opera House, but never saw anything to equal in simplicity and beauty this chariot manœuvre of Alexander the Great.

"I HAVE A BENEFIT TO MAKE."

Holland, whom in Garrick's time I often saw act at Drury Lane, and a fine tragedian he was, went to York on a summer engagement, where was also one of the subordinate Drury Lane actors; the play was "Macbeth." In the banquet scene this underling, as one of the murderers, in his reply to Macbeth's remark, "There's blood upon thy face;" instead of the usual half-whisper, vociferated the answer of "'Tis Banquo's then!" in a most furiously loud tragic tone. The scene over, Holland gently hinted to him, that there was no occasion to speak that speech *quite* so loud, *quite* so tremendous; the other replied, "Harkye, Master Holland, *I* have a benefit to make in this town as well as *you*." This observation was unanswerable.

NO SNAKES IN IRELAND.

So perfectly unknown, even by *name*, are all venomous reptiles throughout our blessed Erin, that in one of Woodward's pantomimes at Crow Street Theatre, amongst the tricks, was introduced an enormous serpent, which, in the business of the scene, was to move round the stage. This was effected by grooves, and the machinery gave the carpenters and scenemen a great deal of labor and vexation, for the serpent often stuck by the way. Three or four of these men practicing, but with little success, the best manner of making it glide about, one of them at length vociferated, "I wish the devil would eat this *fish* once out of this house! we have trouble enough with it, and all to get our good master, Mr. Woodward, plenty of hisses; and he will give us plenty of 'boobies,' and 'blundering idiots,' and 'stupid fools!' the devil burn or drown this great fish, I say."

CHURCHILL AND HOGARTH.

Churchill's "Rosciad," when it first came out, gave great offense to some of the actors, and the unknown author was to be *bambooz'd* into repentance. He avowed himself, and walked, with great composure, in the Piazza of Covent Garden. He was a large man, of an athletic make, dressed in black, with a large black scratch wig. I have seen him. Hogarth was the great opponent to him and Wilkes, and to it they fiercely went, — lampoon and caricature. I never saw Hogarth, but on sign, at a print-shop in Cheapside.

I was in a coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane, on the very morning when No. 45 came out. The unconscious newsman came in, and, as a matter of course, laid it on the table before me. About the year 1777, standing talking with my brother at Charing Cross, a slender figure, in scarlet coat, large bag, and fierce three-cocked hat, crossed the way, carefully choosing his steps, the weather being wet. "Who do you think that is?" asked Daniel; on my saying I did not know, he replied, "That is Johnny Wilkes."

In Hogarth's etchings Churchill was represented as a great bear; himself as a pug dog; and Wilkes, a whole length figure, sitting in a chair, with a pole, and a cap of liberty on it. One day, many years after, dining at Mr. Colman's, Soho Square, where there was a good deal of company, the conversation turned on Hogarth. Colman said he had a fine original of his in the next parlor; I rose, and went to have a close look at it; it was a Hazard table, the figures likenesses: amongst them Lord Chesterfield and William Duke of Cumberland, uncle to George the Third; the former a front face; the Duke sat with his back to the spectator, the contour of the cheek visible, a large cocked hat, bound with *point d'Espagne*, and bag. On my return to the drawing-room, Mr. Colman asked me which of the figures I liked best. I told him that of the groom porter, the others showing the various passions of the gamester, but his being a placid face (void of all expression). "There," said Mr. Colman to the rest of the com-

pany, "I have won my wager. I knew O'Keeffe would hit upon the groom porter's face as the best thought of the painter."

AULD IRELAND.

In my early times, all the great outlets from Dublin had, inside the hedges, parallel footpaths with the road; and the stiles, where the hedges divided the fields, were models for stiles all over the civilized world: they were formed thus: three steps, a small flat, and then a perpendicular narrow stone, about a foot high, which you stepped over on the other flat, and then three more steps on the other side, so that the milkmaid might poise her pail upon her head, and cross over the stile without fear of spilling her milk; and the old weary Boccaugh (beggarman), and the poor women bringing fruits and vegetables to market, might sit down and rest themselves. All through Ireland, whenever they see a good-looking cow, they say, "A fine cow, God bless it!"—except to the human, this is the only animal to which they say "God bless it." In my time there was not one wagon all over Ireland, and no cart above four foot long; the only carriage for goods, etc., was the little car and the one horse: there were no gypsies—no poor-rates—no pawn-brokers; the word village was not known; but every group of cabins had a piper and a school-master; and before every cabin door, in fine weather, there was the Norah, or Kathlene, at her spinning-wheel (no women ever worked out of doors, or in the fields). The yearly payment for the figure on the coach, the noddy, and the sedan, in Dublin, was applied to the purchase of spinning-wheels; which, on a certain day, were set out in a large square, before the Foundling Hospital, at the top of St. James's Street, and distributed gratis to the females who came to ask for them. This was one cheering look forward towards the staple manufacture of Ireland—its linen. The great pride of a countryman on a Sunday, was to have three or four waistcoats on him; and of a country-woman, a large square silk handkerchief of Irish manufacture pinned on the top of her head, and the corners hanging

down on her shoulders. The countryman's boots were pieces of an old felt hat, tied about his ankles. The milkmaid always sung her melodious Irish tunes while milking: if she stopped, the cow's mode was to kick the pail about. The different families dug the potato, and cut the turf, and brought them home mutually for each other; lending in turn, themselves, their horse, and their car, so that the want of money was not felt: the great object was the half-penny on a Sunday evening for the piper, who was the orchestra for their jig. The peasant himself built his mud tenement, and then clapped its *straw hat* upon it, and this was the only slate, tile, and thatch. Cricket was not known; the game was football, and hurling; the latter striking the ball with a wooden bat, the ball as large as a man's head, but so soft it could not hurt, being leather stuffed with straw.

"My Lord's," or "the Squire's," was called the big House, and had its privileged fool or satirist, its piper, and its running footman: the latter I have often seen skimming or flying across the road; one of them I particularly remember, his dress a white jacket, blue silk sash round his waist, light black velvet cap, with a silver tassel on the crown, round his neck a frill with a ribbon, and in his hand a staff about seven feet high, with a silver top. He looked so agile, and seemed all air like a Mercury: he never minded roads, but took the short cut, and, by the help of his pole, absolutely seemed to fly over hedge, ditch, and small river. His use was to carry a message, letter, or dispatch; or, on a journey, to run before and prepare the inn or baiting-place, for his family or master, who came the regular road in coach and two, or coach and four, or coach and six; his qualifications were fidelity, strength, and agility.

It was the general rule of every man, in the character of a gentleman, never to gallop or even trot hard upon a road, except emergency required haste.

BROADSWORD PLAYERS.

One of our favorite summer walks about 1765, was to Ringsend, to eat cockles, at a very good tavern, the sign of

the Highlander, and to play billiards at a Mrs. Sherlock's, the price two-pence a game to the table. The owner of the billiard table always remained in the room, as she was herself the marker, and giver of judgment when appealed to. She was sister to the Sherlock who many years before had been victor in every broadsword contest of consequence, at a time when the skillful management of that weapon was considered of importance in London. A highly distinguished military commander, and patron of the art, or, as it was then called, the science of defense, not much liking the idea of Sherlock being winner of all the stage-fought laurels, imported into London from the Continent a grand broadsword player, of the name of Figg, and the word now was "a Figg for the Liffey boy." Emulation arose to animosity, and on the day of trial the place of action was thronged by both civil and military. Expectation and bets ran high, but mostly in favor of the foreign champion.

The two combatants on the stage, their swords drawn: Sherlock shook hands with his opponent, and said, "Mynheer Figg, guard it as well as you can, I'll cut off the third button of your coat." To it they went, the foreigner parried, yet Sherlock, with the admirable sleight of his art, had the third button on the point of his sword. "Now," said he, "I have been told, and I believe it, that, under this show of a mere contest for superior skill at our weapon, you intend to *put a finish to me at once*. I have proved to you that I could take your third button, and now, if I choose, I'll take your *upper* button; so guard your head." While his antagonist was endeavoring to guard his head, Sherlock's sword took a little slice off the calf of his leg, and thus, by the terms of the encounter, Sherlock having drawn the first blood, was declared conqueror. Thousands of guineas were sported upon this broadsword match.

About the time that these affairs were going on in London, my companions and myself were active in learning to fence. The fencing-master of first note in Dublin, was Cornelius Kelly, a tall old gentlemanly man, highly respected: next to

him was Dwyer. I and other youths learned of a Frenchman of the name of Gittarre, with whom we met to practice at one of the corporation halls. As I took peculiar delight in the art, I fenced well. The sword by the side, in those times, when in the street, was as much an appendage as the hat on the head : this was a very good fashion for the haberdasher's and milliner's shops, as the fashion of the sword-knot was as quick in succession as that of the shoe-buckle. Many of our sword-hilts were of the finest cut polished steel, and very expensive. Another of the customs of that period was an officer in the army never appearing but in regimentals. I was one day walking in Chequer Lane, Dublin, with Captain Munro, a little fellow. We had to pass the bulk of Travair, the remarkable witty cobbler : he was lame, and went on crutches. My friend had left me whilst I stopped to speak to a third person, and turned the corner of William Street. Following him shortly after, I asked the cobbler did he see an officer go that way ? "An officer !" said he, "I saw a sword go that way, and something red tied to it." Travair was of French extraction ; crowds used to gather to listen to his wit, which was at times truly brilliant. He was frequently offered pecuniary aid, but would accept of none ; he lived by his trade of mending shoes.

CHEATING THE HANGMAN.

In my youth I often saw Glover on the stage : he was a surgeon, and a good writer in the London periodical papers. When he was in Cork, a man was hanged for sheep-stealing, whom Glover smuggled into a field, and by surgical skill, restored to life, though the culprit had hung the full time prescribed by law. A few nights after, Glover being on the stage acting Polonius, the revived sheep-stealer, full of whiskey, broke into the pit, and in a loud voice called out to Glover, "Mr. Glover, you know you are my second father ; you brought me to life, and sure you have to support me now, for I have no money of my own ; you have been the means of bringing me back into the world, sir ; so, by the piper of Blessing-

ton, you are bound to maintain me." Ophelia never could suppose she had such a brother as this. The sheriff was in the house at the time, but appeared not to hear this appeal ; and, on the fellow persisting in his outcries, he, through a principle of clemency, slipped out of the theatre. The crowd at length forced the man away, telling him that if the sheriff found him alive, it was his duty to hang him over again.

IN DANGER OF SACRIFICE.

The first character I saw Barry in was Jaffier ; Mossop, the Pierre, and Mrs. Dancer the Belvidera. According to the usual compliment of assisting a dead tragic hero to get upon his legs, after the dropping of the curtain, two very civil persons walked on the stage one night, to where Barry (who had performed Romeo) lay dead, and stooping over him with great politeness and attention, helped him to rise. All three thus standing together, Barry in the centre, one of them whispered, " I have an action, sir, against you," and touched him on the shoulder. " Indeed ! " said Barry, " this is rather a piece of treachery ; at whose suit ? " The men told him the name of the plaintiff, and Barry had no alternative but to walk off the stage, and out of the theatre in their custody. At that moment, the scene men and carpenters, who had observed, and now understood how it was with their master, poor Barry, after a little busy whispering conversation, went off, and almost immediately returned, dragging on with them a piece of machinery, followed by a particular bold and ferocious carpenter, who grasped a hatchet. Barry surprised, asked them what they were about ? Said one, " Sir, we are only preparing the altar of Merope ; because we are going to have a sacrifice." And " Atta-Kulla-Kulla," the " little carpenter," wielded his hatchet, and looked at the two bailiffs. Barry alarmed, said " Be quiet, you foolish fellows ! " but, perceiving they were serious, he was apprehensive of a real tragedy, and beckoning the two catchpolls, made signs that he would go along with them ; and they, now fearing their persons were actually in danger, followed, or rather went before him, leaving

Barry between themselves and the intended *sacrificators*: he led them through the lobbies and passages in safety, to the outward door of the theatre, where they quitted him, on receiving his word of honor, that the debt should be settled the next morning: they wished him good-night, thankful for his protection, and rejoicing in their escape.

HENRY MOSSOP.

When Mossop quitted Barry and Woodward, at Crow Street, where he had thirty-six guineas a week, and set up for himself at Smock Alley, he was often fearful that the money coming in might not be sufficient to answer his outgoings, and when he played himself, he dreaded a thin house, lest his name should go down. I was one night in the greenroom, with many others, when Mossop, ready dressed for Achmet, in Barbarossa, accosted Cristy, his treasurer (who was just come in from the street), in these words: "Mr. Cristy, does it snow?" Cristy, not comprehending the *cause* of the manager's question, hesitated; upon which, Mossop repeated calmly and deliberately, "Does it snow, sir?" Cristy still gave no answer; when Mossop, a third time asked, "Pray, does it snow?" A great deal of what is called humming and hawing followed on the part of the treasurer, but no decisive answer; upon which, Mossop addressed him in his lofty and superb manner: "Do you know what snow is?—snow is a small white feathered thing, that falls from the clouds; it lies upon the ground like a white sheet: now be so obliging as to step into the street, and bring me word whether it snows." Mossop's anxiety arose from doubts of the state of the weather, well knowing that on that depended a full or an empty house.

Mossop was most rigid at rehearsals: one morning going over Macbeth's scene of terror and distress in the last act, he has to call "Seaton!" The actor, who, for the first time, performed that part, came on, but Macbeth having more lines to speak before Seaton should appear, Mossop, in high anger, desired him to go back, and enter at his proper cue, and then he proceeded with his speech,—

"I am sick at heart, when I behold—
Seaton, I say!"

again the unlucky actor made a premature appearance, and Mossop again told him to go away and watch better for his cue; and added, "To make you mind your business, sir (turning to the prompter, who had his forfeit book and pen and ink ready on the table), set him down two half-crown forfeits; that may, perhaps, prevent his spoiling the scene this night by his carelessness." Mossop began his soliloquy, and, to his vexation, and that of the standers-by, the unlucky blundering actor still came on too soon: this was repeated four or five times, and he was forfeited each time. No one pitied his punishment, it being in his own power by simply reading Macbeth's speech, to have known his proper cue: however, though all went wrong with him at the rehearsal, everything was correct that night when in the presence of the audience.

I was one night witness to an untoward circumstance at Smock Alley Theatre. Congreve's "Mourning Bride" was the tragedy; Mossop, Osmin, and a subordinate actor, Selim. Selim being stabbed by Osmin, should have remained dead on the stage, but seized with a fit of coughing, he unluckily put up his hand and loosened his stock, which set the audience in a burst of laughter. The scene over, the enraged manager and actor railed at his underling for daring to appear alive when he was dead, who in excuse, said he must have choked had he not done as he did: Mossop replied, "Sir, you should choke a thousand times, rather than spoil my scene."

At a period when the payments were not very ready at the Smock Alley treasury, one night Mossop, in Lear, was supported in the arms of an actor who played Kent, and who whispered him, "If you don't give me your honor, sir, that you'll pay me my arrears this night, before I go home, I'll let you drop about the boards." Mossop alarmed, said, "Don't talk to me now." "I will," said Kent, "I will; I'll let you drop." Mossop was obliged to give the promise, and the actor thus got his money, though a few of the others went home without theirs. Such the effect of a well-timed hint, though desperate.

"HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS."

The author of "High Life below Stairs" was Mr. James Townley, a clergyman. I knew his son, a celebrated miniature painter, and an acquaintance of my brother's. When this piece was played in Dublin, Knipe, remarkable for saying smart things, and who also liked "the joys of the table," feasted by anticipation on the good roast fowl, and bottle of wine at the supper in the last scene; but the property man who provided it, was of the saving cast; Knipe stuck his fork into the fowl to dissect it with carving skill,—it was a piece of painted timber! He filled his glass, as he thought, with wine, it was mere colored element! "Ha!" said he, "instead of our bottle and our bird, here is a fine subject for a landscape-painter, *wood and water*."

The first night of R. B. Sheridan's "Camp," Parsons had in it the part of an exciseman or gauger, and had seized a pound of tea from a smuggler: it was neatly done up in paper, and he had it in his hand. Mrs. Wrihten, who played a kind of termagant follower of the camp, according to the violence of the character, was rather rough with the exciseman, and knocked the pound of tea out of his hand; it fell, the paper bag burst, and out came upon the stage a great quantity of saw-dust. This was property-man economy, but it made great diversion among the audience.

Previous to the coming out of "High Life below Stairs," in London, the upper gallery was free for the servants of those who had places in the boxes. The whole race of the domestic gentry, on the first night of this excellent little piece, were in a ferment of rage at what they conceived would be their ruin; and from the upper gallery, to which they were admitted gratis, came hisses and groans, and even many a handful of half-pence was flung on the stage at Philip and my Lord Duke, and Sir Harry, etc. This tumult went on for a few nights, but ultimately was a good thing for all theatres, as it gave Garrick, then manager, a fair occasion to shut the galleries from the servants, and ever after make it a pay place, which to this day it has continued.

"BON TON."

Garrick's farce of "Bon Ton," or *High Life above Stairs*, I never liked much. It was written as a set-off to the other, but bears too hard against the upper classes of society, I think unjustly so. The satire in this piece is more poignant than any that appears in the comedies of Cibber, Congreve, Farquhar, or even Shakespeare.

The first night that "Bon Ton" was acted in Dublin, Brereton spoke the prologue to it; and at the words "Bon Ton's the thing," the feathers of a lady's head-dress caught fire from the chandelier hanging over the box; it was soon in a blaze, and her life hardly saved. At this time a lady in full dress could not go in a coach; a sedan-chair was her carriage, and this had a cupola. The seat was in grooves, to be raised or lowered according to the altitude of the head-dress. I have seen a lady standing in the street, the chairman looking up at her feathers and capwings, and several times raising or lowering the seat: at last he thrust it in not above three inches from the floor, and there the belle was obliged to squat, the feathers rising three feet perpendicular, and the face the centre of the figure, with her hoop up on each side of her ears; and there she sat laughing like the lady in the lobster. Nay, even the foretop of the beau was built up tier upon tier as Diana's song in "Lionel and Clarissa" says,

"His foretop so high, in crown he may vie
With the tufted cockatoo."

CHARLES MACKLIN.

Macklin brought with him his own pieces, in which he played, and a tragedy written by himself, at which nobody ever had a peep, even upon paper. This tragedy he intended to bring out in Dublin; and previous to leaving London, employed the ingenuity and taste of the great dressmaker of the Opera House in the Haymarket, to make most splendid dresses for it. However, when Macklin got to Dublin, he gave up all thoughts of having his tragedy acted, and was at a loss what

to do with the dresses. Dawson and Mahon having got up Garrick's "Stratford Jubilee," made a bargain with him to have those dresses for their grand procession, which was to close that entertainment. They had them, and the Jubilee was acted, but Macklin could not get his money. As he had made an agreement particularly with Robert Mahon, he looked to him alone for payment.

One morning, in the greenroom, I was present at a conversation which ran thus: "Bob," said Macklin, "I intend to have you arrested for this debt you owe me; but I am considering whether I shall arrest you *before* or *after* your benefit." "Oh, sir," said Mahon, "don't arrest me at all." "Yes, yes, Bob, you know I must. I must send you to prison." "Oh no, sir, there's no occasion." "Oh, yes, I must." "Well, then, sir, if you must, wait till my benefit is over." "Why, no, Bob; then you take the money, and knock it about no one knows where or how, and I shall never see a shilling of it; but if I arrest you before your benefit, some of those lords that you sing for in your clubs, and taverns, and jovial bouts, may come forward, and pay this money for you. No, no, I'll have you touched on the shoulder before your benefit — yes, yes."

Yet, with all this seeming rigor of *words*, I am certain that Macklin, through his whole long life, never was the cause of depriving a fellow creature of his liberty; he was the great Shylock who would have "his bond," but that only on the boards of a theatre; for when the verdict of a London jury awarded him damages, the unreal Shylock never "pursed the ducats" for himself. This circumstance he wrote me a full account of in a letter to Ireland soon after the trial; and I must say, and that from myself, that I never heard of any of the children of Thespis engaged in legal affairs that might imprison a human being. I venture to declare this upon Rochefoucault's maxim that "praise withheld, where deserved, amounts to a kind of slander."

In the above cause, Macklin was his own pleader, and on the verdict being given in his favor, Lord Mansfield, the pre-

siding judge, said, "Mr. Macklin, I have often heard you with pleasure repeat the words of others, but never felt more satisfaction than in hearing you this day repeat your own words."

Macklin had a pupil, Philip Glenville, a handsome, tall, fine young man, whom he was preparing for the stage. In Macklin's garden, there were three long parallel walks, and his method of exercising their voices was thus. His two young pupils with back boards (such as they use in boarding-schools) walked firmly, slow, and well, up and down the two sidewalks; Macklin, himself, paraded the centre walk: at the end of every twelve paces he made them stop; and turning gracefully, the young actor called out across the walk, "How do you do, Miss Ambrose?" — she answered, "Very well, I thank you, Mr. Glenville." They then took a few more paces, and the next question was, "Do you not think it a very fine day, Mr. Glenville?" "A very fine day, indeed, Miss Ambrose," was the answer. Their walk continued; and then, "How do you do, Mr. Glenville?" — "Pretty well, I thank you, Miss Ambrose." And this exercise continued for an hour or so (Macklin still keeping in the centre walk), in the full hearing of their religious next-door neighbors. Such was Macklin's method of training the management of the voice: if too high, too low, a wrong accent, or a faulty inflection, he immediately noticed it, and made them repeat the words twenty times till all was right. Soon after this, Glenville played Antonio to his Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," and Miss Ambrose, Charlotte in his own "Love à-la-mode."

A country manager, many years ago, took upon himself to bring out Macklin's "Love à-la-mode," at his theatre; upon which Macklin wrote him word that if he attempted to do so, he would send him sheets of parchment that would reach from Chancery Lane to the next gooseberry-bush, the nearest verge of Yorkshire to John O'Groat's house. The manager's answer to Macklin ran thus: "*Your* 'Love à-la-mode,' Sir! I'm not going to play *your* Love à-la-mode; I'll play my *own* Love à-la-mode: I have twenty Love à-la-modes. I could write a Love à-la-mode every day in the week, I could write three hundred and sixty-*six* Love à-la-modes in a year."

The reason of Macklin's tenacity with respect to his play, was his never having sold the copyright to any one, and he never had it printed: therefore, whenever it was acted in England, Scotland, and Ireland, his terms were, half the profits over the nightly charges, and he always played in it himself. When he came to rehearsal, his method was to take his MS. from the breast of his great-coat, where he had buttoned it up, put it into the hands of the prompter and, rehearsal done, walk quietly over to him, saying, "Give me that,"—take it from the prompter's hand, button it up close again in the breast of his coat, and walk out of the house to his own lodgings.

Macklin was tenacious, and very properly so, of the performers throwing in words of their own. Lee Lewes one morning at Covent Garden, at the rehearsal of "*Love à-la-mode*," in which he played Squire Groom, said something which he thought very smart. "Hoy, hoy!" said Macklin, "what's that?" "Oh," replied Lee Lewes, "'t is only a little of my nonsense." "Aye," replied Macklin, "but I think *my* nonsense is rather better than *yours*; so keep to that, if your please, sir." Though so particular in drilling the performers at rehearsals, aware of the consequence of irritability, he kept his temper down. An instance of this happened in Dublin, one morning at rehearsal: one of the performers got tired with over-particularity as he called it, and said, "Why, this is worse than the Prussian exercise!" Macklin, after a pause, looked at the refractory actor, and said, "Suppose we all go and sit down a little in the greenroom?" He walked in, and they followed; he sat down, and they seated themselves; he then took out his watch, looked at it, and laid it on the table. "Now," said he, "we'll just sit here one hour." The performers, knowing his great money-drawing importance, acquiesced, and kept rather an awful silence. The hour being expired, he took up his watch, "Now," he said, "we are all in good humor, and we'll go upon the stage and begin our rehearsal." This circumstance took place at Capel Street Theatre. Dawson was manager, and was heartily

glad that Macklin could be induced to continue on his boards, as all the boxes were taken for twelve nights of Macklin's performance. When the evil effects of hasty anger approach, the consequences of which may be irretrievable, it would be no harm, if all of us could suppress our own feelings, even for Macklin's greenroom hour.

I was, when young, ever in high good humor, and Macklin liked the company of youngers. He was full of information, had a powerful mind, and his conversation gave me great pleasure. I often contradicted him, purposely to draw him out; this few dared to do except myself, but I was his favorite of all whom he made happy by his society. His conversation among young people was perfectly moral, and always tended to make us better: he was, in my opinion, as to intellect, a very shining character, and in all instances I knew him to be a worthy man, but a great sitter-up at nights for sake of conversation; many a morning sun has peeped into our convivial parties; he was then between seventy and eighty. From the loss of his teeth, his nose and chin were prominent; he took no snuff, and hated swearing, or broad, vulgar jests in conversation, though smitten much with repartee. Dawson, the Dublin manager, put his pen over some smart things in my little piece of "Colin's Welcome." On Macklin remarking that Dawson had wit, and cut good jokes himself, I replied in a couplet:—

"Dawson has wit, and cuts good jokes no doubt;
He finds them in new plays—and cuts them out."

Macklin repeated this in high glee to Dawson, who in consequence restored my jokes, and said I might dash away as much as I pleased; but if the audience hissed, that must lie at my door.

Another of my hits pleased Macklin. Mr. Harris complaining to us that a certain charming songstress had got into her airs, and would not sing the next night, I answered:—

"No, my good manager, 't is no such thing:
If in her airs, the Billington would sing."

Before I dismiss my old friend, I must give a capital record of his opinion of the good people of the sod. He and I were walking through the Little Green, in Dublin (at that time the market for fruits and vegetables). I seemed much pleased with the good-humor of the sellers. "Aye," said he, "they're comical and good-natured, and ready-witted, and obliging—that is, I mean, what we call the lower order; but you never can get a direct answer from them." "Oh," I said, "that's not fair; put your question first." "Well," said Macklin, coming up to an old woman who had a basket of vegetables before her, "what's the price of that cauliflower?" "That cauliflower!" said she, taking it up in her hand, "Sir, that's as fine a cauliflower as ever was seen, either in a garden or out of a garden." "Well, but what is the price of it?" "The price! the devil a prettier cauliflower could you see of a long summer's day." "Well, it's pretty enough, but what's the price of it?" "What's the price of it! arrah, sir, you may talk of your tulips, and roses, and pinks, and wall-flowers, and gilliflowers, but the flower of all flowers is a cauliflower." "But why not tell me the price of it?" "Ah, you'll not get such a cauliflower as this, sir, all over the market—here, feel the weight of it, sir." "There, O'Keeffe," said Macklin, "if you had laid a wager with me that I could get a direct answer when I put a question to them, you'd have lost it."

Macklin's last attempt on the stage was Shylock: he came ready dressed for the character into the greenroom, where all the performers were assembled and prepared: looking round, he said, "What, is there a play to-night?" All were astonished, and no one answered. He repeated, "Is there a play to-night?" Portia remarked; "Why, sir, what is the matter? 'The Merchant of Venice,' you know." "And who is the Shylock?" asked Macklin. "Why, you, sir, you are the Shylock." "Ah!" said he, "am I?" and sat down in silence. Every one was much concerned and alarmed; however, the curtain went up, the play began, and he got through the part with every now and then going to the side

of the stage, lifting up his hairs with one hand, and putting his ear down to the prompter, who gave him the word; he then walked to the centre of the stage and repeated the words tolerably well: this occurred often through the play, but sometimes he said to the prompter, "Eh, what is it? what do you say?" The play was got through, and from that night Macklin's great talents were lost to the public. For some time before his death, he never went into a bed, but slept in an elbow-chair. He died at his house in Covent Garden, the right-hand corner of Tavistock Court.

JULIET BADGERED.

A society called "The Badger's Club," consisting of the first gentlemen in the county, bespoke a play, "Romeo and Juliet." The members were seated on forms at each side of the stage, and the Grand Badger, or President, in a high chair of state, in the centre, at the back. He was a very old gentleman, with a full powdered wig, and wore, according to the rules of the club, a large high cap on his head, made of a badger's skin. The tragedy went on smoothly enough, until the death of Juliet, a very pretty, thin, delicate, little lady. The Grand Badger had, with others of the club, gone in and out, backwards and forwards, taking their glass, etc., and on his return, touched with compassion for Juliet's griefs and wailings, he stepped gravely down from his throne, and whilst she lay lamenting over the dead Romeo, walked towards her and said, "Oh, my poor pretty little soul! don't be lying there, so distressed with your tears and your sorrows. Oh, pho! get up, get up, my gentle little lady; leave off your cryings and your sobbings, and go and step yonder, and take a glass of lemonade or orgeat, to comfort and restore you." He stooped over Juliet, badger-skin cap, wig, and all; and though, in an under-tone she endeavored to remonstrate against his kindness, he lifted her up tenderly, and took her to the side-board, where there were refreshments. Thus the tragedy ended, with universal laughter from audience, actors, and play-bespeaking Badgers.

"THE CHILD."

There was at that time in Limerick, a young gentleman of good fortune, who, on account of his handsome boyish face, and mischievous disposition, was named "the Child." I was once in company with him at Mac Manus's Tavern, in Limerick, with many other young men, one of whom had just gone into the army, and was that day, for the first time, dressed in his new and expensive scarlet and gold regimentals. "The Child" got into an argument with this young officer, that his coat would fit him; upon which, the other was foolish enough to let him try it on. "The Child" instantly ran down-stairs into the street, and rolled himself in the mud, then reëntered the room to the surprise of all, and grief and dismay of the military youth. Taking out his purse, "the Child" reckoned down on the table before the officer twenty guineas, then took off the muddy coat, flung it out of the window, slipped on his own, and ordered a dozen of claret for the company present. A few nights after this, "the Child" (who had always a party of hangers-on encouraging him in all his pranks for *their* profit and *his* own diversion) went to the theatre. He had engaged two whole rows in the gallery, one for his company; and the bench before them for their bottles of wine, which were all ranged in order. His aunt and other ladies were in the side-boxes; it was the assize time, and the house was full and brilliant. During the performance, he stood up, and roared out: "A clap for Mahon the player on the stage!" His party all stood up and clapped their hands in a full volley; then each took a bumper: they sat down for a little while; in about half a minute he again rose, and bawled out "A groan for my aunt in the side-boxes!" His obedient band again rose, and joined in a tremendous chorus of groans. They then sat down and each took another bumper. By this time the ladies were disconcerted, and the whole house in confusion. Hero Jackson was sheriff that year, and sitting in the side-box opposite to those ladies. In his official capacity, he stood up, and called out to "the Child" by his name, to be

quiet and behave himself. A burst of laughter from the merry ones, was the answer to this. Upon which Jackson quitted his box, went round into the street and up to the gallery, and called to him to come out, since he could not sit there without rioting; this was noticed only by the party filling more bumpers with "your health my Hero! Huzza!" Jackson, conscious of his own personal strength, and with a proper attention to his magisterial duty, stretched over the people that were between him and "the Child," seized him by the back of the collar of his coat, lifted him up and holding him out at arms' length (the other kicking, sprawling, and fist-ing it about), he thus brought him out of the gallery, down the steps and set him on his legs in the street. After about a minute's conversation with some of the audience who had also come out of the theatre, the sheriff returned to his box, and there, to his astonishment, saw opposite to him sitting smiling by his lady-aunt, "the Child" quite sober and civil. After a lapse of some years, I was in Londonderry, and walking on the walls; there to my surprise, I met "the Child." I did not care to recommence our acquaintance, lest he should bring me into some scrape by his nonsense; for frolic was *his* whole affair in this world. He had laid a wager with a gentleman of Derry, that he would, in a given time, gallop on his Munster horse round the walls, which he did. It might have been a break-neck exploit, for at the end of the streets that come to the four gates of the city, there are steps to go down, and steps to go up. So much for "the Child."

"THE GRAND BUGLE."

About 1767, a fashionable man, who was called "Grand Bugle," had returned from a continental tour. I knew him in Limerick. One night at the theatre, behind the scenes, the side-scenes being crowded, for his own convenience, he took out a penknife, cut a hole in the valuable and beautiful flat scene, large enough for his face, and stood there at his ease looking through it. At dinner, at the house of a nobleman, whom I also knew very well, "Grand Bugle" with great com-

posure, took up two forks, stuck them in at each end of a fine, large piece of roast beef, and flung it over his head about the floor ; the only notice the noble host took of this, was a seeming censure of the cook : I was present. More instances of this kind got him his name of "Grand Bugle," and as his dress was in the extreme of French fashion, a person made this excellent and apt remark, that "*the yellow clay would peep through the plaster of Paris.*" One night at Cork, he put a female into a sedan-chair, with whom he had no previous acquaintance : the chair was followed by a friend of hers, a considerable merchant of Cork ; a scuffle ensued, and the young merchant was killed ; the body found, the hue-and-cry followed "Grand Bugle : " a magistrate took bail, and he was at liberty till the Assizes. When they came on, he walked into court, surrounded by men of rank and consequence, his companions, and was arraigned according to legal form ; after which he was walking out of the dock, when the judge commanded him to stop, severely reproved the magistrate for taking bail on such a serious charge, and committed him to prison : a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets, and the gaoler, took him out of court, brought him up the main street, and put him into gaol — there he was ironed. His trial soon came on, for which the young merchant's relations were all active in collecting witnesses against him ; amongst others, the female who was innocently the occasion of the disaster ; but she was asked no questions. A gentleman, one of his own companions, was the principal evidence against him, and brought home the facts of willful murder so broad and full, that it was the general opinion he must be found guilty ; when "Grand Bugle's" counsel said to this witness, "Mr. —, have you not a wager upon the event of this trial ? — mind, sir, you are on your oath." The witness said, yes, he had. "And have you not a bet with Mr. Such-a-one that the prisoner at the bar will suffer ?" Mr. — answered "Yes." "Take notice," said the counsel, "My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. — is resolved to win his wager if he can." This question, answer, and remark of the counsel saved "Grand Bugle : " he

was acquitted. I was in court when he was arraigned, and when tried.

That summer West Digges was engaged to play a certain number of nights at the theatre: Macheath was one of his parts. The same night, "Grand Bugle" and his fashionable friends were behind the scenes. Digges in their hearing made complaint of the property-man, and telling his story with some bitterness said to "Grand Bugle," "Look here, sir, what a pair of fetters he has brought me—they've cut through my ankles. Instead of giving me proper tin light ones, he has got them out of the gaol, and they have been on some *murderer*."

"Grand Bugle," by dissipation, lavished away all his fortune, and died a prisoner for debt, in the Four Court Marshal-sea, Dublin.

"WHALEBONE."

At Limerick, about this time, Glenville and I lodged in the same house, and hired a servant between us, a poor simple country fellow, his face resembling that of the antique of the Dancing Faunus. We called him Whalebone: he had no livery, nor was his own apparel very *comme il faut*; in short, he was out at elbows, bare-legged, with an old scratch wig on his head. One day I was going up to my own room, when I met on the wide stairs a gentleman, who smiled and bowed and passed me by. I returned the salute, and went on to my apartment. Soon after, having some occasion to look over my clothes, I missed a handsome green coat with a velvet collar, a fine scarlet waistcoat with silver lace, buff silk stocking-web small-clothes, silk stockings, and a pair of shoes: I made a farther search, and missed a gold-laced hat, and a particular pair of shoe-buckles. I was getting rather alarmed, when the *gentleman* whom I had met on the stairs, entered my room with—"Sir, there's the hair-dresser waiting for you, and shall I warm the water, and do you intend to shave and dress this morning?" "Why, the devil!" said I, "are you Whalebone?" I now perceived, with astonishment, that our valet was dressed in the very clothes I had missed out of my drawers. Just as I had worked myself into a fury, in came

Phil. Glenville, my partner in the mastership of Whalebone, and to him I made complaint of this glaring, impudent, and unaccountable robbery, as I called it. Glenville burst into a great laugh, and said: "Now look at him! look at Whalebone! is he not a credit and an honor to us both as our servant? Had my clothes fitted him, I would have rigged him out with some of my own; but you know I am such a tall, awkward fellow, and you are such a smart, well-made, middling-sized lad of wax, so that it was I that equipped Whalebone out of your wardrobe; and now, if we have a message, and a how d'ye do to send, and a wait at table, and bring our horses, and hold our stirrups, we have now a fellow who looks like a creditable servant — I beg pardon, O'Keeffe, I mean a gentleman." I laughed, and Whalebone went on with his own affairs, as our trusty and faithful lackey. The remembrance of this circumstance was of use to me, when years after I was writing the "Castle of Andalusia:" as an instance, my making Pedrillo come in, and say, "Master, shall I shave you this morning."

"THE YOUNG BEAU."

There was a young man of my own age, with me at Derry, whom we called "Young Beau;" we went together one day to the Methodist meeting-house, a large, fine building, — there were no pews, only forms, with a walk between the ends up the centre; the pulpit was at one end, and very high, — the preacher proper in his manner, the discourse edifying. Yet "Young Beau," who sat next me, to gratify his own humor, and display his taste for pulpit-rhetoric, frequently laughed, but with a show of endeavoring to repress his risibility. The sermon over, the preacher looked down towards where we sat, and said, in a firm and decisive voice: "Now, brethren, I hope I have fulfilled my duty: yet, there is another, and a very solemn one, incumbent on me, and that is, to advise that young gentleman yonder, to keep as much as he can from the company of the young gentleman who is sitting next him, or he will certainly bring him to ruin."

These words drew the eyes of the whole congregation upon

us both, and "Young Beau," with a kind of smothered laugh, turned to me, and said, "You see what disgrace I bring upon myself by being seen in company with you." The preacher heard him, and answered with authority. "No, my admonition is to your companion to keep as much out of *your* company as he can." By this time the service being over, the congregation drew towards the chapel door, and many of them having long watched "Young Beau's" misconduct, were very angry with him. One of them, a large consequential man, chamberlain of the city, and brother to the then mayor, launched out against him with most severe reproof: we had now reached the door. This old gentleman in his displeasure at the profanation he had witnessed, was near laying hand on "Young Beau," who, stepping back, suddenly addressed him with the grave, quiet, humble voice of steady and collected impudence: "Oh, sir, if I have been to blame, you should consider I am young, and foolish enough, and I am sorry; but certainly you, yourself, are at this moment a hundred times more in the wrong, in standing under this sacred roof with your hat upon your head." It really was so, for the pious chamberlain in the fury of his zeal, had put on his hat, and now conscious of the truth of "Young Beau's" remark, was roused into perfect rage. He put his hand to his shoulder, and with a "Get along! get out!" shoved him down the steps into the street. "Young Beau" burst into a roaring laugh, and ran away, and many of the congregation unfortunately could scarcely forbear joining in the mirth.

"Young Beau," my comically-modest acquaintance, whom I mentioned when at Derry, was also with me at Kilkenny. Here he fixed a quarrel upon a delicate well-mannered young man, who thought it advisable, for the safety of his own person, to complain to the mayor, a remarkably rigid magistrate, who granted a warrant, and "Young Beau" was apprehended in the street. The officers of justice in Kilkenny were, though proper in their several duties, of an alarming appearance, being large men, with broad silver-laced scarlet waistcoats, three-cocked silver-laced hats, and long painted staves. The mayor

was in the street, and the constables brought "Young Beau" before him, when the accuser repeated his fears. The magistrate gave the delinquent a well-merited rebuke, but told him to get bail for his future good behavior, and he would not commit him. "Well, sir," said the culprit, with a kind of arch whimsical face and manner, "to oblige *you*, I will get bail," and was walking off. "What's that!" said the mayor, "to oblige *me*! you get bail, to oblige *me*, you young scoundrel! lay hold on him." The formidable constables instantly took him by the collar. I was present, and the plaintiff joined with me in interceding with the mayor. We promised his worship that the prisoner should be bailed, and begged him to let him amuse the Kilkenny audience that night, in his character of "Peachum," for which his name was in the play-bills. The magistrate, understanding by this who he was, relaxed into good humor; and "Young Beau," with more lenity than he deserved, was released, and appeared that night in the "Beggar's Opera," to a full and fashionable audience.

MACDONNEL, THE PIPER.

Macdonnel, the famous Irish piper, lived in great style, — two houses, servants, hunters, etc. His pipes were small, and of ivory, tipped with silver and gold. You scarcely saw his fingers move; and all his attitudes, while playing, were steady and quiet, and his face composed. On a day that I was one of a very large party who dined with Mr. Thomas Grant of Cork, Macdonnel was sent for to play for the company during dinner; a table and chair were placed for him on the landing outside the room, a bottle of claret and a glass on the table, and a servant waiting behind the chair designed for him: the door left wide open. He made his appearance, took a rapid survey of the preparation for him, filled his glass, stepped to the dining-room door, looked full into the room, said, "Mr. Grant, your health and company!" drank it off, and threw half a crown on his little table, saying to the servant, "There, my lad, is two shillings for my bottle of wine, and keep the sixpence for yourself." He ran out of the house, mounted his hunter, and galloped off, followed by his groom.

The host and his company, at first astonished at his audacity, soon ran after him, in full hue and cry; and had they caught him, piper and pipes would have been thrown into the River Lee.

About the same season I prevailed on Macdonnel to play one night on the stage at Cork, and had it announced in the bills that Mr. Macdonnel would play some of Carolan's fine airs upon the *Irish organ*. The curtain went up, and discovered him sitting alone, in his own dress; he played, and charmed everybody.

The Irish pipes have a small bellows under the left arm, a bag covered with crimson silk under the right arm; from these passes a small leather tube of communication for the wind to reach, first, from the bellows to the bag, as both are pressed by the elbows; and from this tube, another small one conveys the wind to the several pipes; that on which the fingers move, is called the chaunter, or treble; there are three other pipes which hang over the wrist: the longest of them is called the drone, or bass.

This distinguishes the Irish from the Scotch bagpipes, which are blown by the pipe in the mouth.

CELLAR-BOOKS.

It was a custom with the students to lend their cellar-books to a friend. These books, consisting of seven leaves, were passports to the college cellar. One of them being lent to me, I brought with me two companions, and, on hearing the bell ring at nine o'clock, the notice that the cellar is open, we went. It was on the left hand of the first court, and stretched under the great dining-hall, in low arches, extending very far, and containing large butts of ale regularly arranged. Close by the entrance, on the left hand, was a little box, like a kind of pulpit, and there sat the college butler, as he was termed. I delivered to him the little book; he with few words, quiet and proper in his manner, gave his orders to his attendants, and we were led to a large table, of which there were many in the cellar. On our table was a great iron candlestick with

three legs, and in it a wax candle, as thick as my wrist, which spread a brilliant light through the vaulted gloom. A silver cup or vase, with two handles, was placed before us ; this was full of the college ale, called Lemon October ; the cup held about three quarts. A wicker basket was brought full of small loaves, called by them *Manchets* ; but such ale or such bread, I never tasted before or since, except in this college cellar. The tinkling bell continued ringing until half-past nine, the signal when the cellar doors are closed. While we were enjoying this, indeed, delicious regale, we observed numbers of the servants of the collegians giving the little books to the butler up in his box, for them to receive ale, and take it to their masters in their several apartments ; the butler's business was to put down in those books the quantity delivered out or drunk in the cellar. I once went to the entrance of the college kitchen, and saw five or six spits, one over another, and of great length, full of legs of mutton roasting ; the notice for dinner was a man bawling under the cupola, "The Dean's in the hall !"

I thought it whimsical to see the students, some sixteen years of age or so, thrust their heads through windows, and cry "Boy !" when a little old man would get up from a bench in the court or hall, and shuffle up to him, answering, "Yes, sir." These old men, constantly in waiting, are called *Boys*.

DUELING IN IRELAND.

I am sorry to say that, in my time, pistol dueling was very prevalent in Ireland. A friend, still living, walking up George's Lane with me, a young gentleman, an acquaintance of both of us, happened to be coming down Stephen Street ; and, as we met at the corner, "Oh, oh !" said he, "I'm very glad to see you !" The answer of my friend was, "And I'm very glad to see you, and I'll not part with you, now that I've caught you, till you give me satisfaction." I found that the night before they had had a few accidental words of dispute in the pit at the theatre, since which time they had been in search of each other. My companion laid hold of the coat of

the new comer, and we all three walked in silence the whole length of George's Lane, into Dame Street, up Cork Hill, into Castle Street, and there entered by a little passage into a tavern, the Carteret's Head : the waiter showed us into a small room in the yard. There was a table in the middle of the room ; " Now," said my friend, taking from his pocket a small case of pistols, and laying them on a chair, " I was on the look-out for you, and am partly prepared ; we'll now decide this affair across the table ; and, as I cannot part with my *mannerly* gentleman here, do you, O'Keeffe, step to the plumber's shop, in Cook Street, you know it very well, and buy me some balls—I have powder." He clapped half a crown in my hand, and they both seated themselves, swelling with ire and indignation ; I left the room, walked into the street, and paced a little up and down, very much troubled, and full of reflection how I could prevent this mischief. I bought no bullets, but in a quarter of an hour returned, when I found them walking about the room in silence. After standing a moment at the window, I went over to one of them, and, as he had been the aggressor, whispered something about concession ; he looked grave, then smiled. I took his hand, and then my friend's hand, joined them, and made their reconciliation a good sign for the Union Fire Office.

A short time before this, at Ennis, on a gaming dispute, two very clever gentlemen fought in a tavern, and fired across the table ; one was killed. I was very well acquainted with both.

Once, at Limerick, I had a more difficult stretch at the olive-branch. After dinner at the Turk's Head, words arose between two of our party, and in the altercation the epithet *rascal* was unhappily used ; he to whom it was addressed, immediately quitted the room, but returned in a few minutes with a pistol in each hand, and desired the rash pronouncer of the opprobrious word to follow him. In an instant they were both down-stairs, and in the street. I and others of our party ran down after them. It was dark—I was confounded and alarmed, as I very well knew that the man who brought the pistols, was remarkable for practicing pistol-shots. We did

not know which way they had gone. I ran along the High Street, and with all my speed down Quay Lane, looking every way about, and listening to hear their angry voices, but all was silent. At last I reached the canal that leads from the Shannon, and here I found them. Being on the most intimate and friendly terms with both, particularly with him who really had offended, I spoke first to him, but words were nothing. I knew that it was next to a certainty his adversary must kill him; and I was determined by main force to prevent a duel if possible. My friend had the pistol in his hand; I laid hold of it, wrenched it from him, and flung it with all my might and strength across the canal. "Now," said I, "if you will fight, having only one pistol, you must toss up for the first shot; and, though it is so dark, that you cannot distinguish the head from the harp, yet one of your foolish heads may have its brains blown out; whilst there above, at the Turk's Head, is the choice bottle of claret you left upon the table, so come along you pair of foolish fellows." And taking each of the enraged heroes under an arm, I endeavored to laugh, and joke, and sing; and thus we returned to our room of conviviality, where we were again joined by many of our party. My success in this make-up gave me great joy, as I was partly implicated in the quarrel, the other having advocated my cause, when he thought my friend was in the wrong.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS."

At a suburb near London, in one of my lone walks, I saw a great basket of crockery-ware on the ground, close to the road, and a man, seemingly a farmer or gardener, grappling the collar of another man: the latter, it appeared, had stepped over the hedge, and taken a turnip out of a field, and was eating it; this was seen by the owner, who now threatened to put him into the hands of a constable, and send him to prison, for the trespass and robbery. I ventured to talk to him on the subject, a little in my way, while the poor crockery-man was excusing himself by saying that he thought it no harm to take a turnip to cool his mouth. "Aye, but," says the husbandman,

"if every fellow that passes this road takes a turnip out of my field, will that story satisfy my landlord on quarter-day?" I asked the other, "Well, now, what may be the value of this damage done to you?" "Why, as to that, the value of a turnip is not so much here or there; a penny may pay a bunch of turnips." "Well, then," said I, "there's the price of six bunches of turnips, and let him go, and say no more about it." "Ecod!" said the gardener with a smile, "that's very hearty of you, sir, on your part, and I'll not be worse on mine; one half-penny of this shall not go into my pocket. So, turning to the poor crockery-man, "Step with me over to Stockings's, and this sixpence gets me a pot of beer, which you shall be the first to dip your beak in; so come along. Thank ye, sir." The crockery-man got his ware upon his head, and off they set in perfect good-humor.

QUARRELSOME IRISHMEN.

A certain tavern at the corner of Temple Lane and Essex Street, being so near the theatre, was a convivial and frequent resort, as well for performers as persons who had been at the play. Ben Lord, the landlord, had a most happy and inviting flourish in drawing a cork. It was our mode to ask each other, "Do you sup at Commons to-night?" "Oh, no! I sup at the house of *Lords*." I was there one night with Dawson the actor, and some others; amongst the company was a Mr. Brady, once a school-fellow of mine at Father Austin's, but at this time a considerable merchant; a trifling altercation took place between him and Dawson, and some words of taunt and retort, when Brady made use of the expression, "You're *beneath* me." This was a cut at the profession, and might have been spared, particularly as many of the performers were present. Dawson instantly took a leap, jumped upon the table, and, with an exulting smile of triumphant superiority, shuffled a horn-pipe step among the bottles and glasses, and exclaimed, "Now, I'm *above* you, Brady; Brady, now I'm above you."

This comic and sudden practical truism stopped the ap-

proaching quarrel, and turned the whole room, Brady and all, into social mirth and good fellowship, which was kept up until the watchman's "Past two o'clock" warned us to separate, and go home to pillow.

Another instance of an alert laugh turning bully frown out of doors, occurred in a coffee-house near the Exchange at Cork, where I was sitting quietly taking my dish of coffee. Hero Jackson and John Mac Mahon, at that time quite a youth, were walking up and down the room, arm in arm, — the one above six feet high, and athletic as Alcides — the other thin and delicate, indeed remarkably slim and slender. Words arose, I know not how, between Jackson and one of the company, and continued for some time with great acrimony on both sides ; at length the hero, making a full stop, and looking with determined aspect at the other gentleman, said in a firm, decisive tone, at the same time turning upon young Mac Mahon, and grasping him with his right hand by the middle of the waistcoat, "Sir, if you repeat such language to me again, I'll *rattan* you out of the room." The word *rattan*, and the action which accompanied it (for Jackson had no stick of any kind in his hand), produced a loud and universal laugh, in which the gentleman himself, who was thus addressed, could not help joining heartily.

STUART, THE ACTOR.

These plays by army officers took rise from the children of Mr. Samuel Whyte's school in Grafton Street, getting up "Cato," at Crow Street Theatre. Whyte's son played Cato admirably. The Marquis of Kildare one morning on the stage started the thought, that if these boys repeated their play for the public at large, and money were taken at the doors (which was not done at first), the profits might be applied to some of the charitable institutions of Dublin. Stuart, an actor, and a great oddity, slapped the Marquis on the shoulder, with "A good move, my lord." "Why, I think it is, Mr. Stuart," replied Lord Kildare, with the sense and good-humor of his natural character. The plan was adopted and succeeded, to the

delight of every feeling mind. Several officers in the army (amongst others, poor Captain Bowater) took it up afterwards, and the produce went to the Dublin hospitals and infirmaries. The actresses played gratis, and gentlemen of the first rank were door-keepers. Many years after I attempted to promote this laudable custom, by making Lady Amaranth, in my comedy of "Wild Oats," adopt the same plan.

About the time that Whyte's boys acted, as above mentioned, the master of a most eminent classical school in Dublin permitted and encouraged his boys to act the First Part of Shakspeare's Henry IV. The school-room was fitted up as a theatre in very good style; the parents and friends of the pupils were invited, and came to see them, and made a fine, dressy, delighted, and attentive audience; the young performers had been trained and instructed well by their master and ushers, and all was proceeding in a very high pitch of regularity and decorum.

I got admission behind the scenes; my humorous friend, Jack Martin, was with me, and some others were also in groups; Martin saw Stuart amongst them, and was suddenly struck with the fancy to try a bit of mischief. Fully acquainted with Stuart's foible, and eccentricity of character, he called him aside, and whispered: "Now, Stuart, you see how nonsensically these young caitiffs are pulling the 'Sweet Willy-O,' to pieces, and before such a polite and brilliant company, too! How should such curs know how to act? In perfect pity and good-nature, do you go on, and oblige and charm the audience with a real recital of Hotspur or Prince Harry." "Why, aye," said Stuart, "Jack Martin, you're right, very right, the true spirit of Barry and Mossop are here and here" — striking his breast and forehead. "Aye," said Martin, "the words, the look, the action, are everything; do go on, — go, and oblige the audience." "You're right, I will, — I will oblige the audience." His dress was black, with a large scratch-wig on his head, sticking-up behind, and three cocked hat — altogether a most grotesque appearance. On he stepped with, "Stand out of the way, boys! get along; your parts are to hold your tongue, — look and listen!" and then vociferated: —

"And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them; I will after strait,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head."

All was for some time, both off the stage and on, wonder and astonishment; but the person of the ill-timed intruder was soon recognized, and some cried out, "Eh, what's all this! why 't is Stuart! Oh, get along!" The master, the ushers, the boys, the servants, all at once, rushed upon poor Stuart, and tugged, and shoved, and hustled him off the stage, over the lights and fiddles and fiddlers, out of the house, — Jack Martin, myself, and others, enjoying the scene highly.

The characters intrusted to Stuart were rather of an underling kind, such as "Oswald," or "Lord Stanley," or "The coach is at the door," or, "Thoughts black, hands apt, time agreeing;" and in such parts he gave no great sublimity to the tragic scene; yet certain of the audience adopted a fancy to give thundering applause to every line and word he spoke, either in "tragedy, comedy, pastoral, history, or poem unlimited;" so that, by this nightly custom, the real and genuine monarch of the boards was totally overlooked; and whether it was a Hamlet or a Lear, an Othello or a Posthumus, Beatty Stuart's single line engrossed all the applause. Smith, the capital London actor, coming over to Dublin had Richard for one of his characters. Stuart was the Catesby, and Stuart received his usual share of plaudit. Smith was astonished and confused, and strutted and stamped; and when he went off, laid a strict injunction on the manager never to send that actor on with him again; however, this unhappy applauding persecution continued night after night. At length, poor baited Stuart ventured suddenly to stop, walk forward, and address the audience thus:—

"Gentlemen (or whoever it is that have got it into their heads to hunt me down in this manner), I acknowledge I am no very great actor, nor do they give me any very great parts to spoil; but, in such as I am allotted, I do my best, and by my endeavors, poor as they are, I contrive to support myself,

my wife, and my family of children. If you go on this way with me, the manager must turn me off; and thus you deprive me of my morsel of bread. It may be fine fun for all of you; but remember — (and he clapped his hand to his breast in a feeling and affecting manner, and burst out with) remember the fable of the boys and the frogs — ‘t is sport to you, but death to me!’ ”

This heart-sent appeal had an instantaneous effect, and, be it spoken to the humanity of a Dublin audience, from that night Mr. Stuart never had one hand of applause.

I happened to be one day in the Four Courts, at a trial of life and death, in the King's Bench (where, in Dublin, *criminal* causes come on). Stuart was among the crowd, and had clambered, by some roundabout means, up to the Bench, just as the judge was going to pronounce sentence. Stuart, who had got close to him, exclaimed, “My lord, my lord, don't hang him! — clever-looking young man, send him to serve the King — don't hang him, he'll repent, he'll repent! don't hang him, my lord! — fine young man! mercy! mercy!”

This ill-timed remonstrance raised considerable tumult, and Stuart was ordered to be hauled down over the benches and forms, — he and his clemency were shoved out of the court into the street. With an excellent heart, he was most certainly a very queer fellow; he used to call Mossop his “swarthy acquaintance,” and Barry the “tall boy,” and T. Sheridan the “mad kettle-drummer.” I happened, one day, to be reckoning in my hand the change of half a guinea, and he looked at me and my modicum of silver with high consequence, and much wonder at my importance, and, after a moment's silence, said in his glib quick mode of speech, “Jack, why don't you buy a watch?”

ANECDOTE OF CONGREVE.

Speaking of persons addressing an audience in their own character, dramatic tradition gives the following circumstance relative to Congreve. On the first night of the representation of his last play, “The Way of the World,” the audience hissed it violently; the clamor was loud, and originated in a

party, for Congreve was a statesman and a placeman. He was standing at the side of the stage, and when the uproar of hisses and opposition was at its height, he walked on (the first and last time this poet ever stood before an audience), and addressed them thus: "Is it your intention to damn this play?" The cry was, "Yes, yes! off, off!" and the tumult increased in violence. He again obtained a little silence, and said, "Then, I tell you, this play of mine will be a living play when you are all dead and damned!" And walked slowly off.

"I'LL BURY YOU FOR NOTHING."

I remember in Dublin a very capital man of business, an upholsterer, undertaker, and so on, who liked his bottle, and was much in company with the principal actors. One day he dined with a party with Jack Vandermeer, who, from being a great favorite for his performance of *Skirmish* in the "*Deserter*," was also much admired by this same upholsterer. Vandermeer after dinner came out with some handsome jokes, and sang a capital song, and the decanter went round, when the tradesman clapped the "glorious boy" on the shoulder, saying, in high glee, "You're a fine fellow! I'll make you a present of a capital mahogany dining-table." "No!" said Vandermeer, "I want no tables; I'm in furnished lodgings." "Are you?" said the other; and on Vandermeer's coming out with another joke or two, and the glass going round, added, "You *are* a fine fellow! you're such a fine fellow, I'll bury you for nothing—you're a bachelor, you shall have white feathers on your hearse! I'll bury you for nothing."

STICKS TO HIS TEXT.

Vandermeer had been a fellow-student with me at West's Academy, and was afterwards with Foote at the Haymarket Theatre. Whilst in Dublin, he was full of arch pranks. Isaac Sparkes, that very capital comedian, and the greatest favorite the Irish ever had, was most particularly correct in keeping to the words of his author. At this time he was old, fat, and unwieldy; he had a vast double chin, and large bushy gray eye-

brows, that stuck out. One night of Dryden's "Amphitryon, or the Two Sosias," he was doing Justice Gripus. Vandermeer, who played Mercury, had, in the course of the business, to take the Justice by the ear, and give him a shaking. Mercury, struck with a whimsical fancy, laid hold of Sparkes's *eyebrows*, and kept pulling them, while the poor Justice roared out in Dryden's exact words, "Will you never leave lugging me by the ears?"

JUSTICE DORUS.

The first night of Garrick's "Cymon," in Dublin, an actor from London played Justice Dorus; he was rather a heavy, dull man, and Vandermeer, who did Linco, conceived he was a very good subject to pass a joke upon. In the course of the scene, Linco has to place a kind of magisterial chair for the Justice to sit upon, and hear the complaints the two shepherdesses bring against Sylvia. The scene that follows this, is the ascent of the four demons. The arch Linco fixed the Justice's chair upon the trap, over the very spot where they were to rise, having previously given instructions to the carpenters below, that when they heard him give a knock with his foot above, they should lower the one trap, and raise the other with the demons. Vandermeer being one of the principal actors of that day, they considered that his instructions must be right. The old comedian was very proud of his performance in this same scene of Justice Dorus and the two shepherdesses. Just as he was seated, and they ready to come on, Linco, by a stamp of his foot, gave the signal to the carpenters below; down went Justice Dorus in his great chair, and up came four Furies, in red stockings, and hoofs and horns, flashing their burning flambeaux about. This happened to be his first season in Ireland, and he swore that Vandermeer was the most unfair lad that ever lived, and he would get back to England as fast as he could; however, he forgot to keep his word, for he remained in Dublin many years.

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[Signature]

AMUEL FOOT.

He taught **Late Wilkinson** on the stage as his pupil in **Wendell**. Wilkinson was dressed in a full suit of black velvet, top-knotted, and fine paste knee and shoe-buckles. Late in character of his master, gave him his orders to take French and each acting, at trusses, and indeed every one else.



MR. FOOTE AS "FONDLEWIFE."
(From Bell's British Theatre, Vol. II.)

OLD SIWARD.

The father of this said Justice Dorus was manager of the theatre in one of the great towns in England, when some of the leading people there encouraged him to engage Ross, the great actor, to come from London, and perform a few of his most celebrated characters. Macbeth was the first play, and the manager remarked, that Mr. Ross might act the usurper and wicked villain of a tyrant, who was only a *Scotch* general, but he, himself, would do Old Siward the *English* general, and uncle to Prince Malcolm, heir to the crown. The play went on, and Ross in Macbeth had his well-merited applause, and the audience were all in high gratification, until it came to the entrance of Old Siward — when there was, what is phrased, a *dead stand*. This manager, a kind of absent-minded man, instead of being on the stage enacting the aforesaid English general, was now quietly seated in the middle of the pit looking round, reckoning the house ; but at the chasm in the play, he became surprised, vexed, and at last quite enraged. “Hey !” said he, “why does not Old Siward come on ! I’ll forfeit him, I’ll turn him off ; he fit to act in my theatre ! I’ll send him to rant in a barn ! I will. Where the plague can the fellow be ? Eh ! who was it I cast for Siward ? — I’ll turn him off, whoever it is.” One of the audience, who sat near him in the pit, put the play-bill in his hand with, “Siward by Mr. —.” “Is not that your name, sir ?” The affrighted managerial absentee started up, ran out of the pit, got behind the scenes, and in his own clothes rushed upon the stage with Siward’s first speech : —

“What wood is this before us ?”

SAMUEL FOOTE.

Foote brought Tate Wilkinson on the stage as his pupil in mimicry ; Wilkinson was dressed in a full suit of black velvet, bag Solitaire, and fine paste knee and shoe-buckles. Foote, in character of his master, gave him his orders to take off such and such actors, actresses, and indeed every one else



MR. FOOTE AS "FONDLEWIFE."

(From Bell's British Theatre, Vol. II.)



that might be well known to the public. In imitating Barry, Mossop, Mrs. Fitzhenry, Mrs. Dancer, Mrs. Bellamy, and Garrick (for, previous to this, Garrick had been acting in Dublin), the pupil acquitted himself with great success, and consequent applause, which his teacher Foote shared, by making a low bow to the audience, whenever a round of applause repaid Wilkinson's exertions.

The entertainment over, both were preparing to make their exit, when Wilkinson said, "Stop, sir, I have another person to take off. "Another! no, you haven't" — "Oh, yes, sir, but I have, and I think I shall do it so well, and so like, that I shall have no occasion, like the sign-painter, to write under it 'This is the sign of the goose;' " and immediately he mimicked Foote admirably. Foote seemed confounded and vexed; and stamped and walked about, desiring him to hold his prate, and be off with himself, while the whole house was in a commotion of delight. Whether this was a settled trick between master and pupil, I do not know, for at that time I was young, and knew nothing of the arcana of the stage. I was in the pit, and saw and enjoyed this piece of business very much.

Foote wrote his little piece in one act, called "Piety in Pattens," to ridicule the sentimental comedies, at that time getting into a kind of fashion. It had only three characters, the Squire, the Butler, and Polly Pattens; the latter was played by Mrs. Jewell, a very handsome and pleasing actress, and a good singer. The piece consisted of the most trifling and commonplace thoughts, wrapped up in a bundle of grand phrases and high-flown words; and had its full effect as a laughable burlesque on forced sentiment. Foote, himself, did not act in it. I was in the house the first night of its performance in Dublin. The dialogue went on smooth enough, until it came to a part where Polly had to sing a song; here was a full stop, she repeated the last words very often, but not one note from a fiddle, or tinkle from a harpsichord followed. Distressed and confused, Mrs. Jewell walked to and fro, still looking at the leader of the band, and making signs

to him to play; but he muttered, and seemed not to understand her. Foote, who had been watching behind the scenes, attentive to the effect of his sarcastic drama upon his auditors, at length limped on, walked over to the orchestra, and in an angry tone asked the first fiddle why he did not strike up the symphony of the song? The vexed musician answered, "We've no music!" Foote instantly, in his own peculiar humorous manner, came forward and addressed the audience: "Ladies and Gentlemen, — sorry for your disappointment, but the cause is explained — *There's no music in the Orchestra.*"

This raised a general laugh in the whole house, at the expense of the musicians, who, however, were really not in fault, as Mrs. Jewell had rehearsed her song that morning at the harpsichord in the greenroom, instead of on the stage, and the person whose office it was, had neglected to distribute to the band the accompaniments; and even the leader of the band did not know there was a song in the piece.

Foote was in Dublin at Christmas, but he told the manager he was ill, and could not play; this was in the greenroom, when some of the performers, men and women, remarked, "Ah, sir! if you will not play, we shall have no Christmas dinner." "Ha!" said he, "if my playing gives you a Christmas dinner, play I will!" and he did so. With all his high comic humor, one could not help pitying him sometimes, as he stood upon his one leg, leaning against the wall, whilst his servant was putting on his stage false leg, with shoe and stocking, and fastening it to the stump; he looked sorrowful, but instantly resuming all his high comic humor and mirth, hobbled forward, entered the scene, and gave the audience what they expected — their plenty of laugh and delight.

Foote's great hobby was to tell stories, jest, anecdote, etc., and be surrounded by laughers; their laugh was the fuel: that not supplied, his fire soon became dull; but he certainly was most powerful in exciting laughter. He gave his good dinners and wines, and was rather ostentatious in display of affluence, much given to parade, but this made part of the

profession. He had not that comfortable substance of temper, which in Macklin marked the reality of the man, whose mind you saw in his comportment to you. Everybody laughed at Foote, for they could not help it ; but Macklin was often listened to with uninterrupted attention and respect. Foote once said to me : " Take care of your wit, bottle up your wit."

He had a wink, and a smile with one corner of his mouth, a harsh voice, except when mimicking. His manner on the stage was not very pleasant to the performers on with him, for he tried to engross all the attention ; in speaking, his own face was turned full to the audience, while theirs was constantly in profile. It is a method with an old stager, who knows the advantageous points of his art, to stand back out of the level with the actor who is on with him, and thus he displays his own full figure and face to the audience. But, when two knowing ones are on together, each plays the trick upon the other. I was much diverted with seeing Macklin and Sheridan, in Othello and Iago, at this work ; both endeavoring to keep back, they at last got together up against the back scene. Barry was too much impassioned to attend to such devices.

Foote brought many of his plays with him to Dublin : " The Cozeners," " The Maid of Bath," " The Bankrupt," " The Nabob," " The Commissary," " The Mayor of Garrat," etc., which comic stock was all together a very rich feast. At the rehearsal of one of his peices, he himself drilling the performers, one of them, whom I have mentioned before, " Young Beau," had in his part the word " Sarcophagus," which he rather mispronounced by a wrong accent. " Ha, ha," said Foote, " what's that, Sarcophagus ? the word is sarcophagus — not sarcophagus, as you pronounce it — 't is derived from the Greek, you know ; I wonder that did not strike you !"

These words, and his manner, raised a smile among the hearers against poor " Young Beau," who was known to have early neglected his school-learning. Though naturally possessed of most powerful effrontery, he stood all abashed ; however, he was not long without most ample revenge. The

favorite amusement of Foote, as I have already said, was recounting anecdotes in the greenroom, where he sat with a half-circle of the performers, all in full laugh at and with him. "Young Beau" watched his opportunity, and, fixing himself among the company full before Foote, whilst the latter was going on in the high career of joke and whim, looked steadfastly upon him with a calm, grave, quiet face; this invariable conduct of "Young Beau," at length totally disconcerted Foote, and cast a complete cloud over his jocularly, and it was thought, gave him more real distress and vexation, than if a whole audience had hissed him when acting on the stage.

AMATEUR ACTORS.

It was a kind of custom (not very laudable) of the Irish managers to encourage stage-bit young Englishmen to come over to Dublin, where they might initiate themselves by trials at Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, etc., and be prepared to demand afterwards, vast salaries at the London theatres, and make Bettertons, Booths, Barrys, and Garricks of themselves; but woeful was the disappointment to many of them, often attended with serious distress. One of these dismal tragedians from London was suffered to have a trial part of Richard III., at Smock Alley Theatre, but was only allowed to play it once. About a week after, I met him going through Capel Street, with a small new trunk under his arm; much surprised, I asked him what all that was about? "Why, sir," said he, "this is my trade; for, in London, I was a trunk-maker; last week, I made this new trunk, and am now carrying it home by desire of the master, who keeps a shop, and gives me employment. Had I been without a trade, I might have starved: for two Saturdays came round, and no money to me from the play-house treasury. * Yet you will agree that, in offering 'My kingdom for a horse,' I was loud enough: so my new acquaintance, Mr. Mossop, got envious of my hammer, and said, I make *more noise than work*."

There were many more actors much in the same forlorn state as the trunk-maker, and unfortunately for them, without

a good trade by which to earn their daily morsel. And here I look back with rather a happy self-approbation, that, to several of these visitors to a strange land, I gave as much assistance as I possibly could; for from my own resources I had it in my power to be their friend.

I particularly remember two of these London misled youths, who were engaged at Crow Street: both had education, were well brought up, and dressed well; one was Mr. Forest, the other Mr. Layton. Layton one morning came to rehearsal with a small bit of paper stuck in his ear: being asked what that was, said he, "'Tis my part; the manager, when in London, engaged me to come over to Dublin and play Macbeth, but the Wounded Soldier is now all I have to do or say. I wrote it out, and here it is in my ear, to get into my head, and so to have it by heart." Forest had to play Elliot, one of the conspirators in "Venice Preserved;" Glenville, the regular Dublin performer, ever given to his jokes, gravely told this young English novice that in his part he should not say "Frenchman, you are *saucy*," but, to please an *Irish* audience, he should say "Frenchman, you are *cobbaugh*." Forest took this facetious advice as very friendly, and the same night came out with "Frenchman, you are *cobbaugh*;" which produced hisses and uproar among the audience, as an intended disrespect to them, although the word in the Irish language has much the same meaning as *saucy*, or full of prate.

I was one day walking up Sackville Street with these two youths, Messrs. Forest and Layton, when, making a full stop, I looked at both steadfastly, and rather significantly, said: "Now, come, confess a truth that I will venture to guess at. Your name is not Forest, nor yours Layton; but when you were meditating on this fine Irish theatrical excursion, you happened to be walking together near Hackney; you proposed to change your names; you were then near *Low Layton*, and not a great way from Epping *Forest*, and this threw the sudden thought across your minds of assuming your present names. One of you said to the other, 'You shall be Mr. *Layton*, and I will be Mr. *Forest*.'" They looked

at me, then at each other, smiled, laughed outright, and, with surprise at my wizard penetration, confessed that absolutely that was the fact.

"Very well," said I, "my random shot has hit you; but keep your secret, and let us now walk to Jemmy Candy's, where I have bespoke dinner."

Amongst these candidates, ambitious of theatrical fame, was a young lady with a handsome face, a tall, fine, slender person, and a clear melodious speaking voice. She had taken up the idea that Crow Street stage might make a convenient horse-block, from whence to mount a fine caparisoned palfrey on Covent Garden or Drury Lane boards; and got a letter of recommendation from some great person in London, to Barry, the Irish manager. She posted from London, and sailed over to Dublin. Barry consented to grant her a trial character; and she chose Roxana, but, on her rehearsing a few scenes of it, he was afraid to trust her with such a part before an audience; yet being compelled to give her some sort of engagement, upon the strength of her recommendation, he allotted her the character of an attendant lady, in Lee's tragedy of "Theodosius," which, from his own acting of Varanes, and Mrs. Dancer's Athenais, was in high vogue in Dublin. This new actress had a fine speech to address to Athenais: I forget the words, but it is amply descriptive of the coolness or discontent which had taken possession of the Emperor Theodosius's heart, in place of the love he once entertained for her. She came on, looked full at the heroine Athenais, attempted to address her, but, unable to recollect a single word of her long speech, stood staring for half a minute, when, suddenly recovering herself, with a solemn tragedy tone she came out with an impromptu of her own, in these words, "Madam, the Emperor despises you." Mrs. Dancer was astonished, and confounded, and most of the audience who knew the real words, were much surprised, yet highly diverted.

After this grand speechment, it was thought advisable not to let her have anything at all to say, yet, as she had a very handsome face, and fine slim tragedy presence, they made another

attempt with her, and suffered her once more to come on ; and come on she did, in the tragedy of "Alexander the Great," as an attendant to one of the rival queens. And thus she performed her part : in the violent quarrel between Roxana and Statira, she walked over, and looked full in the face of the Queen, who was then speaking : that speech done, and the other Queen having to make her grand speech, this attendant lady walked gravely over, and kept staring full in her face ; the other spoke, and again she turned round, walked over, and stared at her : and this was her conduct through the whole of their scene. In real life, one of these furious Princesses would have desired her, like Lingo, to "leave the presence ;" but they wanted her genius to substitute *impromptus*.

A few nights after, James Wilder was doing Mungo, in the "Padlock ;" in which character being a great favorite, he was very proud of himself. As he was singing the song describing all the different musical instruments,

"Cymballo and tymballo, and tymballo and cymballo, to boot ;"

he heard a violent hissing ! Could he think a hiss possible ? No — and from the audience ? No — that was to him *impossible*. Casting an eye towards the stage door, he saw it a few inches open, and discovered the new actress's pretty face thrust forward ; he looked, listened, heard another loud hiss, and found it was she who was hissing him ; he stepped over and muttered some abuse, returned, gabbled through his song as well as he could, and, coming off the stage, shuffled up to her with, "Why, madam ! you most infernal — ! what did you mean by hissing me ? Was it certainly you ? hiss *me* ? you most daring, bold — ! What did you mean by hissing me ?" The lady answered with her fine placid inanimate face and voice : "Why, Mr. Wilder, why should I not hiss you ? you didn't sing your song well ; I heard that song sung much better in town." By *town* she meant London ; as most of the English performers, when they went over to Ireland, made use of that phrase, this gave great offense to some of the Irish actors, and brought a reply of, "Town ! what do you mean by

town ! is not Dublin, where you are now, a town, and a very good town ?" It was Wilder's custom, before he went into a carriage, to feel, with great care, the linch-pin of each wheel and be certain that all was safe and right. When in a passion, his exclamation was, " Oh, I could pull the linch-pin out of the globe !" so he was called " Linch-pin."

JOHN HENDERSON.

Henderson was playing at Bath on a guinea a week, and about the year 1776 went to Drury Lane, I suppose at a very high salary, for he well deserved it. Though the memory of Garrick was then so recent, yet Henderson completely succeeded in his most remarkable characters, particularly in Benedict, in " Much Ado," and Don John in the " Chances." I saw him with great pleasure in both, as also in Falstaff : he had a great deal of Garrick in his manner, and his figure was not very much unlike, only rather taller : his limbs neat, and his face round and pleasing ; his manner lively, smart, and perfectly full to the comprehension of his audience. His Falstaff was the most attractive of any of his characters. Some time after this I was very well acquainted with him in Cork, and found him a pleasing, cheerful companion. His great forte in a room was reciting some of Prior and Parnell's Tales, which he did capitally, and likewise a dialogue between a nobleman and Garrick — the Irish peer recommending Mossop, his college fellow-student, to Garrick, by every argument of praise as to voice, and action, and literary attainments ; which Garrick with great art acquiesced in, but slyly threw out some keen stroke against Mossop's qualifications, which was immediately taken up by the noble advocate, who went far beyond Garrick in his censures, as thus : —

Nobleman. Now, Mr. Garrick, Mossop's voice — what a fine voice, so clear, full, and sublime for tragedy !

Garrick. Oh ! yes, my lord ; Mossop's voice is, indeed, very good — and full — and — and — But — my lord, don't you think that *sometimes* he is rather too loud ?

Nobleman. Loud ? Very true, Mr. Garrick, — too loud, — too sonorous ! — when we were in college together, he used to plague us with a spout and a rant and a bel-low. Why we used to call him "*Mossop the Bull* !" But then, Mr. Garrick, you know, his step ! — so very firm and majestic — treads the boards so charmingly !

Garrick. True, my lord: you have hit his manner very well indeed, very charming! But do you not think his step is sometimes rather *too firm*?—somewhat of a—*a stamp*; I mean a gentle stamp, my lord?

Nobleman. Gentle! call you it, Mr. Garrick? not at all!—at college we called him "*Mosop the Pavior*!" But his action—his action is so very expressive.

Garrick. Yes, my lord, I grant, indeed, his action is very fine,—fine—very fine: he acted with me originally in *Barbarossa*, when I was the *Achmet*; and his action was—a—a—to be sure *Barbarossa* is a great tyrant—but then, *Mosop*, sticking his left hand on his hip, a-kimbo, and his right hand stretching out—thus! You will admit that sort of action was not so very graceful.

Nobleman. Graceful, Mr. Garrick! Oh, no! by no means—not at all—everything the contrary. His one arm a-kimbo, and his other stretched out!—very true—why, at college, we used to call him, "*Mosop the Teapot*!"

Henderson's imitation of the Nobleman and Garrick in the above dialogue was powerful and laughable. He also gave "Recitations" at Freemasons' Hall with Thomas Sheridan; I went to hear them, and was very much pleased. Henderson's chief source of humor was reciting Cowper's "*Johnny Gilpin*;" and Sheridan's tools were "*Milton's Paradise Lost*," and "*Alexander's Feast*." I also heard Henderson's powerful mimicry in a private company at Cork. Among other laughables, he gave us an interview between himself and a theatrical manager: the subject was the manager teaching him, the actor, how to perform *Shylock*. "*This Shylock*," said he, "that is, Shakespeare's *Shylock*, though he is a Jew,—he's a Jew that walks the Rialto at Venice, and talks to the magnificos; and you must not by any means act such a Jew as if he was one of the Jews that sell old clothes, and slippers, and oranges, and sealing-wax, up and down Pall Mall." In this piece of humor Henderson had the manager's voice and manner perfectly correct, and it gave a great deal of harmless amusement. A year or two after, I was indiscreet enough, on the mention of Henderson, to tell this very manager how cleverly he took him off; he was much nettled, and said, "Take me off, a very impudent thing of him!" The last time I saw Henderson, was in the Mall in the Park, where we met accidentally; in walking the whole length from Buckingham Gate to Spring Gardens, he entertained me with many pleasantries. Amongst others, of an Irishman just come to London, and a friend, who had been resident there a long time,

showing him all the sights, and expatiating on the magnitude and grandeur of the buildings, and so on. In their walk together, coming up Ludgate Hill, on the first sight of St. Paul's, he pointed out to his new-come friend the stupendous grandeur of the Cathedral; the Irishman looking up at it, said in a very calm tone, "'Pon my honor, 't is mighty neat !"

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

The plan of Thomas Sheridan's dictionary was to bring the spelling of English words nearer to the established modes of pronunciation; yet still to keep in view the several languages from which each word is derived. In a letter of his to Mr. Heaphy, which I saw, he had to speak of the Parliament winter in Dublin, and spelt the word *parlement*. I heard Sheridan recite on Smock Alley stage, and show, by illustration, that in a verse of eight syllables, the sense might be changed five times by removing the accent from one syllable to another thus : —

"None but the brave deserve the fair!
None *but* the brave deserve the fair,
None but the *brave* deserve the fair,
None but the brave *deserve* the fair,
None but the brave deserve the *fair*."

Thomas Sheridan wrote a piece called "The Brave Irishman" (the plot from the French), in which he worked up a very high character for Isaac Sparkes; it had a powerful effect, and was played very often. There were many signs of Sparkes in this same Captain O'Blunder. One day he was walking under one of these, when a chairman looking first at him with great admiration, and then up at the sign, vociferated, "Oh, there you are, above and below !"

When Thomas Sheridan was at his zenith in Dublin, Layfield was in high estimation as an actor also. His distinguished parts were Ventidius, Iago, Cassius, Syphax, and Apemantus. One night, doing Iago (Sheridan the Othello), Layfield came out with : —

"Oh my lord ! beware of jealousy,
It is a green-eyed *Lobster*."

After this the play could go no farther. He was at that moment struck with incurable madness, and died somewhat in the manner of Nat. Lee the fine tragic poet. The above "green-eyed lobster" was the first instance poor Layfield gave of this dreadful visitation.

Sheridan was one day told a gentleman wanted to speak to him; a stranger entered, seemingly much agitated, saying, "My dear sir, I have a thousand pardons to ask you, and hope for your forgiveness." "Sir," said Sheridan, "I have not the pleasure of knowing you; what is the nature of the offense given to me?" "Oh, sir! the irreparable injuries I have done to your professional reputation." "Indeed! but how?" "Oh, sir! by my persisting in writing you down in a much read popular publication" (mentioning the title). "I am sure I must have hurt your mind most exceedingly." "Hurt my mind! this the first knowledge I ever had of the circumstance; and, as to injuring my professional reputation—here! bring the box-book" (calling at the door, the box-keeper brought in the book); "there, sir, look," continued Sheridan, "I play this night; and, as you see, every box is taken by persons of the first rank and consequence in Dublin; therefore, pray comfort yourself, as to having hurt either my mind, or my reputation."

Both these circumstances happened about the year 1750, when he was manager of Smock Alley, and were told me by Sheridan himself, with many other anecdotes, when I had the happiness of his company, much to the profit of my own mind, in the years 1775 and 1776. Sheridan's best characters were Brutus, Cato, and King John. His manner of saying one line, "I could be merry now, Hubert," got him most abundant applause.

MOODY THE ACTOR.

I knew Moody well; he was very solicitous to form a club of the principal actors and dramatic poets, by their giving a dinner in routine at some tavern, which the giver had a right to choose. They enlisted me in this, but my sight was so

impaired, and my studies requiring me to husband my health, spirits, and such intellect as I was master of, I never went but once ; however, I gave my dinner at Fox's, in Bow Street ; it cost me about 10*l*. This gay, witty, and convivial party, called themselves "The Strollers," but I do not think it lasted long ; they spoiled it by admitting strangers, which was a damp to their own flow of humor. Part of Moody's Strollers' Club plan was, for the members to attend their festive meetings in dramatic character dresses ; this fancy was however overruled by some, who thought that the stage alone was the proper spot for such gambols. Moody soon wound up his ball, and ended his days in peace and comparative affluence.

Many years before, a clamorous party rose up against Garrick and his theatre, for introducing what was called the "Chinese Festivals." Moody stood bluff champion for him, and Garrick's gratitude induced him to be Moody's friend ever after. In 1783 I was sitting in my front parlor at Barnes Terrace after my wine (I had dined alone that day), my papers on the table, waiting for my amanuensis, who had gone to his dinner in the next parlor (I was writing "Fontainebleau"), when the window was suddenly flung up by somebody on the outside, and a gruff voice said, "Send over the plates." In was thrust a covered plate of turtle ; this was Moody, who had dined with a party at an inn near me.

"THE POSITIVE MAN."

I had written Rupee, in "The Positive Man," for William Lewis, but he kept out of afterpieces as much as he could ; and it fell to Edwin, who gave Rupee's by-word of "Apropos !" with great comic effect. Lee Lewes and Fearon distinguished themselves in Tom Grog and Sam Stern, which scene, Mr. Colman declared, was the best sailor scene on the English stage ; and he was no bad judge of such affairs. It became such a favorite, that as soon as Lee Lewes and Fearon were seen coming on, a general peal of applause was given by the audience, which was succeeded by the greatest silence and attention.

As some of my works are now out of print, and this play is seldom, if ever, acted; it may be amusing to my readers to peruse this scene, which, I may repeat without much boast, was the delight of the audience. I give it as a sample of my character writing.

* PART OF THE FIRST SCENE IN ACT FIRST OF THE POSITIVE MAN.

Grog. (Lee Lewes). Now must I cruise in the channel of Charing Cross to look out for this lubber that affronted me aboard the *Dreadnought*. I heard he put in at the Admiralty. Hold, is Rupee gone? if he thought I went to fight, mayhap he'd bring the master-at-arms upon me, and have me in the bilboes. Smite my timbers! there goes the enemy!

Enter Stern (Feavon), crossing.

I'll hail him—Yo! ho!—

Stern. What cheer?

Grog. You're Sam Stern.

Stern. Yes.

Grog. Do you remember me?

Stern. Remember! Yes; though you're rich now, you're still Tom Grog.

Grog. You affronted me aboard the *Dreadnought*; the Spaniards were then in view, and I did n't think it time to resent private quarrels when it is our duty to thrash the enemies of our country; but, Sam Stern, you are the man that affronted Tom Grog.

Stern. Mayhap so.

Grog. Mayhap you'll fight me?

Stern. I will—when, and where?

Grog. The *where* is here, the *when* is now; and slap's the word (*lays his hand on his hanger*). But hold, we must steer off the open sea into some creek.

Stern. But I've neither cutlash nor pistols.

Grog. I saw a handsome cutlash, and a pretty pair of barking irons in a pawnbroker's window; come, it lies in our way to the War Office.

Stern. I should like to touch at the *Victualing* Office in our voyage.

Grog. Why, han't you dined?

Stern. I've none to eat.

Grog. A seaman in England without a dinner! that's hard, damned hard! there's money—pay me when you can (*gives a handful of money*).

Stern. How much?

Grog. I don't know—get your dinner—buy the arms—meet me in two hours at Deptford, and, shiver me like a biscuit, if I don't blow your head off.

Stern. Then I can't pay you your money.

Grog. True; but mayhap you may take off mine; and if so, I shall have no occasion for it.

Stern. Right, I forgot that (*wipes his eyes with his sleeve*).

Grog. What do you snivel for?

Stern. What a dog am I to use a man ill, and now be obliged to him for a meal's meat.

Grog. Then you own you've used me ill. Ask my pardon.

Stern. I'll be damned if I do.

Grog.—Then take it without asking. You're cursed saucy, but you're a good seaman; and hark 'ye Sam, the brave man, though he scorns the fear of punishment, is always afraid to deserve it. Come, when you've stowed your bread-room, a bowl of punch shall again set friendship afloat (*shake hands*).

Stern. Oh, I'm a lubber!

Grog. Avast! Swab the spray from your bows! poor fellow! don't heed, my soul; whilst you've the heart of a lion, never be ashamed of the feelings of a man.

GIORDANI THE DANCER.

A brother of Signor Giordani was with him when in Dublin; he was a first-rate dancer. They had their Italian opera at the Smock Alley Theatre; and soon after the opening, Giordani, the fine dancer, who could not speak English, came to the pit-door, and, as he had been made free of the house, expected to be admitted to sit and see the play. The door-keeper, not knowing him, refused to let him in; at the same time people were entering, paying, their money, etc. Giordani suddenly hid upon this expedient: stepping back, he gave a spring and caper in the first style of his graceful and elegant talent. The door-keeper immediately knew who he was, and with a low bow admitted him into the pit. This fine dancer, Giordani, was also a fine skater. He skated a mile in a minute; and, on one leg only, faster than the most expert could upon two. He had a string stretched about four feet high from the ice, and in his full course used to go fairly over it. When he had his benefit at the theatre, he put in his bill that he would skate on the stage; and thus he managed it: he had a number of grooves made, and gliding through these, with his great proficiency in his dancing art, displayed all the attitudes of skating to the perfect delight of the spectators.

RICHARD DALY.

I remember Richard Daly a fellow-commoner in Trinity College, Dublin; he was of good family in the province of Connaught; but, when at college, was so given to commotion, that he was the terror of all public places. In the year 1772 I was in the greenroom of Smock Alley Theatre, when

Daly, at the head of a college party, forced his way into the house at the stage-door, beat the door-keepers, and dashed into the greenroom. Miss Pope (the celebrated actress, and of a most estimable private character) was there, having come over from London to play a few nights. Under the impression of every outrage from the wild Irish, she was greatly terrified, when, for the honor of our Green Island, I brushed up my bit of Milesian valor, desired her to take my arm, and with my sheathed sword in my hand (all wore swords in those days) I led her through the riotous group. They looked surprised, but made a lane for us, and gave no opposition. I saw the fair lady to her chair, and walked by her side to the door of her lodgings, where she thanked me for my knight-errantry. What renders the above circumstance remarkable is, that this very dread and disturber of all theatres was, as is shown above, afterwards himself an actor and manager of this very theatre of Smock Alley. I was very intimate with him, and found him a man of great humanity, and a zealous friend. He married the widow of a Mr. Lister, a man of fortune: her maiden name was Barsanti, a fine comic actress. Her father was an Italian, and translator to the Italian Operas in London. Mrs. Daly was capital in all Mrs Abingdon's parts. I saw her play Arionelli in "The Son-in-law," and it being her fixed determination never to appear in man's clothes, she dressed the character in the Eastern style, as Arbaces in "Artaxerxes," which I first saw in 1762.

During the first season of "The Castle of Andalusia," Daly came over to London, and, eager to see it acted at Covent Garden Theatre, he dined with me, and we went together to the upper boxes: the house was full.

He was naturally of an ardent and impatient character; but now, during the representation, he was so full of the subject, and his own cleverness as manager, that, according as the different characters came on and off, he said to me with great vehemence: "Why, O'Keefe, instead of P. S. I make my fellow come on O. P.; and why does that Alphonso go off at the side-door? I make my fellow go off at the centre-door.

That Victoria very beautiful ; a lovely creature, but not so simply dressed as my Victoria. Now I make my fellow drop on his knees to her. Lorenza in fine voice ! your Pedrillo does not kick off his slipper ! now I make my fellow kick off his." And thus the inspired manager, without giving himself the trouble to remember the names of his several actors, went on with "my fellow," and "my fellow," to the end of the opera. The persons near us were much diverted with this box-scene.

FISH STORY.

Garten, the treasurer of Covent Garden Theatre, had been a purser in the navy ; and one day at dinner at Mr. Colman's, many ladies being present, the conversation turned among other sea affairs, upon the nature of the shark. To the surprise of the company, Garten gravely observed, "A shark is very good eating ;" and upon remarking our doubtful smile, he added in a still graver tone, "Why, 't is as good eating as a dolphin." We looked at each other, and with comical seriousness the word passed round the table — "Did *you* ever eat a dolphin ? Not I, — nor I, — I never ate a dolphin."

O'KEEFFE'S BLINDNESS.

On my return to town I applied to Baron Wenzel the oculist about my sight ; and sent him his demand of twenty-five guineas : he was to have twenty-five more had he succeeded, but asked his additional fee of two guineas as physician : this my brother, who took him the money, would not pay.

My most excellent and truly zealous friend, Mr. Brande, of Soho Square, thinking that electricity might help my sight, brought me to John Hunter for his opinion ; he did not object to the trial being made, but gave no hopes of success ; and some time after, I seated myself in the chair at Mr. Brande's house, and held in my hand the electrical chain. At his hospitable table I have at different times met Macklin, Counselor Mac Nally, my good friend Mr. O'Bryen, Captain (and Counselor, for he was both) Robinson (who being a Dublin man, sung very good Irish songs), Dr. Kennedy, of Great Queen Street, and many other literary characters.

I went also to Mr. Percival Pott, who had then the first name as surgeon, but he instantly pronounced that neither medical aid nor art could help me, and since that I tried none. The first cause of this injury to my sight was from a cold I got by a fall off the south wall of the Liffey, Dublin, in a dark December, by going out to sup at Ringsend, when the play was over; thus drenched, I sat up with my party for some hours in my wet clothes, and in about a fortnight the effects appeared in a violent inflammation of my eyelids. I then tried many remedies, each crossing the other, which increased the malady, and my persisting to use the pen myself impaired my sight beyond all hope.

Although, from the opinion of the first medical people, my complete recovery of sight was quite hopeless, yet I never had an ambition to be pitied; and, indeed, effort to be envied, rather than pitied, often proves a successful stimulus to the greatest actions of human life. It is true, that since the decay of my sight I never made a boast that I could see as well as other people; yet to avoid exciting compassion, my show of better vision than I really possessed was, about thirty years back, often attended with most ridiculous and whimsical effects, at which, on reflection, no one laughed more heartily than myself.

Being with my brother at Margate, in Austin's reading-room, at a great table covered with newspapers, magazines, and such like, I wished Daniel to give me some news by the help of his optics, and having just sight enough to see the white papers on the green cloth, I hastily caught up a newspaper that lay spread on my right hand, and with my left stretched it out to my brother, saying, "Read that for me." A loud and surly voice the same instant came to my right ear from lips not two feet from me. "What the devil, sir, do you mean by snatching the newspaper out of my hands; I have n't done with it." I was too confounded to attempt an apology, but rising, walked off; leaving my brother to calm him by explaining the state of my sight which led me into the mistake of my only seeing the newspaper, and not the gentleman who was reading it; his anger instantly changed to politeness.

When I lived at Acton I sometimes walked to Oxford Street to buy my working tools — a quire of paper, some pens, a bottle of ink, or any other stationery I might want. Being one day on the foot-path, pushing on before my servant, who always attended me in my walks to town, a figure came up full against me with a stamping kind of rough noise : I stopped, and looking up far above his head, said, "I think the road might do for you and not come upon the foot-path." An angry voice from a face level with my own, replied, "But I believe I have as good a right to walk on the foot-path as you — who the plague are you ! indeed !" I endeavored to explain by saying, what was fact, "I beg pardon, but I thought you were on horseback ;" — an unlucky error caused by my having been greatly annoyed and endangered the day before, by a man riding on the foot-path close upon me. This mistake did not wind up so agreeably as the first, for he stumped on muttering.

And yet I used to make my way, and safely and nimbly too, by my servant John walking rapidly before me, through the most crowded streets of London. His method was, if a handle of a barrow came across him, to move it aside ; if anything on a person's head, whether hamper, trunk, furniture, etc., to put up his hand and turn it away, still keeping on without saying a word, or turning his own head about, and I posting after him through a *gauntlet* of people of all kinds, who stopped to abuse and call him fifty names, such as, "Impudent scoundrel ! rascal !" etc., all which my *walking* harbinger never seemed to hear or notice, and on we clearly went. This was from apple-women, fish-women, porters with knots on their heads, etc. ; thus, in the throng of a London street, he cleared a lane for me.

According to the privilege of an author franking a friend to the theatre now and then, my brother, one morning, asked me for an order ; but having already written and given away to *my* acquaintances and *their* acquaintances, more than was strictly proper, I refused. The same evening I unexpectedly went to the play myself ; I was alone, and being in the lower

boxes, towards the close of the third act, a gentleman coming in, and standing near me, I looked up, half turning round, and said, "How the deuce did you get in?" A strange voice answered, "How did I get in, sir! why, with my money. How did yourself get in?" I unfortunately mistook him for my brother; and this last mistake might have led me into a more dangerous dilemma than either of the former, had not another gentleman, in the adjoining box, who knew who I was, and, consequently, the imperfect state of my sight, kindly explained; thus saving me from pistol work, either on the strand of Clontarf, or behind Montague House, or in a little tavern room across a table, or any other field of battle, west of Mother Red-cap's.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Coming into my parlor in Stafford Row, Buckingham Gate, one day, tired with my walk, and my spirits wearied by a long rehearsal, I found a gentleman looking very close at a picture which hung up; he bowed, and then went again to the picture, looked at me, and said something, I don't know what. We were completely at cross purposes; my eyes could not distinguish his features, and his ears could not hear my voice; he was deaf, and I could not see. In the midst of our embarrassment, my landlord came into the room, and addressing him very respectfully, yet loud, said, "Mr. —, the picture-dealer, lodged up stairs." The stranger then turned to me, made an apology, and went out of my parlor. When he had left the house, I asked my landlord who the gentleman was. He answered, that it was "Sir Joshua Reynolds." I then too late regretted my not having known this before, that I might have enjoyed a little of his company, as I greatly admired the works of his pencil. Fortunate, thought I at that moment, that *my* infirmity is not on *his* side of the question!

One day walking with Mr. Colman, and admiring his beautiful garden at Richmond, he told me Sir Joshua Reynolds had been with him the day before, and also liked his parterres and hot-houses extremely ("and by the way, O'Keeffe, my gardener is a capital one, and your countryman; he brings out

pine-apples and melons for me at very little expense.") Mr. Colman added, that he had been a good deal annoyed by a timber-yard to the left; besides the noise, it was a disagreeable object, so, continued he, "I raised up that fine screen of trees to hide it. I was pointing out this exploit of mine yesterday to Sir Joshua. 'Aye,' said he, 'very well, Colman, now you cannot see the *wood for trees*.'"

AN AMATEUR DRAMATIST.

In 1784 a reverend doctor brought with him from Ireland, his native country, five tragedies and five comedies, all to be acted at Drury Lane and Covent Garden: he plagued me much to bring him to Mr. Harris at Knightsbridge; but, before I could do so, the doctor himself found means to slip through Hyde Park turnpike. The circumstances of their interview I had from Mr. Harris himself, who thus humorously hit upon an effectual method to get rid of him and his ten plays.

One of his tragedies was called "Lord Russell," and one of his comedies "Draw the Long Bow." Mr. Harris received him at his house with his usual politeness, and sat with great patience and much pain listening to the doctor reading one of his plays to him; when he had got to the fourth act, Mr. Harris remarked that it was very fine indeed — excellent; "But, sir, don't you think it time for your hero to make his appearance?" "Hero, sir! what hero?" "Your principal character, Lord Russell. You are in the fourth act, and Lord Russell has not been on yet." "Lord Russell, sir!" exclaimed the doctor; "why, sir, I have been reading to you my comedy of 'Draw the Long Bow.'" "Indeed! I beg you a thousand pardons for my dullness; but I thought it was your tragedy of 'Lord Russell' you had been reading to me." The angry author started from his chair, thrust his manuscript into his pocket, and ran down-stairs out of the house. When I again met the doctor, he gave a most terrible account of the deplorable state of the English stage, when a London manager did not know a tragedy from a comedy. I laughed at his chagrin

so whimsically detailed to me, and he was all astonishment and anger at my ill-timed mirth. This reverend gentleman (his dramatic mania excepted) was a man of piety and learning; and I believe Mr. Harris's witty expedient effectually cured him of profane play-writing, and changed a mad scholar into an edifying divine. He translated some of the books of Milton into Greek, which were, I understood, printed at Oxford.

"HE HAS A TOUGHT."

In the autumn of 1785 I was asked to a venison feast, to meet a large company of convivial, pleasant, and distinguished persons. It was at a house near the corner of Gerard Street, almost opposite Newport Alley. My brother brought me there, and with him came a reverend acquaintance, a young Prussian clergyman: from my dramatic successes the whole party were inclined to think me an acquisition to their society; there were some of the first performers present, and some small wits, and large wits and literati. The joke and glass and song went round, and many wished to speak to me, and I to speak to them; but, through the wonder and high admiration of the Prussian clergyman, I was made a complete nullity, and almost sent to Coventry; for, when I attempted to speak, he placed himself in an attitude of vast attention, and called out in an audible voice and foreign dialect, "mind, all be silent!" This produced much mirth; and if any of them made an attempt to speak to me, he winked and grimaced, and in a half-whisper said, "Let him alone, let him alone! he has a *tought* — let him alone!" This was one of my grand vexations of celebrity. King was of this party, also Charles Bannister and his son, Edwin, Moody, Baddeley, etc. John Bannister, that excellent actor and worthy man, enlivened the company with giving his imitations, but my busy, wonder-struck Prussian clerical, with his great delight in my high reputation, deprived me of the pleasures of the day.

STAGE HABITS.

The mention of the drama ["Love in a Camp"] leads me to remark on the great improvements in stage dress. When "The Earl of Warwick" was first performed in Dublin, Mrs. Kelf, a most beautiful woman, and a fine actress in both tragedy and comedy, played Lady Elizabeth Grey. She dressed from a picture of Vandyke, and her appearance had a novel and most pleasing effect, it being quite a new thing to dress in the habits of the times or country when and where the scene was laid. I saw Barry play Othello, the Venetian Moor, in a complete suit of English regimentals, and a three-cocked gold-laced hat!—and Thomas Sheridan, in Macbeth, dressed in scarlet and gold English uniform; and when King, he wore a Spanish hat turned up before, with a diamond and feathers in the front. All the characters in the play of "Richard III." appeared in the same modern clothes as the gentlemen in the boxes wore, except Richard himself, who dressed as Richard, and thus looked an angry Merry Andrew among the rest of the performers. In the play of "Henry VIII." none wore the habits of the times but Henry himself: his whole court were appareled in the dress only known two hundred years after.

Some of the great performers had peculiar tricks of fancy in their acting. Digges, in Macbeth, preparing for his combat with Macduff, always put his fingers to the bosom of his waistcoat, and flung it entirely open: this was to show he was not *papered*—a previous defense, which was thought unfair and treacherous; he then with his open right hand gave a few taps to the side of his hat, drew his sword, and fought until he was killed.

"MY SERVANT IS BEHIND."

On one of our journeys from Dublin to Cork, a proud young gentleman of my acquaintance hired one of his best horses to me: we rode together—he had a servant on horseback—I had none. We dined at Timolin: dinner over, he went out of the room, and, after a little while waiting for him, I, in my

usual attention to my horse, went into the stable; there I found my friend very busily employed in taking the fine, handsome, ornamented bridle off my horse, and putting it on that of his servant. "Oh, ho!" said I, "what the deuce is all this?" He was embarrassed at being caught in his knavery, but endeavored to put it off with a joke. I made him replace it. The next day, whilst continuing our journey, he suddenly stopped, and sent his servant back to the inn for a handkerchief he had left on the table. Leaving them together, giving and receiving orders, I trotted on, and came to the turnpike at Callan: when I was asked for payment, "Oh!" I said, "my servant is behind, he will pay for himself and me:" so through I went, and pushed on. My proud companion soon after overtook me: he was in high dudgeon. "A pretty affair, with your jokes upon me, Mr. Jack! there was I, stopped by the turnpike people, and desired to pay for my master and myself. Do I look like a servant to anybody? —and the woman came out with "'Pon my word, your master went through like a civil young gentleman, as he is, but you must set yourself up with a Who but you, indeed!" If, instead of a woman, it had been a turnpike-man, how my horse-whip would have whistled over his head." "Come, come, W—," said I, "do not be vexed; but the next time I hire a horse from you, never attempt to change my bridle."

"TOBY THATCH."

Rising rather early this morning, and walking in the garden behind the house, I fell into conversation with Toby, who was drawing water from the well for our tea-kettles. I here give a description of the honest man, the greatest original in person, manner, or dress, perhaps ever seen; six feet high or more, thin, but bony and well made, his head a complete black crop, a long stretched sallow face, and dark staring eyes; his countenance the emblem of vacuum. His common dress a very short white flannel coat, the collar half a foot from the top of his neck, which seemed thrust up from it, and the head stuck upon that, somewhat like a great bird with the feathers plucked

off the neck ; a glaring scarlet waistcoat with brass buttons, brown corduroy breeches, the knees open (but on Sunday, black plush with knee-buckles), brown thread stockings, thick solid shoes, and iron buckles. When speaking, his gesticulation was wild and violent, swinging both head and arms about, uncouth and odd, and interspersed with many attempts at hard and fine-sounding words ; his speech was quick, and came out in broken stammerings. On my asking him had he ever been in London : " Yes, sir," said Toby, " ten years ago I was in London," and laying down his full pail, which " John Grum" took in, he began an account of his travels. I give it in his own words, which, fearful of losing, I committed to paper immediately after breakfast : —

" Sir, I wanted to get into bread at London ; I had a relation, a great shoemaker, in Oxford Road ; and sir, he worked for all the topping gentility round about. But I walked up and down Oxford Street four times, putting my interrifications to all the folks that were walking up and down like myself ; I wondered that they had nothing else to do ; but none of them knew my cousin. I was so fatigued (for I had walked to London) that I thought of getting an apartment for myself ; so then I went on, and on, and on, over the bridge ; and ax'd where I be gotten to ; they called it Newington Butts, and 't was ten o'clock at night ; the people were mostly out of the streets, and I had no apartment yet ; all the shops were shut up, so I goes over to a man (he was the watchman), says I to him, ' Good man, I don't wish to come to any harm to-night, so I'll restore my person up to the watch, for I am informed I might demand you to take care of me.'

" ' Well,' says the watchman, ' go over to that there house over the way, and if they will not take you in, we'll see if we can take care of you ; ' so I goes me over. Though it was a public-house, I did n't feel any consternation, as I had a good half-crown in my pocket. I ax'd for a bed, so the woman bid me come in ; and I told her I required supper. ' What will you have ? ' says she. ' I'll have,' says I, ' a good beef-steak, as I have been told beefsteaks are nowhere so good

as in London.' She said 'that was n't so easy to be gotten, but that there was a cook-shop at hand, where I could get every sort of victuals cold.' 'Then,' says I, 'good woman, choose what you like best; I submit myself to your fancy.' 'Then,' says she, 'the boy shall get you a nice morsel of pickled salmon, and a slice of plum pudding.' Well, sir, I made a very hearty supper; and a pint of porter put me into a very good jollification; but I ruminated on a bit of cheese that I had left in my pocket; I took it out, and ax'd, the mistress to give it a bit of a toast; but Lord a' marcy! sir, she so reviled me—that her boy was gone to bed, and her fire was out, and said I might go to bed too, if I was an honest man; so, sir, I did for sartain.

"But, in the middle of midnight, I was awakened with a terrible admiration of people bawling 'Watch! watch!' and some I fancied cried out 'Murder!' and some 'Thievery!' says I to myself, this won't do; so up I gets, and walks along a long passage to alarm the people what was to be done; but I found I was the only passenger that was up in the house, so I gets my way back to my own chamber, and sleeps a bit. It was now pretty lightish, and I puts on my apparel, and goes me down again. I saw by the clock it was five o'clock, so as there was none of the possessors up to take my money in the house, I leaves me a shilling on the post of the bannisters, that they might find it there for my reckoning; for, sir, ax all the people of Lulworth if I an't as honest a man as any in the whole county of Dorset.

"So I unbolts me the door, and coming into the road, I finds everything as quiet as if nothing had happened; thinks I, they've all murdered one another, and now think nothing about it; so I walks along to get into the streets, till I found myself again at that tall, high-topped noblix that sticks up there in the middle of the roads. I gets me again over the bridge, but I thought they had lowered the bannisters of each side; and then I got me into a long wooden market, that I had n't seen before; here the people looked all alive—but I listened to the great church clock, and 't was eight. I could n't

give imagination where they were all running to; but I thought I might see as well as the best. I was obligated to run, they shouldered me about so, and I walks up a high hill street, and there, Lord a' mercy! there was a million of folks! I gets up to a great stone house—Lord o' Heaven! if it was n't Newgate, that I read of often in a newspaper; my heart was all in a palfication, though what has an honest man to be afraid of?

"I was walking out of amongst it, when a gentleman said to me, 'sir,' said he, 'if you stop a few minutes, you'll see the men put into the cart to go to Tyburn.'" I thought that was civilish enough, so what will you have of it? Stand there I did; but oh! Lord a' mercy, mercy! I was ready to drop on the spot when the third man stepped into the cart with the rope about his neck. I saw—I looked in his face—'t was a town's lad of my own! we were like two brothers, sir!—we were the dearest friends when we were two boys. O Lord! sir, I was so fearful! there was two carts full; but poor Robert! Yet I was so dismal to see him look so hardened! but he was dressed quite genteel: all the rest that were to be hanged was in black; but Robert, he had on as pretty a blue coat, and a red waistcoat, better than this—his white cotton stockings, handsome buckskin breeches, and very good plate buckles; his shirt was quite clean, his hair tied and powdered; a laborer, sir, and as honest a fellow as any in Dorsetshire. I was in no great haste to go after him, my mind got so troublesome; but I could not help myself, the crowd shoved me on so. Yes, sir, I went all the way; but, sir, to see that Jack Ketch; such an ill-omened dirty devil—it looked as if all the rest were gentlemen, and that he came to wait on them; he took it so light, too; his ugly face was all joyish laughing, and talking and spitting his tobacker about.

"Well, sir, sure enough, under the gallows tree I did come up and speak to Robin. I ax'd him how he did, and he shook hands with me. I was all in a trembling, but he was so bold! I said, 'Robin, remember where you're going; God loves not proud hearts—remember thy Creator in the days of thy

youth. God be merciful to you, Robin !' 'Amen,' he said, — 'good-by to you, old friend.' Then the parson bid him not mind vanities. O Lord ! sir, I would see the last of him, though it shocked my soul, and I cried for him, sir, more than I did for myself, for Robin was once as good a lad, sir ! but bad company, sir —.

"This melancholy put me out of conceit with London, and I walked softly on so dismallish, and came to a stone man and horse : it was Charing Cross, and a man said to me : 'Take care of yourself, my lad, or you 'll be pressed, for the press-gang is about, and they are hot.' I said to myself ; 'I 'll not go to sea ; so what does me do, but I orders a coach, and bids the man of it bring me up to High Park corner ; there I gets me out, and pays him his wages, which he ax'd, with my other shilling ; then, thinks I, with my sixpence I 'll get a bite of bread and cheese at the first public-house straight on ; but, before I wanted it, I put my hand in my pocket ; and lucky I did so, for no sixpence was there. Here, says I, is a fine thing ! this was misfortunate enough ; so I went by the house, and walked on ; but I had a good heart — 'I will go back home, says I, 'one hundred and twenty-five miles, and not a farthing in my pocket.'

"I walked on stoutish enough, till I got to Brentford ; there I got very hungry and faintish, and I thought to ax somewhat, but my heart misgave me ; but, sure enough, at Hounslow I did pluck up courage to tell a gentleman how it was with me, and he gave me three-pence : that, all the people of Lulworth can say, was the first charity Toby Thatch ever put into a pocket of his ; so I got me a pint of ale, and just a bite of bread and cheese, and then, says I, 'Here goes,' and cleverly I walked on. But near Basingstoke there, sir, I met a wagon ; it was the property of his honor the Duke of Bolton, and says his honor's driver to me, 'How far are you going, young man ?' I told him, I was making the best of my way into the county of Dorset. '*I'm* going that way,' says he, 'and I 'll give you a lift as far as Salisbury.' I was full of happiness at this. Says I, 'I thanks you for your kind offer,

but I won't deceive you ; like an honest man, I tell you beforehand, downrightedly, I have n't got a farthing to pay you the recompense.' 'Ne'er heed your money,' says he ; 'canst thee drive?' 'Why,' says I, 'I think I know a little bit of that.' 'Aye, I warrant you does,' says he ; 'to tell you truly, I don't find myself very well, and I must be going all night ; so if you take the whip and drive, you shall have the ride and plenty of victuals to boot.'

"I thought the cart had dropped from heaven, sir, it was so blessed. Well, sir, I got me in ; this brought me on all the way to Salisbury ; and after that, if I could n't walk, to my shame be it spoken : so neither stop nor stay did I make, till I got me home here to Lulworth, my native place. Now, sir, to pleasure you, there was my London journey."

Thought I, were I old Lear selecting my hundred knights, Toby Thatch should be one.

WILLIAM LEWIS.

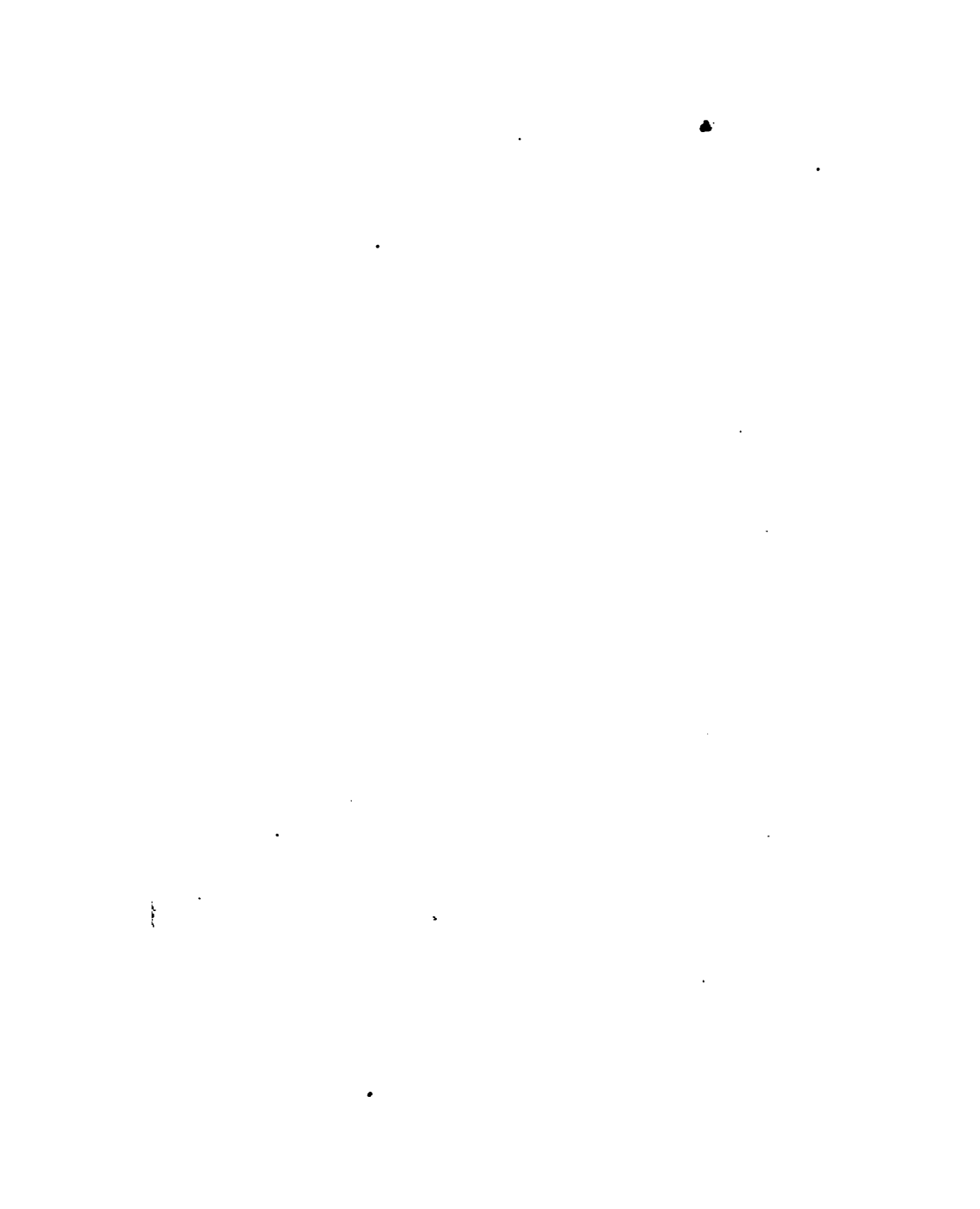
I was many years in friendship with Lewis : his gayety of temper was perhaps congenial to my own : he was from boyhood a great favorite with the people of Ireland.

His first appearance on the stage was the infant dandled in the arms of Don John, in Beaumont and Fletcher's excellent five-act comedy of "The Chances : " he grew up to Jeremy, the Sleeping Boy, in "Barnaby Rudge ;" and the first time *Mr.* was put to his name in the play-bills, was when he performed Colonel Briton in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of "The Wonder."

Being very happy in his manner of speaking Mozeen's epilogue, called "Bucks, have at ye all," he was frequently called upon for it, whether he played that night or not. Tired at last, he endeavored to get out of his trammels. The college students misconstrued this into obstinacy and disrespect, and threw the house into nightly tumult, by insisting that he should appear and speak it. His real friends pitied him, and strove to rescue him from this persecution ; amongst others, Captain Jones, a companion of ours, who, from the

upper boxes, used to gruff out, "No Bucks ! no Bucks !" Lewis at length told them he would speak the epilogue any certain number of nights they chose to name ; but, that number out, he would not speak it again except it was specified in the play-bills. They persisted in their nightly demands, and he then listened to the proposals of the London managers. Garrick offered him a trial-part at Drury Lane ; and Mr. Harris a certain engagement, and all the deceased Woodward's characters, at Covent Garden. He wisely chose the latter. Lewis modeled his fine gentlemen from the life — Lord Bellamont, Lord Muskerry, and Gerald Blennerhasset. Being an admirer of Mossop, and acting with him in his own boyhood, he involuntarily caught much of Mossop's manner, which brought him into some of the new tragedies in London : amongst others, he acted Percy in Mrs. Hannah More's fine tragedy of that name.





MICHAEL KELLY.





MICHAEL KELLY.

FISCHER, THE OBOE PLAYER.

DUBLIN, in those days, had to boast of much musical excellence. The greatest performers in Europe who came to London, were engaged there in the summer season by the governors of the principal charities, who were also managers of the Rotunda Concerts. I can remember at different times that Mr. and Mrs. Barthelemon (Barthelemon was a fine performer of the old school on the violin), Le Vacher, Pepe, La Motte, Cramer, Salomon, Pinto, and all the most celebrated violinists of the day; not forgetting two Irishmen: honest Sam Lee (father to Mr. Lee who now keeps a music shop in Dublin), and Mr. Mountain, who also kept a music shop, and was an excellent violin player, and a very worthy man.

They also brought Ritter, the finest bassoon player I ever heard; Crosdil, on the violoncello, who was unrivaled on that instrument, and is still alive and merry; and though last, not least, Fischer, the great oboe player, whose minuet was then all the rage; he was a man of singular disposition, and great professional pride. Being very much pressed by a nobleman to sup with him after the opera, he declined the invitation, saying, that he was usually very much fatigued, and made it a rule never to go out after the evening's performance. The noble lord would, however, take no denial, and assured Fischer that he did not ask him professionally, but merely for the gratification of his society and conversation. Thus urged and

encouraged, he went ; he had not, however, been many minutes in the house of the consistent nobleman, before his lordship approached him, and said, "I hope, Mr. Fischer, you have brought your oboe in your pocket." "No, my lord," said Fischer, "my oboe never sups." He turned on his heel, and instantly left the house, and no persuasion could ever induce him to return to it.

ROMAN CRITICS.

The Romans assume that they are the most sapient critics in the world ; they are certainly the most severe ones : they have no medium, — all is delight or disgust. If asked whether a performance or a piece has been successful, the answer, if favorable, is, "*è andato al settimo cielo*," — "it has ascended to the seventh heaven." If it has failed, they say, "*è andato al abisso del inferno*," — "it has sunk to the abyss of hell." The severest critics are the abbés, who sit in the first row of the pit, each armed with a lighted wax taper in one hand, and a book of the opera in the other, and should any poor devil of a singer miss a word, they call out, "*bravo, bestia*," — "bravo, you beast !"

It is customary for the composer of an opera, to preside at the piano-forte the first three nights of its performance, and a precious time he has of it in Rome. Should any passage in the music strike the audience as similar to one of another composer, they cry, "*Bravo, il ladro*," — "bravo, you thief ;" or, "*bravo, Paesiello ! bravo, Sacchini !*" if they suppose the passage stolen from them ; "the curse of God light on him who first put a pen into your hand to write music !" This I heard said, in the Teatro del Altiberti, to the celebrated composer Gazzaniga, who was obliged to sit patiently at the piano-forte to hear the flattering commendation.

Cimarosa, who was their idol as a composer, was once so unfortunate as to make use of a movement in a comic opera, at the Teatro de La Valle, which reminded them of one of his own, in an opera composed by him for the preceding carnival. An abbé started up, and said, "Bravo, Cimarosa ! you are

welcome from Naples; by your music of to-night, it is clear you have neither left your trunk behind you, nor your old music; you are an excellent cook in hashing up old dishes!"

Poggi, the most celebrated buffo singer of his day, always dreaded appearing before those stony-hearted critics; however, tempted by a large sum, he accepted an engagement at the Teatro de La Valle. He arrived in Rome some weeks previous to his engagement, hoping to make friends, and form a party in his favor; he procured introductions to the most severe and scurrilous, and thinking to find the way to their hearts, through their mouths, gave them splendid dinners daily. One of them, an abbé, he selected from the rest, as his bosom friend and confidant; he fed, clothed, and supplied him with money; he confided to him his terrors at appearing before an audience so fastidious as the Romans. The abbé assured him, that he had nothing to fear, as *his* opinion was looked up to by the whole bench of critics, and when *he* approved none dare dissent.

The awful night for poor Poggi at length arrived; his *fidus Achates* took his usual seat, in his little locked-up chair, in the pit. It was agreed between them, that he was to convey to Poggi, by signs, the feeling of the audience towards him; if they approved, the abbé was to nod his head; if the contrary, to shake it. When Poggi had sung his first song, the abbé nodded, and cried, "*Bravo! bravissimo!*" but in the second act, Poggi became hoarse, and imperfect; the audience gave a gentle hiss, which disconcerted the affrighted singer, and made him worse: on this, his *friend* became outrageous, and standing up on his chair, after putting out his wax-light, and closing his book, he looked Poggi in the face, and exclaimed, "Signor Poggi, I am the mouth of truth, and thus declare, that you are decidedly the worst singer that ever appeared in Rome! I also declare, that you ought to be hooted off the stage for your impudence, in imposing on my simple and credulous good-nature, as you have done." This produced roars of laughter, and poor Poggi retired, never to appear again, without even exclaiming, "*Et tu, Brute,*" which

hall and Baron Diderstoff, and, what was to me one of the greatest gratifications of my musical life, was there introduced to that prodigy of genius, Mozart. He favored the company by performing fantasias and capriccios on the piano-forte. His feeling, the rapidity of his fingers, the great execution and strength of his left hand, particularly, and the apparent inspiration of his modulations, astounded me. After this splendid performance we sat down to supper, and I had the pleasure to be placed at table between him and his wife, Madame Constance Weber, a German lady of whom he was passionately fond, and by whom he had three children. He conversed with me a good deal about Thomas Linley, the first Mrs. Sheridan's brother, with whom he was intimate at Florence, and spoke of him with great affection. He said that Linley was a true genius, and he felt that, had he lived, he would have been one of the greatest ornaments of the musical world. After supper the young branches of our host had a dance, and Mozart joined them. Madame Mozart told me, that great as his genius was, he was an enthusiast in dancing, and often said that his taste lay in that art, rather than in music.

He was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine fair hair, of which he was rather vain. He gave me a cordial invitation to his house, of which I availed myself, and passed a great part of my time there. He always received me with kindness and hospitality. He was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage I have seen him take copious draughts. He was also fond of billiards, and had an excellent billiard table in his house. Many and many a game have I played with him, but always came off second best. He gave Sunday concerts, at which I never was missing. He was kind-hearted, and always ready to oblige, but so very particular when he played, that if the slightest noise were made he instantly left off. He one day made me sit down to the piano, and gave credit to my first master, who had taught me to place my hand well on the instrument. He conferred on me what I considered a high compliment. I had composed a little melody to Metastasio's canzonetta, "*Grazie agl' inganni tuori,*"

which was a great favorite wherever I sang it. It was very simple, but had the good fortune to please Mozart. He took it and composed variations upon it, which were truly beautiful; and had the further kindness and condescension to play them wherever he had an opportunity.

Encouraged by his flattering approbation, I attempted several little airs, which I showed him, and which he kindly approved of, so much indeed, that I determined to devote myself to the study of counterpoint, and consulted with him by whom I ought to be instructed. He said, "My good lad, you ask my advice, and I will give it you candidly; had you studied composition when you were at Naples, and when your mind was not devoted to other pursuits, you would perhaps have done wisely; but now that your profession of the stage must and ought to occupy all your attention, it would be an unwise measure to enter into a dry study. You may take my word for it, Nature has made you a melodist, and you would only disturb and perplex yourself. Reflect, '*a little knowledge is a dangerous thing*;' should there be errors in what you write, you will find hundreds of musicians, in all parts of the world, capable of correcting them, therefore do not disturb your natural gift."

"Melody is the essence of music," continued he: "I compare a good melodist to a fine racer, and counterpointists to hack post-horses, therefore be advised, let *well alone*, and remember the old Italian proverb, '*Chi sa più, meno sa* — Who knows most, knows least.'" The opinion of this great man made on me a lasting impression.

My friend Attwood (a worthy man, and an ornament to the musical world) was Mozart's favorite scholar, and it gives me great pleasure to record what Mozart said to me about him; his words were, "Attwood is a young man for whom I have a sincere affection and esteem; he conducts himself with great propriety, and I feel much pleasure in telling you, that he partakes more of my style than any scholar I ever had, and I predict, that he will prove a sound musician." Mozart was very liberal in giving praise to those who deserved it; but felt

a thorough contempt for insolent mediocrity. He was a member of the Philharmonic Society of Bologna and Verona, and when at Rome the Pope conferred on him the Cross and Brevet of Knight of Le Spion de l'Ora.

ABBÉ DA PONTE.

It was said, that originally he was a Jew, turned Christian,—dubbed himself an abbé, and became a great dramatic writer. In his opera there was a character of an amorous eccentric poet, which was allotted to *me*; at the time I was esteemed a good mimic, and particularly happy in imitating the walk, countenance, and attitudes of those whom I wished to resemble. My friend, the poet, had a remarkably awkward gait, a habit of throwing himself (as he thought) into a graceful attitude, by putting his stick behind his back, and leaning on it; he had also, a very peculiar, rather dandyish, way of dressing; for in sooth, the abbé stood mighty well with himself, and had the character of a consummate coxcomb; he had also a strong lisp and broad Venetian dialect.

The first night of the performance, he was seated in the boxes, more conspicuously than was absolutely necessary, considering he was the author of the piece to be performed. As usual, on the first night of a new opera, the Emperor was present, and a numerous auditory. When I made my *entrée* as the amorous poet, dressed exactly like the abbé in the boxes, imitating his walk, leaning on my stick, and aping his gestures and his lisp, there was a universal roar of laughter and applause; and after a buzz round the house, the eyes of the whole audience were turned to the place where he was seated. The Emperor enjoyed the joke, laughed heartily, and applauded frequently during the performance; the abbé was not at all affronted, but took my imitation of him in good part, and ever after we were on the best terms. The opera was successful, had a run of many nights, and I established the reputation of a good mimic.

CASTI AND PAESIELLO.

About the time of which I am now speaking, the celebrated poet, L'Abbate Casti, came from Italy to Vienna, on a visit to Prince Rosenberg. He was esteemed by the literati the severest satirist since the days of Aretin. The "*Animali Parlanti*," for its wit and satire, will always be remembered. Just at the same period, the celebrated Paesiello arrived at Vienna, on his way to Naples, from Petersburg, where he had been some years, and amassed very great wealth. I had the pleasure of seeing him introduced to Mozart; it was gratifying to witness the satisfaction which they appeared to feel by becoming acquainted; the esteem which they had for each other was well known. The meeting took place at Mozart's house; I dined with them, and often afterward enjoyed their society together.

The Emperor hearing that Casti and Paesiello were in Vienna, wished to have them presented to him on the first levee day; they were accordingly introduced to his Majesty by the Great Chamberlain. The compositions of Paesiello were always in high favor with the Emperor. His Majesty said to them, with his usual affability, "I think I may say, I have now before me two of the greatest geniuses alive, and it would be most gratifying to me, to have an opera, the joint production of both, performed at my theatre;" they of course obeyed the flattering command, and the greatest expectations were excited by the union of such talents.

One day, during the stay of Paesiello, I heard him relate an anecdote illustrative of the kindness of the Empress Catherine of Russia towards him. She was his scholar; and while he was accompanying her one bitter cold morning, he shuddered with the cold. Her Majesty perceiving it, took off a beautiful cloak which she had on, ornamented with clasps of brilliants of great value, and threw it over his shoulders. Another mark of esteem for him, she evinced by her reply to Marshal Beloselsky. The Marshal agitated, it is believed, by the "green-eyed monster," forgot himself so far as to give Paesi-

ello a blow ; Paesiello, who was a powerful, athletic man, gave him a sound drubbing. In return, the Marshal laid his complaint before the Empress, and demanded from her Majesty the immediate dismissal of Paesiello from the court, for having had the audacity to return a blow upon a marshal of the Russian Empire. Catherine's reply was, "I neither can nor will attend to your request ; you forgot your dignity when you gave an unoffending man and a great artist a blow ; are you surprised that he should have forgotten it too ? and as to rank, it is in my power, sir, to make fifty marshals, but not one Paesiello."

I give the above anecdote as I heard it, although I confess it is rather a strange coincidence, that a similar circumstance should have occurred to Holbein, when a complaint was made against him to Henry VIII. by a peer of Great Britain.

Casti was a remarkably quick writer ; in a short time he finished his drama, entitled "*Il Re Teodoro*." It was said Joseph II. gave him the subject, and that it was intended as a satire upon the King of Sweden, but the fact I believe was never ascertained. The characters of the drama were Teodoro, Signor Mandini ; Taddeo, the Venetian innkeeper, Bennuci ; the sultan Achmet, Bussani ; his sultana, Signora Laschi ; Lisetta, daughter to the innkeeper, Signora Storace ; and Sandrino, her lover, Signor Vigannoni ; all these performers were excellent in their way, and their characters strongly portrayed ; but the most marked part, and on which the able Casti had bestowed the most pains, was that of Gafferio, the king's secretary. This character was written avowedly, as a satire on General Paoli, and drawn with a masterly hand. Casti declared there was not a person in our company (not otherwise employed in the opera) capable of undertaking this part. It was decided, therefore, by the directors of the theatre, to send immediately to Venice, to engage Signor Blasi, at any price, to come and play it. This delayed us a little, and in the interim, Storace gave a quartet party to his friends. The players were tolerable, not one of them excelled on the instrument he played ; but there was a

little science among them, which I dare say will be acknowledged when I name them.

The First Violin	HAYDN.
" Second Violin	BARON DITTERSDORF.
" Violoncello	VANHALL.
" Tenor	MOZART.

The poet Casti and Paesiello formed part of the audience. I was there, and a greater treat or a more remarkable one cannot be imagined.

On the particular evening to which I am now specially referring, after the musical feast was over, we sat down to an excellent supper, and became joyous and lively in the extreme. After several songs had been sung, Storace, who was present, asked me to give them the canzonetta. Now thereby hung a tale, new to the company ! The truth was this : There was an old miser of the name of Varesi living at Vienna, who absolutely denied himself the common necessities of life, and who made up his meals by pilfering fruits and sweetmeats from the parties to which he was invited ; the canzonetta for which Storace asked, he was particularly fond of singing with a tremulous voice, accompanied by extraordinary gestures, and a shake of the head ; it was in fact, this imitation which I was called upon to exhibit, and I did so. During my performance, I perceived Casti particularly attentive, and when I had finished, he turned to Paesiello, and said, " This is the very fellow to act the character of Gafferio in our opera ; this boy shall be our old man ! and if he keep old Varesi in his eye when he acts it, I will answer for his success." The opera was brought out, the drama was excellent, and the music was acknowledged the *chef-d'œuvre* of Paesiello. Overflowing houses for three successive seasons, bore testimony to its merits. I played the old man, and although really little more than a boy, never lost sight of the character I was personating for a moment.

After the first night's performance, his Majesty, the Emperor, was pleased to have it signified to me, through Prince Rosenberg that he was so much surprised and pleased with

my performance, that he had ordered an addition to my salary of one hundred zecchinos per annum (about fifty pounds British), which I ever after enjoyed, during my stay at Vienna; in short, wherever I went I was nicknamed Old Gafferio.

Paesiello was particularly kind to me during his stay at Vienna, and was much diverted with my monkey antics. When at Naples, he wrote to me, to say that the King of Naples had commanded him to put the opera of "*Il Teodoro*," in rehearsal, and wished me to ask the Emperor for six months' leave of absence to go to Naples and perform in it, and I should have my journey paid, and a most ample remuneration given me. This offer, liberal as it was, for private reasons not worth recording, I refused. The song in Old Gafferio's part, which I may say was the lucky star of my professional career, strange as it may appear, I had the folly to refuse to sing, thinking it too trivial for me. I sent it back to Paesiello; he desired to see me — I went — and he played me the beautiful accompaniment for it which he had written, but which was not sent me, I having received only the voice part. When I was going away, this great man gave me a gentle admonition, not to judge of things rashly; a piece of advice not thrown away upon me.

CHEVALIER GLUCK.

A number of foreign princes, among whom were the Duc de Deux Ponts, the Elector of Bavaria, etc., with great retinues, came to visit the Emperor, who, upon this occasion, signified his wish to have two grand serious operas, both the composition of Chevalier Gluck: "*L'Iphigenia in Tauride*," and "*L'Alceste*," produced under the direction of the composer; and gave orders that no expense should be spared to give them every effect.

Gluck was then living at Vienna, where he had retired, crowned with professional honors, and a splendid fortune, courted and caressed by all ranks, and in his seventy-fourth year.

"L'Iphigenia" was the first opera to be produced, and Gluck was to make his choice of the performers in it. Madame Bernasconi was one of the first serious singers of the day; to her was appropriated the part of Iphigenia. The celebrated tenor, Ademberger, performed the part of Orestes finely. To me was allotted the character of Pylades, which created no small envy among those performers who thought themselves better entitled to the part than myself, and perhaps they were right; however, I had it, and also the high gratification of being instructed in the part by the composer himself.

One morning, after I had been singing with him, he said, "Follow me up-stairs, sir, and I will introduce you to one, whom, all my life, I have made my study, and endeavored to imitate." I followed him into his bedroom, and opposite to the head of the bed saw a full-length picture of Handel, in a rich frame. "There, sir," said he, "is the portrait of the inspired master of our art; when I open my eyes in the morning, I look upon him with reverential awe, and acknowledge him as such, and the highest praise is due to your country for having distinguished and cherished his gigantic genius."

"L'Iphigenia" was soon put into rehearsal, and a *corps de ballet* engaged for the incidental dances belonging to the piece. The ballet master was Monsieur De Camp, the uncle of that excellent actress and accomplished and deserving woman, Mrs. Charles Kemble. Gluck superintended the rehearsals, with his powdered wig, and gold-headed cane; the orchestra and choruses were augmented, and all the parts were well filled.

The second opera was "Alceste," which was got up with magnificence and splendor worthy an imperial court.

For describing the strongest passions in music, and proving grand dramatic effect, in my opinion no man ever equaled Gluck—he was a great painter of music; perhaps the expression is far-fetched, and may not be allowable, but I speak from my own feelings, and the sensation his descriptive music always produced on me. For example, I never could hear, without tears, the dream of Orestes in "Iphigenia;" when in

sleep, he prays the gods to give a ray of peace to the parricide Orestes. What can be more expressive of deep and dark despair? And the fine chorus of the demons who surround his couch, with the ghost of his mother, produced in me a feeling of horror mixed with delight.

Dr. Burney (no mean authority) said Gluck was the Michael Angelo of living composers, and called him the simplifying musician. Salieri told me that a comic opera of Gluck's being performed at the Elector Palatine's theatre, at Schwetzingen, his Electoral Highness was struck with the music, and inquired who had composed it; on being informed that he was an honest German who loved *old wine*, his Highness immediately ordered him a tun of Hock.

Paesiello's "*Barbiere di Siviglia*," which he composed in Russia, and brought with him to Vienna, was got up; Signor Mandini and I played the part of Count Almaviva alternately; Storace was the Rosina. There were three operas now on the tapis, one by Regini, another by Salieri ("*The Grotto of Trophonius*,") and one by Mozart, by special command of the Emperor. Mozart chose to have Beaumarchais's French comedy, "*Le Mariage de Figaro*," made into an Italian opera, which was done with great ability by Da Ponte. These three pieces were nearly ready for representation at the same time, and each composer claimed the right of producing his opera for the first. The contest raised much discord, and parties were formed. The characters of the three men were all very different. Mozart was as touchy as gunpowder, and swore he would put the score of his opera into the fire if it was not produced first; his claim was backed by a strong party: on the contrary, Regini was working like a mole in the dark to get precedence.

The third candidate was Maestro di Cappella to the court, a clever, shrewd man, possessed of what Bacon called, crooked wisdom, and his claims were backed by three of the principal performers, who formed a cabal not easily put down. Every one of the opera company took part in the contest. I alone was a stickler for Mozart, and naturally enough, for he had a

claim on my warmest wishes, from my adoration of his powerful genius, and the debt of gratitude I owed him for many personal favors.

The mighty contest was put an end to by his Majesty issuing a mandate for Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," to be instantly put into rehearsal; and none more than Michael Kelly enjoyed the little great man's triumph over his rivals.

"NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Of all the performers in this opera at that time, but one survives — myself. It was allowed that never was opera stronger cast. I have seen it performed at different periods in other countries, and well too, but no more to compare with its original performance than light is to darkness. All the original performers had the advantage of the instruction of the composer, who transfused into their minds his inspired meaning. I never shall forget his little animated countenance, when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius; it is as impossible to describe it as it would be to paint sunbeams.

I called on him one evening; he said to me, "I have just finished a little duet for my opera, you shall hear it." He sat down to the piano, and we sang it. I was delighted with it, and the musical world will give me credit for being so, when I mention the duet, sung by Count Almaviva and Susan, "Cruel perchè finora farmi languire così." A more delicious *morceau* never was penned by man, and it has often been a source of pleasure to me to have been the first who heard it, and to have sung it with its greatly gifted composer. I remember at the first rehearsal of the full band, Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, "Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso," Bennuci gave, with the greatest animation, and power of voice.

I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating, Bravo! Bravo! Bennuci; and when Bennuci came to the fine passage, "Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar," which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was elec-

tricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, "Bravo! Bravo! Maestro. Viva, viva, grande Mozart." Those in the orchestra I thought would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him.

The same meed of approbation was given to the finale at the end of the first act; that piece of music alone, in my humble opinion, if he had never composed anything else good, would have stamped him as the greatest master of his art. In the sestetto, in the second act (which was Mozart's favorite piece of the whole opera), I had a very conspicuous part, as the Stuttering Judge. All through the piece I was to stutter; but in the sestetto, Mozart requested I would not, for if I did, I should spoil his music. I told him, that although it might appear very presumptuous in a lad like me to differ with him on this point, I did, and was sure the way in which I intended to introduce the stuttering would not interfere with the other parts, but produce an effect: besides, it certainly was not in nature that I should stutter all through the part, and when I came to the sestetto speak plain, and after that piece of music was over, return to stuttering; and, I added (apologizing at the same time, for my apparent want of deference and respect in placing my opinion in opposition to that of the great Mozart), that unless I was allowed to perform the part as I wished, I would not perform it at all.

Mozart at last consented that I should have my own way, but doubted the success of the experiment. Crowded houses proved that nothing ever on the stage produced a more powerful effect; the audience were convulsed with laughter, in which Mozart himself joined. The Emperor repeatedly cried out "Bravo!" and the piece was loudly applauded and encored. When the opera was over, Mozart came on the stage to me, and shaking me by both hands, said, "Bravo! young man, I feel obliged to you; and acknowledge you to have been in the

right, and myself in the wrong." There was certainly a risk run, but I felt within myself I could give the effect I wished, and the event proved that I was not mistaken.

I have seen the opera in London, and elsewhere, and never saw the judge portrayed as a stutterer, and the scene was often totally omitted. I played it as a stupid old man, though at the time I was a beardless stripling. At the end of the opera, I thought the audience would never have done applauding and calling for Mozart; almost every piece was encored, which prolonged it nearly to the length of two operas, and induced the Emperor to issue an order on the second representation, that no piece of music should be encored. Never was anything more complete than the triumph of Mozart and his "Nozze di Figaro," to which numerous overflowing audiences bore witness.

ROYAL TASTE.

I heard an anecdote, which I was assured was authentic, of King George the First, touching oysters. When his Majesty went from Hanover to England, the Royal Purveyor, having heard that the King was very fond of oysters, had a dish put down every day; of course they were the finest that could be procured, but the King did not like them. This being mentioned to one of the pages who went over with him from Hanover, he told the Purveyor that the King did not find the same *relishing taste* in the English oysters, which he admired so much in those which he had in Hanover. "Endeavor," said the courtier, "to get his Majesty some that are stale, and you will find he will like them." The experiment was tried, and actually succeeded, for his Majesty constantly ate them, and said they were delicious.

AUCTIONEER AND DRAMATIST.

I remember one day, shortly after my first appearance, dining with my friend Jack Johnstone, in Great Russell Street, I met an eccentric Irishman, well known in Dublin, of the name of Long, who was, by turns, an auctioneer and dramatist; he

wrote a play called "The Laplanders," which was, at first, very coolly received by the audience, and afterward very warmly condemned. He came to England to propose to government a plan for paying off the national debt, or some such thing. He was, however, full of anecdote, and had a happy knack of telling stories *against himself*; one, I recollect, was, that, in his auctioneering capacity, among other schemes, he offered for sale, woolen cloths at a farthing a yard; yet so completely was his character known, and so well appreciated, that he could not advance a bidding even upon that price. At one time, he told us his patience was actually worn out, and, in anger towards his auditory, he said, he thought they would treat him with the same inattention if he were to offer a guinea for sale. He then literally took a guinea out of his pocket, and put it up; there were certainly advances, shilling by shilling, until it reached seventeen shillings and sixpence, at which price he knocked it down, and, handing it to the buyer, wished him luck of the bargain; the purchaser went immediately to try the value of his lot, when it appeared, being weighed, to be of eighteenpence less value than he had paid for it.

He mentioned another anecdote of a Mr. Lennan, a saddler in Dublin, who was seriously stage-stricken, and volunteered to act Major O'Flaherty, in which he was execrable; after this was over, however, he exhibited himself at the Cockle Club, where the facetious Isaac Sparks presided, and Jack Long was vice-president; they made him extremely tipsy, and then gave him in charge to the watch for having murdered Major O'Flaherty, and left the poor saddler all night in durance vile, who afterward stuck to making saddles, and never again was found guilty of murdering majors even on the stage.

FATHER O'LEARY.

I had the pleasure also to be introduced to my worthy countryman, the Reverend Father O'Leary, the well-known Roman Catholic priest; he was a man of infinite wit, of instructive and amusing conversation. I felt highly honored by the notice of this pillar of the Roman Church; our tastes were con-

genial, for his reverence was mighty fond of whiskey punch, and so was I; and many a jug of St. Patrick's eye-water, night after night, did his reverence and myself enjoy, chatting over that exhilarating and national beverage. He sometimes favored me with his company at dinner; when he did, I always had a corned shoulder of mutton for him, for he, like some others of his countrymen, who shall be nameless, was ravenously fond of that dish.

One day the facetious John Philpot Curran, who was also very partial to the said corned mutton, did me the honor to meet him. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends, and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents, and, as it may easily be imagined, O'Leary versus Curran was no bad match.

One day, after dinner, Curran said to him, "Reverend Father, I wish you were Saint Peter."

"And why, Counselor, would you wish that I were Saint Peter?" asked O'Leary.

"Because, Reverend Father, in that case," said Curran, "you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in."

"By my honor and conscience, Counselor," replied the divine, "it would be better for *you* that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

Curran enjoyed the joke, which he admitted had a good deal of justice in it.

O'Leary told us of the whimsical triumph which he once enjoyed over Dr. Johnson. O'Leary was very anxious to be introduced to that learned man, and Mr. Murphy took him one morning to the Doctor's lodgings. On his entering the room, the Doctor viewed him from top to toe, without taking any notice of him; at length, darting one of his sourest looks at him, he spoke to him in the Hebrew language, to which O'Leary made no reply. Upon which the Doctor said to him, "Why do you not answer me, sir?"

"Faith, sir," said O'Leary, "I cannot reply to you, because I do not understand the language in which you are addressing me."

Upon this, the Doctor, with a contemptuous sneer, said to Murphy, "Why, sir, this is a pretty fellow you have brought hither; sir, he does not comprehend the primitive language."

O'Leary immediately bowed very low, and complimented the Doctor with a long speech in Irish, of which the Doctor, not understanding a word made no reply, but looked at Murphy. O'Leary, seeing that the Doctor was puzzled at hearing a language of which he was ignorant, said to Murphy, pointing to the Doctor, "This is a pretty fellow to whom you have brought me; sir, he does not understand the language of the sister kingdom." The Reverend Padre then made the Doctor a low bow, and quitted the room.

TATE WILKINSON.

Mrs. Crouch was perfectly acquainted with the eccentricities of Tate, and told us many anecdotes of him; he was a great epicure, very fond of French cookery, and small dishes; large joints he never allowed to come to his table, and above all, had the most sovereign contempt for a round of beef; hearing this, it came into my head to play him a trick, and I got Mr. and Mrs. Crouch to aid me in my frolic.

We got to the inn at York just at supper-time. I saw in the larder a huge round of beef; I ordered it up, and had it put on the table before me; I pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and tucked up the sleeves of my shirt, unbuttoned my collar, took off my cravat, and put on a red woolen nightcap; thus disrobed, and with a large carving-knife in my hand, I was gazing with seeming delight on the round of beef, at the moment Manager Wilkinson, to whom Mrs. Crouch had previously sent, entered the house. He had never seen me; he went up to Mrs. Crouch, and congratulated her on her arrival in York; turning from her, he espied me, and starting back, exclaimed:—

"Ugh! ma'am, who is that, with the enormous round of beef before him! How the devil came he here, ma'am?" Mrs. Crouch said, with a serious countenance, "That is Mr. Kelly, whom you have engaged to sing with me."

"What, that figure!" said Tate, "what, that my Lord Aimworth—my Lionel—my Young Meadows! Ugh! send him away, ma'am! send him back to Drury Lane! send him to Vienna! I never can produce such a thing as that to a York audience, ma'am."

While he was abusing the bad taste of the Drury Lane managers and those of Vienna, I slipped out of the room, dressed myself, and in *propria persona*, was introduced to Tate, who participated in the joke, and laughed heartily, and ever after we were the greatest friends.

Wilkinson was certainly one of the most eccentric men I ever met with; one of his whims was, to hide chocolate drops and other sweetmeats in different holes and corners of his house, his great pleasure consisting in finding them, as if by accident, some days after. When he had taken a few glasses of Old Madeira, of which he was very fond, he would mix his conversation about theatricals and eatables together, in a manner at once ludicrous and incomprehensible. I was sitting with him one night, in high spirits, after supper, and we spoke of Barry, the actor: "Sir," said he, "Barry, sir, was as much superior to Garrick in Romeo, as York Minster is to a Methodist chapel—not but I think, that if lobster sauce is not well made, a turbot is n't eatable, let it be ever so firm. Then there's that Miss Reynolds; why she, sir, fancies herself a singer, but she is quite a squalini, sir! a nuisance, sir! going about my house the whole of the day, roaring out "The Soldier tired of War's Alarms," ah! she has tired me and alarmed the whole neighborhood; not but when rabbits are young and tender, they are very nice eating. There was Mrs. Barry, for example; Mrs. Barry was very fine and very majestic in Zenobia; Barry, in the same play, was very good; not but that the wild rabbits are better than tame ones. Though Mrs. Barry was so great in her day, yet Mrs. Siddons—stewed and smothered with onions, either of them are delicious. Mrs. Pope was admirable in Queen Elizabeth—a man I had here, made a very good Oronooko; not but I would always advise you to have a calf's head dressed with the skin on, but you

must always bespeak it of the butcher yourself; though the last bespeak of Lord Scarborough did nothing for me, nothing at all — the house was one of the worst of the whole season; with bacon and greens — not twenty pounds altogether, with parsley and butter;” and on he went talking, until he talked himself asleep, for which I did offer my thanks to Somnus, with all my soul; yet when clear of these unaccountable reveries, he was an amusing companion.

I have heard my friend King assert, that such was the power of Wilkinson's mimicry, that ugly as he was, he could make his face resemble that of Mrs. Woffington, who was a beauty of her time. I once requested him to make Mrs. Woffington's face for me, which he good-naturedly did, and to my utter astonishment, really made a handsome one. He was very fond of talking of his Peg, as he called Mrs. Woffington, and avowed that, in his younger days, he was passionately in love with her.

IRISH BULLS.

Tate Wilkinson was not singular in mixing with whatever subject he was talking about, that of eating. I knew a countryman of mine, a captain in the Irish brigade, whose constant habit was always to bring in something or other about eatables. A gentleman praising the Bay of Dublin, and its similitude to the Bay of Naples, “Dublin Bay, sir,” said my countryman, “is far and away finer than the Bay of Naples; for what on earth can be superior to a Dublin Bay herring?”

“I am told,” said the gentleman, “that the Irish brigade, in the Empress Maria Theresa's service are a fine set of men.”

“You may say that, sir,” said my friend, “and she has also in her dominions the finest beef and mutton I ever tasted anywhere.”

One winter there was a severe frost in Dublin, and such a scarcity of coals that hardly any were to be got for love or money; a gentleman was lamenting the situation of the poorer orders from the severity of the weather.

“It's very true, they are much to be pitied, poor devils,” said the captain; “and the cold is very shocking, but it will bring in the curlews.”

There is an evident similarity in the turn of the Irish captain's mind to that of Tate Wilkinson.

MISTAKEN IN HIS MAN.

Our time for departure, however, arrived, and Mrs. Crouch, her maid, and I, left York at five o'clock in the morning for Newcastle, and got to Durham to a late dinner: while it was preparing, I amused myself by looking about me, and in the hall of the inn, I saw a large bill posted, announcing the performances of the Newcastle festival; reading which, with great attention, I perceived a man, whom I recognized as Mr. Hobler, the chorus singer, who sang at the Abbey, the King's Concert, and the Academy of Ancient Music. The bill announced an uncommon number of choruses and I remarked upon the fact to the chorister. "Why," said I, familiarly, concluding, that as I knew Hobler, Hobler must know me, "You will have warm work, my master, with all these choruses."

"Not I," said the singer; "the more choruses there are, the better I am pleased, I never tire of them."

"Why," said I, "that is strange too, considering how much you have had of them in your time."

"Not at all, I assure you," said Hobler; "I have for many years regularly attended the ancient concerts and music meetings; I have never had too much of Handel's choruses yet."

"Egad," said I, "you are quite a *fanatico per la musica*. And pray, now, to which of Handel's choruses do you give the preference?"

"Why, my dear Mr. Kelly," said Hobler, "I cannot decide; but I candidly tell you what Cicero said, when he was asked which of the orations of Demosthenes he liked the best, he answered the longest; so say I of Handel's choruses."

"Bravo," said I; "you are quite a learned Theban."

"Not much of that either," said he, "but I am never disinclined to avow an opinion of what pleases me."

Just at this moment, the waiter came to announce dinner, and I asked the enthusiastic chorister if he would take a glass of anything.

"No, thank you," said he, "I have had my wine and my tea ; I am an earlier man than you."

"Pray," said I, "how did you travel here ?"

"I came down in my carriage," replied Hobler.

"The devil you did," cried I.

"Yes," said he, "I always do."

The landlord of the inn at this juncture made his appearance, and bowing respectfully to Hobler, told him that his carriage was at the door. "Good day, Mr. Kelly," said Hobler, "I hope we shall meet at Newcastle ;" and away he went.

While we were at dinner, the landlord came into the room, and I asked him if the chorus singer to whom I had been speaking in the hall was an old customer of his.

"What, sir, the gentleman you were speaking to ?" said the landlord, "he is no chorus singer, sir, he is one of the oldest baronets in England, and has one of the finest places in Yorkshire ; nor is there a more noble or liberal gentleman on the face of the earth than Sir Charles."

"Sir Charles," exclaimed I ; "What, is Hobler turned baronet ?"

"Hobler ?" said my host, "why, that, sir, is Sir Charles Turner."

It is impossible to describe how vexed I felt at the gross mistake I had made, but it was too late to remedy it. I solemnly assured the landlord that Sir Charles Turner and Hobler the chorus singer were so like one another, that they were undistinguishable apart.

Some time after this unpleasant equivocation, I met Sir Charles at Lord Dudley's, and made him every apology in my power. The worthy baronet laughed heartily, and told me that he mentioned the circumstance wherever he had an opportunity as a capital joke. The next Christmas he sent me a fine large Yorkshire pie. His son, who succeeded to his title and estates continued my friend to the day of his death ; and many times and oft, when I have dined with him, or met him at Lord Mexborough's and elsewhere, have we talked of my having taken his father for a chorus singer.

WILLIAM PARSONS.

Most of my theatrical readers remember, and all have heard, of that exquisite actor, Parsons; to him I was particularly partial, and he, I may venture to say, was very partial to me. I have repeatedly dined with him, in a bandbox of a house which he had near the Asylum, at Lambeth; it was an odd place for an asthmatic comedian to live in, for it was opposite a stagnant ditch; he called it Frog Hall. In his little drawing-room were several beautiful landscapes, painted by himself; he was reckoned a very good artist. Among his little peculiarities, was a fondness for fried tripe, which almost nightly, after the play, he went to enjoy, at an eating-house in Little Russell Street, nearly opposite the stage door of Drury Lane Theatre, whither I used very often to accompany him; and night after night have we been *tête-à-tête* there. I was anxious to acquire what theatrical information I could, and he was very communicative and full of anecdote.

One evening I was expressing a wish to see him act the character of Corbacio, in "The Fox," as it was one of his great parts.

"Ah," said he, "to see Corbacio acted to perfection, you should have seen Shuter; the public are pleased to think that I act that part well, but his acting was as far superior to mine as Mount Vesuvius is to a rushlight."

Parsons, when on the stage with John Palmer and James Aickin, used to make it a point to set them off laughing, and scarcely ever failed in his object. One evening over our fried tripe, I was condemning them for indulging their laughing propensities on the stage, and said I thought it was positively disrespectful to the audience. "For my own part," said I, "I enjoy your comicalities and humor as much as any one, when in the front of the house; but were I on the stage with you, nothing that you could do would make me so far forget the character I was acting, as to indulge in misplaced mirth."

"Do you think so?" said he, "well, perhaps you are right."

Five or six nights after this conversation, we were acting in "The Doctor and the Apothecary." I was to sing a song to him, beginning, "This marriage article, in every particle, is free from flaw, sir." A full chord was given from the orchestra to pitch the key; just as it was given, and I was going to begin the song, he called out to Shaw, the leader, "Stop, stop," and putting his head into my face, and kicking up his heels (a favorite action of his) he drove me from one end of the stage to the other, crying out all the time, "I'll be hanged if you shall ever have any more fried tripe, no more fried tripe, no more fried tripe," and completely pushed me off the stage. I could not resist this unexpected attack, and naturally burst out laughing. The audience were in a roar of laughter too, for it was enough that he held up his finger or his heel to make *them* laugh. When we got off, he said, "I think you must own, my serious lad, that I have conquered;" then taking me by the hand, he dragged me upon the stage to the spot whence he had before driven me, and looking down into the orchestra, said, "Now, sirs, begin," which they did, and I sang my song, which was much applauded; but the audience were, of course, ignorant of the joke of the fried tripe, or what he meant by it; however, he is gone, poor fellow, and many a pleasant hour have I enjoyed in his society.

JOHN PALMER.

In the month of October, there was a grand musical festival at Norwich. Madame Mara was engaged there, and so was I, as principal tenor singer. The first performance was "The Messiah," which I was to open on the Thursday morning. I was to quit town on the Tuesday, but on Monday night I received an order not on any account to leave London; for Mr. Sheridan had sent a peremptory message to have Richard Cœur de Lion performed; and against his decree there was no appeal. John Palmer, the excellent comedian, was with me when I received the message; he said to me, "My valued friend, Richard will be over by eleven o'clock; if you choose to have a carriage and four horses at the door, you will get

with ease to Norwich by twelve, on Thursday, in time to open 'The Messiah.' Norwich is the city that first cherished me, and where I married my beloved wife ; how I should like to accompany you, if you would give me a seat in your chaise."

I said it would make me very happy to have the pleasure of his company. He told me he was perfectly acquainted with every inn on the road, and would write immediately to those where we were to change horses, to have relays prepared for us, that we might not meet with any delay on the road. I was much pleased with the promised arrangement, and wrote to Madame Mara that I should be at Norwich on Thursday in time, requesting her to secure two beds at the hotel where she was ; one for my friend Palmer, and one for myself.

On Wednesday evening, as I was dressing for Richard, my friend Palmer came to me, with the countenance of Joseph Surface, and sighing, said, "My best of friends, this is the most awful period of my life ; I cannot leave town ; my beloved wife, the partner of my sorrows and my joys, is just confined."

I said, under such circumstances, of course I could not expect him to leave Mrs. Palmer, but I hoped there would be no mistake about the horses which were ordered to be ready at each post ; he sat down, and deliberately wrote down the names of all the places where he had ordered them to be in readiness.

About eleven o'clock, having merely taken off my Richard's dress, I got into the carriage ; and accompanied by a Scotchman who was my valet and hair-dresser, rattled off full speed to Epping, where we were first to change, at the inn marked down by my excellent friend ; we knocked and bellowed for Mr. Palmer's horses ; at last out came the ostler ; Mr. Palmer had no horses there ; he had not sent any orders ; nor did they even know who Mr. Palmer was.

I never in the course of my life experienced a greater disappointment ; in short, all the way down I had to wait for horses, as Palmer had not written to any one of the inns ; however, the road was excellent, and by paying the boys well, I got on

at a capital pace without the smallest accident. It was market day at Norwich, and as I drove in, the good folks stared and wondered to see me, getting my hair dressed in a carriage ; however, I reached the church door just as the overture to "The Messiah" was on the point of commencing. I took my seat in the orchestra, opened the "Oratorio," and never was in better voice, although naturally much fatigued.

We had two more morning performances in the church, and three evening performances in the grand assembly room. At the conclusion of the festival I returned to town, and when I charged Palmer with neglect and deception, he swore that he had ordered all the horses exactly as he had stated. I thought it of no use to be at variance with him, and pretended to believe him, which of course prevented a quarrel, though his neglect might have been of the most serious consequence to me ; and although the fact was, that Mrs. Palmer had not been confined at all.

About two months afterward he was engaged to go to Reading, to act for a benefit, but he did not go ; and wrote to the poor actor for whom he was to perform, that he could not leave town, because Mrs. Palmer was just brought to bed ; his letter was read from the stage to the audience. When I heard of it, I congratulated him upon the possession of a partner, who increased his family every two months. But Plausible Jack, all his life, was blessed with inventive faculties.

I remember there was a new comedy to be performed at Drury Lane, the name of which I do not now remember, in which Palmer had the principal part ; it was very long, and the day before, at rehearsal, he did not know a single line of it. On the day the play was to be acted, the boxes all engaged, and a crowded house expected, Palmer sent word that he was taken dangerously ill, and that it would be at the risk of his life if he were to play that night. His letter was not sent to the theatre until three o'clock, when all was confusion, from the lateness of the hour at which the intelligence was received. Mr. Sheridan was at the box-office, and I was with him, when Powell, the prompter, brought him the letter.

When he had read it, he said to me, "I'd lay my life this is a trick of Plausible Jack's, and that there is nothing the matter with him, except indeed not knowing a line of the part he has to act to-night. Let you and I call upon him, and I am sure we shall find him as well as ever."

He lodged in Lisle Street, two doors from my house. As we were passing by, Mrs. Crouch happened to be at one of the windows, and beckoned Mr. Sheridan to walk in; he did so, and I went on to Palmer's; and finding the street door open, walked up-stairs, where I found him seated at table, with his family, in the middle of dinner, in seeming excellent health and spirits. I told him to clear away the table, for Mr. Sheridan would be there in two minutes to see him; "and," said I, "he swears there is nothing the matter with you, and that you have shammed sick, only because you are not perfect: if he find himself right in his surmises, he will never forgive you, for putting off the play."

"Thanks, my best, my dearest, valued friend," replied Palmer; "I'm sure you'll not betray me."

I assured him I would not, and in a moment he was in his bedroom, enveloped in his dressing-gown, with a large woolen nightcap on his head, and a handkerchief tied under his jaw, stretched on a sofa. As Mr. Sheridan entered the room, he began groaning, as if in the most excruciating torture from the tooth-ache. Never did he act a part better on or off the stage. Mr. Sheridan was really taken in; advised him to have his tooth extracted, and then to study his part, and get perfect in the new play. We went away, and I kept his secret till the day of his death.

"CYMON."

Mr. Sheridan gave a dinner at the Piazza Coffee House to Mr. Holland the architect of New Drury, and a number of his friends were present on the occasion; among others invited, Mr. Kemble, Storace, and myself. I happened to be placed near Mr. Sheridan, who at that time knew very little of me except my being one of his performers; in the course

of the evening, he was lamenting to me the situation the theatre was placed in by the illness and absence of some of its leading performers, and wished me to suggest what operatic piece could be got up without them. After a little thought, I proposed to him to get up "Cymon," which could be done without any of the absent performers. Mr. Sheridan replied, "Cymon, my good sir, would not bring sixpence to the treasury."

"Granted, sir," said I, "Cymon, as it now stands, certainly might not; but my reason for proposing it, is, that I saw at Naples an opera, at the end of which, was a grand procession and tournament, triumphal cars, drawn by horses, giants, dwarfs, leopards, lions, and tigers, which was eminently successful; and it is my opinion, that Cymon might be made a vehicle for the introduction of a similar spectacle. I recollect all the spectacle part as done at Naples, and I think, with the novelty of your present theatre, and the manner in which the piece can be cast, Cymon would bring a mint of money to the house."

After a moment's reflection, he said he thought it would, that he felt obliged to me for the suggestion, and that he would give directions to have it brought forward with all possible speed. The evening was spent with great good-humor; my friend, Jack Bannister, contributed to its hilarity, by giving us excellent imitations of several of the performers of both theatres. At the conclusion, we adjourned to another room to take coffee; as Kemble was walking somewhat majestically towards the door, and Jack Bannister getting up to go after him, I hallooed out, "Bannister, follow that lord, but see you mock him not," as Bannister, a moment before, had been mocking the actors; the quotation was thought rather apt, and produced much laughter.

Mr. Sheridan told Storace that night, that he was very much pleased with me, and desired him to bring me the Sunday following to dine with him in Bruton Street; he did so, and, surprising to relate, Mr. Sheridan was at home to receive us. I spent a delightful day; and, after that, to the lamented day

of that great man's death, I had the happiness to enjoy his confidence and society. Great preparations were made to prepare Cymon; no expense was spared; and the piece was produced with all splendor and magnificence.

There was some new music introduced by Stephen Storace and others; the scenery was beautiful and the procession magnificent; generally speaking, it was admirably performed.

The car, in which were Sylvia and Cymon, was drawn by two beautiful horses; and at my feet, as Cymon, lay a beautiful cupid. Before the piece was brought out, I had a number of children brought to me, that I might choose a cupid. One struck me, with a fine pair of black eyes, who seemed by his looks and little gestures to be most anxious to be chosen as the representative of the God of Love; I chose him, and little then did I imagine that my little cupid would eventually become a great actor: the then little urchin, was neither more nor less than Edmund Kean. He has often told me, that he ever after this period felt a regard for me, from the circumstance of my having preferred him to the other children. I consider my having been the means of introducing this great genius to the stage, one my most pleasurable recollections.

WRIGHTEN THE PROMPTER.

This year Drury Lane lost one of its most efficient members, in Mr. Wrighten, the prompter, a man most esteemed and respected. I have often heard Mr. Sheridan say, that he thought an intelligent prompter of the greatest importance to a well-regulated theatre; a stage manager was only required for *stage days* and *holidays*, but a steady prompter was the *corner-stone* of the building. Wrighten's funeral was attended by all the School of Garrick, of which I was a member. Jack Bannister was detained on some particular business, and did not arrive until we were just setting out to the burial. Charles Bannister said, "For shame, Jack—why are you so much after your time? If Wrighten were alive, he'd forfeit you for being late."

THE SCHOOL OF GARRICK.

Speaking of the School of Garrick, and of my belonging to it, I ought, perhaps, to explain, that it was a club formed by a few of the contemporaries of the British Roscius, who dined together during the theatrical winter season once a month. They did me the honor (unsolicited on my part) to admit me among them. I was highly flattered as a young man, and duly appreciated the favor. It was, of all societies I ever have been in, perhaps the most agreeable; nothing could surpass it for wit, pleasantry, good-humor, and brotherly love. When I was admitted, I found the following members belonging to it: —

KING,	JAMES AICKIN,
DODD,	PARREN,
MOODY,	WROUGHTON.
PARSONS,	JOHN PALMER,
BADDELY,	ROBERT PALMER,
J. and C. BANNISTER,	and
FRANK AICKIN,	BURTON.

In mentioning their names, I need not say what were the flashes of wit and merriment, that set the table in a roar; and yet, with the exception of my worthy friend Jack Bannister (whom God long preserve!), they are all gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns.

As they fell off, the following members were elected in their room: —

HOLMAN,	CHERRY,
HENRY JOHNSTONE,	DOWTON,
POPE,	MATHEWS,
SUETT,	CHARLES KEMBLER.

My friend Pope gave an excellent dinner, upon the occasion of his election, at his house in Half Moon Street; and the first Mrs. Pope, the *ci-devant* Miss Young, who had acted many of the principal characters of our Immortal Bard, with distinguished *éclat*, was requested to become a member of the club, by accepting the silver medal of Garrick, which each member wore at the meetings of the society. She came



MR. MOODY AS "TEAGUE."

(From Bell's British Theatre, Vol. II.)

among us, and seemed to appreciate the flattering attention paid to her high professional merits. She was the only female who ever had the compliment paid her; but, alas! she, among the rest, is now no more; and delightful as the society was, and intellectual as its recreations were, it gradually dwindled, either from deaths or desertions, until at last it has become extinct.

OLD MOODY.

Old Moody, who was delighted with everything which reminded him of his great master, was almost broken-hearted at the event. I was always partial to Moody's agreeable society; so, to indulge the old gentleman, I proposed that he and I should meet once a month, dine together, and keep up the form of the club, which we did for some time.

I remember upon one of these occasions, I perceived, as we sat over our bottle, that he was more than usually low-spirited, and I ventured to ask, what made him so? "My dear fellow," said he, "I feel myself the most miserable of men, though blessed with health and affluence. Such is the detestable vice of avarice, which I feel growing upon me, that parting with a single sixpence, is to me like parting with a drop of my heart's blood, for which reason, unconquerable as the growing passion is, I feel that I ought to be abhorred and detested by mankind."

I endeavored to rally him out of so singular a feeling; and as far as I am personally concerned, I can vouch for it, that he had no just reason for indulging it; for when I was desirous of purchasing the lease of my house, in Pall Mall, and happened to say in his presence, that I wanted 500*l.* to complete the bargain, he called upon me the following day and offered me the loan of that sum, upon no other security than my simple note of hand.

At the *tête-à-tête* meetings of the club he was, at times very entertaining, and told me many stories of himself. Among others, he said that, early in life, he was sent out to Jamaica; and on his return to England, went on the stage,

unknown to his friends. I do not recollect the name of the ship in which he told me he came back to England ; but he informed me that he worked his passage home as a sailor before the mast.

One night, some time after he had been on the stage, when he was acting Stephano in the "Tempest," a sailor, in the front row of the pit of Drury Lane, got up, and standing upon the seat, hallooed out, "What cheer, Jack Moody, what cheer, messmate?"

This unexpected address from the pit, rather astonished the audience. Moody, however, stepped forward to the lamps, and said, "Jack Hullet, keep your jawing tacks aboard — don't disturb the crew and passengers ; when the show is over, make sail for the stage-door, and we'll finish the evening over a bowl of punch ; but till then, Jack, shut your locker."

After the play was ended, the rough son of Neptune was shown to Moody's dressing-room, and thence they adjourned to the Black Jack, in Clare Market (a house which Moody frequented), and spent a jolly night over sundry bowls of arrack. This story, told by himself in his humorous manner, was very amusing.

Previous to the dissolution of the club, one night, when we were full of mirth and glee, and Moody seated, like Jove in his chair, and Mathews, among other members, present, a waiter came in to tell Mr. Henry Johnstone that a gentleman wished to speak to him in the next room. In a few minutes we heard a great noise and bustle, and Henry Johnstone, in a loud tone say, "Sir, you cannot go into the room where the club is ; none but members are, on any account, admitted : such are our rules."

"Talk not to me of your rules," said the stranger ; "I insist upon being admitted." And after a long controversy of, "I will go ;" and "You shan't go ;" the door was burst open, and both contending parties came tumbling in.

The stranger placed himself next to me, and I thought him the ugliest and most impudent fellow I ever met with. He went on with a rhapsody of nonsense, of his admiration of our

society, that he could not resist the temptation of joining it, filled himself a glass of wine, and drank to our better acquaintance.

Moody, with great solemnity, requested him to withdraw, for no one could have a seat at that table who was not a member.

The stranger replied, "I don't care for your rules ; talk not to me of your regulations — I will not stir an inch !"

"Then," cried the infuriated Moody, "old as I am, I will take upon myself to turn you out."

Moody jumped up and throttled the stranger, who defended himself manfully : all was confusion, and poor Moody was getting black in the face ; when the stranger threw off his wig, spectacles, and false nose, and before us stood Mathews himself, *in propria persona*. So well did he counterfeit his assumed character, that except Henry Johnstone, who was his accomplice in the plot, not one among us suspected him.

Moody, when undeceived, was delighted, and added his tribute of applause to Mathews ; and the evening passed off as usual with glee and revelry. The part was admirably managed by Mathews, who had taken an opportunity of leaving the room to prepare himself for his disguise, while a song was going on, which engrossed the attention of the company, and so slipped out unnoticed. I have mentioned this circumstance in perhaps a wrong place, for it happened many years after the period of which I was previously treating ; but as I was on the subject of the school of Garrick, I thought the anachronism excusable.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

My benefit was the last night of our engagement. In the morning of that eventful day, crossing Williamson Square to go to the theatre, a gentleman stopped me, and accosting me with the most pointed civility, informed me that he had a writ against me for 350*l.* ; I, at the time, not owing a sixpence to any living creature.

I said he must be mistaken in his man. He showed me the

writ, which was at the suit of a Mr. Henderson, an upholsterer in Coventry Street, and the debt, he said, had been incurred for furnishing the Opera House with covering for the boxes, pit, etc., etc. So, instead of preparing for the custody of Lockit, on the stage (for "The Beggar's Opera" was the piece to be acted), I was obliged to go to a spunging-house.

I requested the sheriff's officer, who was extremely civil, to accompany me to Mrs. Crouch, to consult what I had best do; she advised me by no means to acknowledge the debt, but to go to the Exchange, and state publicly the cause of my arrest, and to ask any gentleman there to become bail; making over to such bail, as a security, nearly five hundred pounds, which we luckily had paid into Mr. Heywood's Bank, in Liverpool, three days before; but Mr. Frank Aickin, who was then manager, rendered any such arrangement unnecessary, as he very handsomely came forward and bailed me. I was therefore released, and performed Macheath that night to a crowded house.

I sent my servant to London by the mail, with an account of the transaction to Mr. Sheridan, who immediately settled the debt in his own peculiar way. He sent for Henderson the upholsterer, to his house, and after describing the heinous cruelty he had committed, by arresting a man who had nothing to do with the debt, and who was on a professional engagement in the country, expatiated and remonstrated, explained and extenuated, until he worked so much upon the upholsterer that in less than half an hour, he agreed to exonerate me and my bail; taking, instead of such security, Mr. Sheridan's bond; which, I must say, was extremely correct in the upholsterer. But Mr. Sheridan never did things by halves; and therefore, before the said upholsterer quitted the room, he contrived to borrow 200*l.* of him, in addition to the original claim, and he departed, thinking himself highly honored by Mr. Sheridan's condescension in accepting the loan.

I have seen many instances of Mr. Sheridan's power of raising money when pushed hard; and one among the rest, I confess even astonished *me*. He was once 3,000*l.* in arrear with

the performers of the Italian opera ; payment was put off from day to day, and they bore the repeated postponements with Christian patience ; but at last, even their docility revolted, and finding all the tales of Hope flattering, they met, and resolved not to perform any longer until they were paid. As manager, I accordingly received on the Saturday morning their written declaration, that not one of them would appear at night. On getting this, I went to Messrs. Morelands' banking house, in Pall Mall, to request some advances, in order to satisfy the performers for the moment ; but, alas ! my appeal was vain, and the bankers were inexorable, they, like the singers, were worn out, and assured me, with a solemn oath, that they would not advance another shilling either to Mr. Sheridan or the concern, for that they were already too deep in arrear themselves.

This was a poser ; and with a heart rather sad I went to Hertford Street, Mayfair, to Mr. Sheridan, who at that time had not risen. Having sent him up word of the urgency of my business, after keeping me waiting rather more than two hours in the greatest anxiety, he came out of his bedroom. I told him unless he could raise 3,000*l.* the theatre must be shut up, and he, and all belonging to the establishment, be disgraced.

"Three thousand pounds, Kelly ! there is no such sum in nature," said he, with all the coolness imaginable, nay, more than I could have imagined a man under such circumstances capable of. "Are you an admirer of Shakespeare ?"

"To be sure I am," said I ; "but what has Shakespeare to do with 3,000*l.* or the Italian singers ?"

"There is one passage in Shakespeare," said he, "which I have always admired particularly ; and it is that where Falstaff says, 'Master Robert Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds.' 'Yes, Sir John,' says Shallow, 'which I beg you will let me take home with me.' 'That may not so easy be, Master Robert Shallow,' replies Falstaff ; and so say I unto thee, Master Mick Kelly, to get three thousand pounds may not so easy be."

"Then, sir," said I, "there is no alternative but closing the

Opera House ; ” and not quite pleased with his apparent carelessness, I was leaving the room, when he bade me stop, ring the bell, and order a hackney-coach. He then sat down, and read the newspaper, perfectly at his ease, while I was in an agony of anxiety. When the coach came, he desired me to get into it, and order the coachman to drive to Morland’s, and to Morland’s we went ; there he got out, and I remained in the carriage in a state of nervous suspense not to be described ; but in less than a quarter of an hour, to my joy and surprise, out he came, with 3,000*l.* in bank-notes in his hand. By what hocus-pocus he got it, I never knew, nor can I imagine even at this moment, but certes he brought it to me, out of the very house where, an hour or two before, the firm had sworn that they would not advance him another sixpence.

He saw, by my countenance, the emotions of surprise and pleasure his appearance, so provided, had excited, and laughing, bid me take the money to the treasurer, but to be sure to keep enough out of it to buy a barrel of native oysters, which he would come and roast at night, at my house in Suffolk Street.

The next musical piece I produced at Drury Lane was in conjunction with Mr. Dusseck, the celebrated piano-forte player ; he composed the serious part of it, — I the comic. What he did was masterly and effective. The piece was entitled, “The Captive of Spilburg ; ” the story from the French piece, “Camille ; ou le Souterrain ; ” it was ably managed by Prince Hoare, and had a run of seventeen nights. My next musical productions were in a play taken from Mr. Lewis’s romance of “The Monk,” by Mr. Boaden, and performed at Drury Lane, called “Aurelio and Miranda.” I thought there was a great deal of merit in the writing ; but it was only acted six nights ; many thought it indecorous to represent a church on the stage (which, by the way, was a fine specimen of the art — painted by Capon). But the powerful objection was, the unearthly appearance of Kemble, as the Monk. I never shall forget his attitude immediately after his entrance ; his dress — the look — the *tout ensemble* — struck me to be

more than human. He was hailed with the most rapturous applause ; but he stood motionless, with uplifted eyes, and apparently regardless of the public tribute.

The great sums of money produced to the theatre by "Blue Beard," induced the Drury Lane proprietors to prevail on Mr. Colman to write a musical afterpiece, to vie with it in splendor. The piece was entitled, "Feudal Times ; or the Banquet Gallery." I composed the whole of the music for it. Although the scenery was grand, and the piece well acted, it was not so successful as Blue Beard ; although performed in the course of the season for many nights. It was brought out in January, 1799.

On the 5th of April, 1799, the musical world had to regret the demise of the veteran Cramer, the admirable violin performer, leader of the opera band, King's concert, and all the music meetings.

On the 24th of May, in the same year, Mr. Sheridan's celebrated play of "Pizarro," from Kotzebue, was produced ; it was admirably acted, and I had the proud distinction of having my name joined with that of Mr. Sheridan, in its production, having been selected by him to compose the whole of the music.

Expectation was on tip-toe ; and strange as it may appear, "Pizarro" was advertised, and every box in the house taken, before the fourth act of the play was begun ; nor had I one single word of the poetry for which I was to compose the music. Day after day, was I attending on Mr. Sheridan, representing that time was flying ; and that nothing was done for me. His answer uniformly was, "Depend upon it, my dear Mic, you shall have plenty of matter to go on with to-morrow ;" but day after day, that morrow came not, which, as my name was advertised as the composer of the music, drove me half crazy.

One day I was giving a dinner to the Earl of Guilford, the Marquis of Ormond (then Lord Ormond), my valued friend Sir Charles Bampfylde, Sir Francis Burdett, George Colman, J. Richardson, M. Lewis, and John Kemble ; and, about ten

o'clock, when I was in the full enjoyment of this charming society, Mr. Sheridan appeared before us, and informed my friends, that he must carry me off with him, that moment, to Drury Lane; begged they would excuse my absence for one hour, and he would return with me. I saw it would be useless to contradict him, so I went to the theatre, and found the stage and house lighted up, as it would have been for a public performance; not a human being there except ourselves, the painters, and carpenters; and all this preparation was merely that he might see two scenes, those of Pizarro's Tent, and the Temple of the Sun.

The great author established himself in the centre of the pit, with a large bowl of negus on the bench before him; nor would he move until it was finished. I expostulated with him upon the cruelty of not letting me have the words which I had to compose, not to speak of his having taken me away from my friends to see scenery and machinery with which, as I was neither painter, nor carpenter, nor machinist, I could have nothing to do: his answer was, that he wished me to see the Temple of the Sun, in which the choruses and marches were to come over the platform. "To-morrow," said he, "I promise I will come and take a cutlet with you, and tell you all you have to do. My dear Mic, you know you can depend upon *me*; and I know that I can depend upon *you*; but these bunglers of carpenters require looking after."

After this promise, we returned to my house; I found my party waiting; nor did we separate until five o'clock in the morning.

To my utter surprise, the next day, according to his own appointment, Mr. Sheridan really came to dinner; after the cloth was removed, he proposed business. I had pen, ink, music paper, and a small piano-forte (which the Duke of Queensberry had given me, and which he had been accustomed to take with him in his carriage, when he travelled), put upon the table with our wine. My aim was, to discover the situations of the different choruses and the marches, and Mr. Sheridan's ideas on the subject; and he gave them in the following man-

ner "In the Temple of the Sun," said he, "I want the virgins of the sun, and their high-priest, to chant a solemn invocation to their deity." I sang two or three bars of music to him, which I thought corresponded with what he wished, and marked them down. He then made a sort of rumbling noise with his voice (for he had not the smallest idea of turning a tune), resembling a deep gruff bow, wow, wow; but though there was not the slightest resemblance of an air in the noise he made, yet so clear were his ideas of effect, that I perfectly understood his meaning, though conveyed through the medium of a bow, wow, wow. Having done this, and pointed out their several situations, he promised me faithfully, that I should have the poetry in a couple of days; and, marvelous to say, he actually did send me Cora's song, which Mrs. Jordan sang; and the trio, sung by Mrs. Crouch, Miss Decamp, and Miss Leak, "Fly away, time," which they made very effective. The poetry of the last, however, was written by my good friend, Mr. Richardson; the song really by himself. Having extracted these, I saw that it was perfectly ridiculous to expect the poetry of the choruses from the author of the play; and as I knew a literary gentleman, whose poverty, if not his will, would consent to assist me, I gave him Mr. Sheridan's ideas, as I had caught them from his bow, wow, wows, and got him to write words to them, which he did very well; at least well enough to answer my purpose.

But if this were a puzzling situation for a composer, what will my readers think of that in which the actors were left, when I state the fact that, at the time the house was overflowing on the first night's performance, all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and that, incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore, had all their speeches for the fifth? Mr. Sheridan was up-stairs, in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piece-meal, into the greenroom, abusing himself and his negligence, and

making a thousand winning and soothing apologies, for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense.

One remarkable trait in Sheridan's character was, his penetrating knowledge of the human mind ; for no man was more careful in his carelessness ; he was quite aware of his power over his performers, and of the veneration in which they held his great talents : had he not been so, he would not have ventured to keep them (Mrs. Siddons particularly), in the dreadful anxiety which they were suffering through the whole of the evening. Mrs. Siddons told me that she was in an agony of fright ; but Sheridan perfectly knew that Mrs. Siddons, C. Kemble, and Barrymore were quicker in study than any other performers concerned ; and that he could trust them to be perfect in what they had to say, even at half an hour's notice. And the event proved that he was right : the play was received with the greatest approbation, and though brought out so late in the season, was played thirty-one nights ; and for years afterward proved a mine of wealth to the Drury Lane treasury, and, indeed, to all the theatres in the United Kingdom.

Musical pieces were often performed at Drury Lane : among others, Mr. Sheridan's opera of "*The Duenna*," in which I performed the part of Ferdinand. It was customary with me, when I played at night, to read my part over in the morning, in order to refresh my memory. One morning after reading the part of Ferdinand, I left the printed play of "*The Duenna*," as then acted, on the table. On my return home, after having taken my ride, I found Mr. Sheridan reading it, and, with pen and ink before him, correcting it. He said to me, "Do you act the part of Ferdinand from this printed copy ?"

I replied in the affirmative, and added, "that I had done so for twenty years."

"Then," said he, "you have been acting great nonsense." He examined every sentence, and corrected it all through before he left me ; the corrections I have now, in his own handwriting. What could prove his negligence more, than cor-

recting an opera which he had written in 1775, in the year 1807; and then, for the first time, examining it, and abusing the manner in which it was printed?

I know, however, of many instances of his negligence, equally strong, two of which I will adduce as tolerably good specimens of character. I can vouch for their authenticity.

Mr. Gotobed, the Duke of Bedford's attorney, put a distress into Drury Lane Theatre, for non-payment of the ground rent; and the chandeliers, wardrobe, scenery, etc., were to be sold to satisfy his Grace's claim. Sheridan, aroused and alarmed at the threat, wrote a letter to the Duke, requesting him to let his claim be put in a state of liquidation, by Mr. Gotobed's receiving, out of the pit door money, 10*l.* per night until the debt should be paid; this was agreed upon by his Grace. More than a twelve-month passed, and Sheridan was astonished at receiving no reply to his letter. In an angry mood he went to Mr. Gotobed's house, in Norfolk Street (I was with him at the time), complaining of the transaction; when Mr. Gotobed assured him, on his honor, that the Duke had sent an answer to his letter above a year before. On hearing this, Sheridan went home, examined the table on which all his letters were thrown, and among them found the Duke's letter unopened, dated more than twelve months back. To me, this did not appear very surprising; for, when numbers of letters have been brought to him, at my house, I have seen him consign the greatest part of them to the fire unopened.

No man was ever more sore and frightened at criticism than he was from his first outset in life. He dreaded the newspapers, and always courted their friendship. I have many times heard him say, "Let me but have the periodical press on my side, and there should be nothing in this country which I would not accomplish."

This sensitiveness of his, as regarded newspapers, renders the following anecdote rather curious: After he had fought his famous duel, at Bath, with Colonel Matthews, on Mrs. Sheridan's (Miss Linley's) account, an article of the most

venomous kind was sent from Bath to Mr. William Woodfall, the editor of the "Public Advertiser," in London, to insert in that paper. The article was so terribly bitter against Sheridan, that Woodfall took it to him. After reading it, he said to Woodfall, "My good friend, the writer of this article has done his best to villify me in all ways, but he has done it badly and clumsily. I will write a character of myself, as coming from an anonymous writer, which you will insert in your paper. In a day or two after, I will send you another article, as coming from another anonymous correspondent, vindicating me, and refuting most satisfactorily, point by point, every particle of what has been written in the previous one."

Woodfall promised that he would attend to his wishes ; and Sheridan accordingly wrote one of the most vituperative articles against himself that mortal ever penned, which he sent to Woodfall, who immediately inserted it in his newspaper, as agreed upon.

Day after day passed ; the calumnies which Sheridan had invented against himself, got circulation, and were in everybody's mouths ; and day after day did Mr. Woodfall wait for the refutation which was to set all to rights, and expose the fallacy of the accusation ; but, strange to say, Sheridan never could prevail upon himself to take the trouble to write one line in his own vindication ; and the libels which he invented against himself remain to this hour wholly uncontradicted.

I was well acquainted with Mr. Woodfall, who declared to me that this was the fact.

Another instance of his neglect for his own interest came (among many others) to my knowledge. He had a particular desire to have an audience of his late Majesty, who was then at Windsor ; it was on some point which he wished to carry, for the good of the theatre. He mentioned it to his present Majesty, who, with the kindness which on every occasion he showed him, did him the honor to say, that he would take him to Windsor himself, and appointed him to be at Carlton House, to set off with his Royal Highness precisely at eleven

o'clock. He called upon me, and said, "My dear Mic, I am going to Windsor with the Prince the day after to-morrow; I must be with him at eleven o'clock in the morning, to a moment, and to be in readiness at that early hour, you must give me a bed at your house; I shall then only have to cross the way to Carlton House, and be punctual to the appointment of his Royal Highness."

I had no bed to offer him but my own, which I ordered to be got in readiness for him; and he, with his brother-in-law, Charles Ward, came to dinner with me. Among other things at table, there was a roast neck of mutton, which was sent away untouched. As the servant was taking it out of the room, I observed, "There goes a dinner fit for a king;" alluding to his late Majesty's known partiality for that particular dish.

The next morning I went out of town, to dine and sleep, purposely to accommodate Mr. Sheridan with my bed; and got home again about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I was told by my servant, that Mr. Sheridan was up-stairs still, fast asleep—that he had been sent for several times, from Carlton House, but nothing could prevail upon him to get up.

It appears that, in about an hour after I had quitted town, he called at the saloon, and told my servant maid, that "he knew she had a dinner fit for a king, in the house, a cold roast neck of mutton," and asked her if she had any wine. She told him there were, in a closet, five bottles of port, two of Madeira, and one of brandy, the whole of which, I found that he, Richardson, and Charles Ward, after eating the neck of mutton for dinner, had consumed: on hearing this, it was easy to account for his drowsiness in the morning. He was not able to raise his head from his pillow, nor did he get out of bed until seven o'clock, when he had some dinner.

Kemble came to him in the evening, and they again drank very deep, and I never saw Mr. Sheridan in better spirits. Kemble was complaining of want of novelty at Drury Lane Theatre; and that, as manager, he felt uneasy at the lack of

it. "My dear Kemble," said Mr. Sheridan, "don't talk of grievances now." But Kemble still kept on saying, "Indeed, we must seek for novelty, or the theatre will sink — novelty, and novelty alone, can prop it."

"Then," replied Sheridan with a smile, "if you want novelty, act 'Hamlet,' and have music played between your pauses."

Kemble, however he might have felt the sarcasm, did not appear to take it in bad part. What made the joke tell at the time, was this : a few nights previous, while Kemble was acting Hamlet, a gentleman came to the pit door, and tendered half price. The money-taker told him that the third act was only then begun.

The gentleman, looking at his watch, said, It must be impossible, for that it was half-past nine o'clock.

"That is very true, sir," replied the money-taker ; "but recollect, Mr. Kemble plays Hamlet to-night."

Mr. Sheridan, although a delightful companion, was by no means disposed to loquacity — indeed, quite the contrary ; but when he spoke he commanded universal attention ; and what he said deserved it. His conversation was easy and good-natured, and so strongly characterized by shrewdness, and a wit peculiarly his own, that it would be hard, indeed, to find his equal as a companion. That he had his failings, who will deny ; but then, who among us has not ? one thing I may safely affirm, that he was as great an enemy to himself as to anybody else.

One evening that their late majesties honored Drury Lane Theatre with their presence, the play, by royal command, was the "School for Scandal." When Mr. Sheridan was in attendance to light their majesties to their carriage, the King said to him, "I am much pleased with your comedy of the 'School for Scandal ;' but I am still more so with your play of the 'Rivals ;' that is my favorite, and I will never give it up."

Her Majesty at the same time said, "When, Mr. Sheridan, shall we have another play from your masterly pen ?" He

replied that "he was writing a comedy, which he expected very shortly to finish."

I was told of this ; and the next day, walking with him along Piccadilly, I asked him if he had told the Queen that he was writing a play ? He said he had, and that he actually was about one.

"Not you," said I to him ; "you will never write again ; you are afraid to write."

He fixed his penetrating eye on me, and said, "Of whom am I afraid ?"

I said, "You are afraid of the author of the 'School for Scandal.'"

I believe, at the time I made the remark, he thought my conjecture was right.

One evening, after we had dined together, I was telling him that I was placed in a dilemma by a wine merchant from Hockheim, who had been in London to receive orders for the sale of hock. I had commissioned him (as he offered me the wine at a cheap rate) to send me six dozen. Instead of six dozen he had sent me *sixteen*. I was observing, that it was a greater quantity than I could afford to keep, and expressed a wish to sell part of it.

"My dear Kelly," said Mr. Sheridan, "I would take it off your hands with all my heart, but I have not the money to pay for it ; I will, however, give you an inscription to place over the door of your saloon : write over it, 'Michael Kelly, composer of wines, and importer of music.'"

I thanked him, and said, "I will take the hint, sir, and be a composer of all wines, except old sherry ; for that is so notorious for its intoxicating and pernicious qualities, that I should be afraid of poisoning my customers with it."

The above story has been told in many ways ; but, as I have written it here, is the fact. He owned I had given him a Roland for his Oliver, and very often used to speak of it in company.

About this time, my good friend Major Waring bought Peterborough House at Parson's Green, which before had

been the property of Mr. Meyrick ; and certainly there never was a more hospitable one. The society consisted chiefly of persons of genius. There have I met, month after month, Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Billington, the Abbé Campbell ; the Irish Master of the Rolls, Mr. Curran ; and a worthy countryman of mine, Mr. John Glynn, of the Commissariat Department ; and many a time and oft have we heard the chimes of midnight, for that was the hour at which Curran's lamp burned brightest ; and round the social board, till morning peeped, all was revelry and mirth.

While I am on the subject of revelry and mirth, it may not be amiss to give the reader an idea of the extraordinary mixtures of serious splendor and comical distress which occasionally take place in the world.

Everybody knows, that during the short administration of Mr. Fox's party, Mr. Sheridan held the office of Treasurer of the Navy, to which office, as everybody also knows, a handsome residence is attached. It was during his brief authority in this situation, that he gave a splendid fête, to which, not only the ministers, and a long list of nobility were invited, but which, it was understood, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, his present Most Gracious Majesty, would honor with his presence : a ball and supper followed the dinner. Morelli, Rovedino, and the opera company, appeared in masks, and sang complimentary verses to the Prince, which Pananti wrote, and I composed. The music in "Macbeth" was then performed ; and, in short, nothing could surpass the gayety and splendor of the entertainment, which went off as well as was anticipated.

But previous to the great consummation of all the hopes and wishes of the donor, I happened to call at Somerset House, about half-past five ; and there I found the brilliant, highly-gifted Sheridan, the star of his party, and Treasurer of the Navy, in an agony of despair. What was the cause ? had any accident occurred ? bad news from the Continent ? was the ministry tottering ? In short, what was it that agitated so deeply a man of Sheridan's nerve and intellect, and temporary

official importance? He had just discovered that there was not a bit of cheese in the house—not even a paring. What was to be done? Sunday, all the shops shut—without cheese, his dinner would be incomplete.

I told him I thought some of the Italians would be prevailed upon to open their doors and supply him; and off we went together in a hackney coach, cheese hunting, at six o'clock on a Sunday afternoon—the dinner hour being seven, and His Royal Highness the Prince expected.

After a severe run of more than an hour, we prevailed upon a sinner, in Jermyn Street, to sell us some of the indispensable article, and got back just in time for mine host to dress to receive his company. I forget now who paid for the cheese, but the rest of the story I well remember, and have thought worth recording.

Superstition often takes possession of the strongest minds. A more powerful instance of the truth of this cannot be cited than that of Mr. Sheridan. No mortal ever was more superstitious than he, as I can aver from my own knowledge. No power could prevail upon him to commence any business, or set out upon a journey, on a Friday; nor would he allow, if he possibly could avoid it, a piece to be produced at his theatre on a Friday night. It is a well known fact (which he never denied), that when Tom Sheridan was under the tuition of Doctor Parr, in Warwickshire, his father dreamt that he fell from a tree in an orchard, and broke his neck. He took alarm, and sent for his boy to London instantler. The Doctor obeyed the mandate, and brought his pupil to town; and I had the pleasure to meet him at Mr. Sheridan's at dinner. I thought him (though an oddity) very clever and communicative; he was a determined smoker, and, on that day, not a little of a soaker; he drank a great deal of wine, to say nothing of a copious exhibition of hollands and water afterward.

I remember when he was asked whom he considered the first Greek scholar in Europe, he answered, "The first Grecian scholar living is Porson, the third is Dr. Burney—I leave you to guess who is the second."

The Drury Lane company were performing at the Lyceum, under the firm of Tom Sheridan, the late Colonel Greville, and Mr. Arnold, and were very successful ; and every person belonging to the establishment were regularly paid their full salaries. Tom Sheridan, for some part of the time, was manager, and evinced great talent and industry. I had the pleasure of living on terms of intimacy with him, and many a time, when he used to come to town from Cambridge, with his friend, the Honorable Berkeley Craven, have they favored me with their company.

Tom Sheridan did not "ape his sire" in all things ; for whenever he made an appointment, he was punctuality personified. In every transaction I had with him, I always found him uniformly correct ; nor did he unfrequently lament his father's indolence and want of regularity, although he had (indeed naturally) a high veneration for his talents.

Tom Sheridan had a good voice, and true taste for music, which, added to his intellectual qualities and superior accomplishments, caused his society to be sought with the greatest avidity.

The two Sheridans were supping with me one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament.

"I think, father," said he, "that many men, who are called great patriots in the House of Commons, are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be let.'"

"And under that, Tom," said his father, "write — 'Unfurnished.'"

Tom took the joke, but was even with him on another occasion.

Mr. Sheridan had a cottage about half a mile from Hounslow Heath ; Tom, being very short of cash, asked his father to let him have some.

"Money I have none," was the reply.

"Be the consequence what it may, money I must have," said Tom.

"If that is the case, my dear Tom," said the affectionate parent, "you will find a case of loaded pistols up-stairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable — the night is dark, and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath."

"I understand what you mean," said Tom, "but I tried that last night. I unluckily stopped Peake, your treasurer, who told me, that you had been beforehand with him, and had robbed him of every sixpence he had in the world."

It is curious, after knowing such stories, and remembering the general habits and pursuits of Mr. Sheridan, to look at the effusions of his muse, in which he privately vented his feelings.

One day, waiting at his house, I saw under the table, half a sheet of apparently waste paper; on examining it, I found it was a ballad, in Mr. Sheridan's handwriting; I brought it away with me, and have it now in my possession. On my return home, the words seemed to me beautiful, and I set them to music. It is, of all my songs, my greatest favorite, as the poetry always brings to my mind, the mournful recollection of past happy days. It was also a great favorite with Mr. Sheridan, and often has he made me sing it to him. I here insert it: —

I.

No more shall the spring my lost pleasure restore,
Uncheered I still wander alone,
And, sunk in dejection, forever deplore
The sweets of the days that are gone.
While the sun as it rises, to others shines bright,
I think how it formerly shone;
While others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,
And sigh for the days that are gone.

II.

I stray where the dew falls, through moon-lighted groves,
And list to the nightingale's song,
Her plaints still remind me of long banished joys,
And the sweets of the days that are gone.
Each dew-drop that steals from the dark eye of night,
Is a tear for the bliss that is flown;
While others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,
And sigh for the days that are gone.

I had now to experience the loss of a true and sincere friend, in the death of that great man, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who expired at his house in Saville Row, on the 7th July, 1816, aged sixty-five. The body was removed to the house of Mr. Peter Moore, member for Coventry, and thence the Saturday following to Westminster Abbey, near those of Addison, Garrick, and Cumberland, followed by the Dukes of York and Sussex. The pall was borne by the Duke of Bedford, Lord Holland, Earl of Mulgrave, Earl of Lauderdale, the Bishop of London, and Lord Robert Spencer. His son, Mr. Charles Brinsley Sheridan, was chief mourner, supported by Mr. Henry Ogle, The Honorable Edward Bouverie, Mr. William Linley, Sir Charles Asgill, Bart., Mr. Charles Ward; followed by a numerous train of the admirers of his splendid talents. Where the body lies, there is a plain flat stone, with this inscription:—

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,

Born 1751; Died 7th July, 1816.

This Marble is the Tribute of an attached Friend,

PETER MOORE.

There were reports industriously circulated through the kingdom, that Mr. Sheridan, in his latter moments, was left in want of the common necessities of life; and the malignant propagators of the report, went so far to gratify their own malice, as to assert that he called for a lemon, when exhausted with thirst, and that neither he, nor those about him, had the means of procuring him one. I, among a thousand others, heard this foolish tale asserted, but I can solemnly aver, from my own knowledge, and from the evidence of those who were nearest and dearest to him, and who remained with him in his last moments, that all such reports were groundless, and fabricated for the most atrocious purposes of scandal.

These dealers in malignity stated that the sum of two hundred pounds was conveyed to Mr. Sheridan in a way that wounded his feelings, and returned by his direction, with the resentment of wounded pride. It is true the money was sent,

but in a totally different manner to that described, and returned in a totally different manner to what the world was taught to believe. The real fact is, that Mr. Sheridan's physician, then attending him, and also one of his most intimate friends, undertook to deliver it back to the illustrious donor, and, with all respect, to assure him that Mr. Sheridan was in want of no pecuniary assistance.

I sent, a few days before he died, for his own man, who was in attendance on him during the whole of his illness, and whom I knew to be faithfully attached to his master. He can testify that I entreated him to inform me if his master was in want of any comforts, for with anything my means would afford I would furnish him : but not to let him or the family know it came from me. John assured me that his master was in want of nothing, and that those who had reported to the contrary, and made up libelous and injurious tales upon the subject, spoke falsely, and were base calumniators.

The loss I sustained by Mr. Sheridan's death I can but faintly depict : he was, as a companion and friend, to me beyond measure invaluable ; his readiness and taste were conspicuous ; his wit, though luxuriant and unbounded, never intrusive ; and during the five-and-twenty years through which I enjoyed his friendship and society, I never heard him say a single word that could wound the feelings of a human being.

His quickness in writing may be judged by the circumstances I have already mentioned, relative to the state in which his "Pizarro" was produced, and he made a similar exertion at the time he brought out "The Critic." Two days previous to the performance, the last scene was not written : Dr. Ford, and Mr. Linley, the joint proprietors, began to get nervous and fidgetty, and the actors were absolutely *au désespoir*, especially King, who was not only stage-manager, but had to play Puff ; to him was assigned the duty of hunting down and worrying Sheridan about the last scene ; day after day passed, until, as I have just said, the last day but two arrived, and it made not its appearance.

At last, Mr. Linley, who, being his father-in-law, was pretty well aware of his habits, hit upon a stratagem. A night rehearsal of "The Critic" was ordered, and Sheridan having dined with Linley, was prevailed upon to go; while they were on the stage, King whispered Sheridan that he had something particular to communicate, and begged he would step into the second greenroom. Accordingly, Sheridan went, and there found a table, with pens, ink, and paper, a good fire, an armed chair at the table, and two bottles of claret, with a dish of anchovy sandwiches. The moment he got into the room, King stepped out, and locked the door, immediately after which, Linley and Ford came up and told the author that, until he had written the scene, he would be kept where he was.

Sheridan took this decided measure in good part; he ate the anchovies, finished the claret, wrote the scene, and laughed heartily at the ingenuity of the contrivance.

This anecdote I had from King himself. Another instance of his readiness and rapidity, when he chose to exert himself, occurred at the time when his pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe" was in rehearsal. He happened to call in at the theatre one day, and found them in the greatest confusion, not knowing what to introduce to give time for the setting of the scene; it was suggested to Mr. Sheridan that a song would afford sufficient opportunity to the carpenters for their preparation; accordingly he sat down at the prompter's table, on the stage, and wrote on the back of a play-bill the beautiful ballad of "The Midnight Watch," which was set to music by his father-in-law, Mr. Linley, in a style which has established it as one of the most beautiful specimens of pure English melody.

An observation Mr. Sheridan once made to me about Congreve's plays I venture to repeat, it has so much genuine wit about it: he complained to me that "Love for Love" had been so much altered and modified for the more delicate ears of modern audiences, that it was quite spoiled. "His plays," said the wit, "are, I own, somewhat licentious, but it is bar-

barous to mangle them ; they are like horses, when you deprive them of their vice, they lose their vigor."

It is of course known, that Mr. Burke, in the early part of his life, enlisted under the banners of Opposition, and was a constant frequenter of the house of a baker of the name of Tarcome, where the aspirants for fame, on that side of the question, used to meet, and debate certain proposed questions ; the baker himself was eventually constituted perpetual president of the well-known Robin Hood Society ; such was the estimation in which he was held by the disciples of Whiggery.

Upon a memorable occasion, Mr. Burke, in the House of Commons, exclaimed, " I quit the camp," and suddenly crossed the House, and having seated himself on the ministerial benches, shortly after rose, and made a most brilliant speech in opposition to his *ci-devant* friends and adherents.

Sheridan was a good deal nettled at what he considered a needless defection, and replied with something like asperity to Mr. Burke's attack, and concluded his speech with nearly these words : " The honorable gentleman, to quote his own expression, has 'quitted the camp ;' he will recollect that he quitted it as a deserter, and I sincerely hope he will never attempt to return as a spy : but I, for one, cannot sympathize in the astonishment with which an act of apostacy so flagrant has electrified the House ; for neither I, nor the honorable gentleman, have forgotten whence he obtained the weapons which he now uses against us : so far from being at all astonished at the honorable gentleman's tergiversation, I consider it not only characteristic but consistent, that he who in the outset of life made so extraordinary a blunder as to go to a baker's for eloquence, should finish such a career by coming to the House of Commons to get bread."

One of Mr. Sheridan's favorite amusements, in his hours of recreation, was that of making blunders for me, and relating them to my friends, vouching for the truth of them with the most perfect gravity. One I remember was, that one night, when Drury Lane Theatre was crowded to excess in every

part, I was peeping through the hole in the stage curtain, and John Kemble, who was standing on the stage near me, asked me how the house looked, and that I replied, "By J—s, you can't stick a pin's head in any part of it—it is literally *chuck* full; how much fuller will it be to-morrow night, when the King comes!"

Another of Mr. Sheridan's jests against me was that one day, having walked with him to Kemble's house, in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, when the streets were very dirty, and having gone up the steps while Mr. Sheridan was scraping the dirt off his shoes, I asked him to scrape for me while I was knocking at the door.

At one time, when hard pressed to pay the Opera Orchestra, who were greatly in arrear, and had resolved not to perform unless their debt was liquidated, threatening to make an application to the Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Sheridan was roused to make an effort to raise five hundred pounds, which was the immediate sum required. He found a person ready to make an advance for three months, with a proviso, that Stephen Storace and myself, who then managed the Opera, should give our joint security for the repayment. Being both of us eager that the concern should not stop, we did so, and he promised faithfully to provide for it. The very day the bill became due, Storace was with me, in the morning; we were both in *modo penseroso*, wondering how we could contrive to get it renewed; when, to our great surprise, Mr. Sheridan entered, laughing, with our acceptance dangling between his fingers, the sight of which changed our *modo penseroso* to an *allegro vivace*; he put our security into my hands, at which my heart did verily rejoice, and with all sincerity I made use of the quotation,

"For this relief, much thanks."

I mention this to show, however general the impression of Mr. Sheridan's want of punctuality in money matters may be, that there is no rule without an exception.

The last time I saw Mr. Sheridan, was in the room in Drury Lane, formerly the treasury of the old theatre, where a

man of the name of Farebrother, an old servant of his, was allowed, by the Drury Lane Committee, to reside. He was sitting alone, reading, with a muffin and a cup of coffee before him. On my entering the room, he told me that he had been reading Davies's "Life of Garrick," which, said he, "if you have not read, do read, and advise every actor, from me, to do the same, for it is well worth their attention."

I remained with him till four o'clock in the morning, tête-à-tête. I never saw him more pleasant or communicative. He dwelt particularly on his father's acting the part of King John, and "without partiality," he said, "his scene with Hubert was a master-piece of the art; and no actor could ever reach its excellence." I had been told by Jefferson, the proprietor of the Plymouth Theatre, who had often seen old Mr. Sheridan act King John, in Dublin, that nothing could surpass it.

Mr. Sheridan also spoke of his father's Cato, as a masterly performance, as well his as Brutus, in "Julius Cæsar." The Cato of the elder Sheridan was always very popular with the Dublin audience. Mr. Hitchcock, who wrote the history of the "Irish Stage," remembered him perfectly in the character. I have often heard him say that his declamation was fine and impressive; he pronounced "Cato" with a broad *a*, as, indeed, all the Irish do. John Kemble always pronounced it "Cato," and when he acted the part in Dublin, the play was announced from the stage by an old actor of the Sheridan school, who, despising the innovation of Kemble, gave it out thus: "Ladies and Gentlemen, to-morrow evening will be performed the tragedy of 'Cato,' the part of Cato by Mr. Kemble." The manner in which he pronounced the same name in two different ways, produced great laughter in the audience who quite understood the sarcasm. When I related this anecdote to Mr. Sheridan, he seemed to enjoy the pertinacity of the Irish actor.

One day, Mr. Sheridan laughingly said to me, "It must be allowed, Kelly, that our countrymen always show more or less of the *potato* in their brain. Yesterday, at about four o'clock

in the morning, I came out of Brookes's, where I had stayed the very last; and, as I was stepping into the carriage, I saw some half-dozen Irish chairmen, loitering at the door, shivering with cold, waiting for a fare. It was a bitter morning, and I said to one of the poor devils, 'Why do you remain here, my good fellow?'

"'Please your honor,' replied one of them, 'we are waiting to take somebody home.'

"'You may save yourselves the trouble then,' said I "for I have just come out of the house, and there is nobody left in it.'

"'Please your honor, we know there is nobody in it, but who knows how many may come out.'"

"It was too cold," said Sheridan, "to argue with them, so I got into my coach, and left them."

It would be the height of arrogance and indiscretion in me to descant on, or eulogize the public character of Mr. Sheridan; but I trust that his political life will be handed down to posterity by some able pen uninfluenced by favor or enmity; for, take him as a statesman, an orator, a dramatist, and a poet united, I fear we shall scarcely ever see his like again. His good qualities were many; and, after all, the great bane of his life was procrastination; had it not been for that, what could he not have achieved? To me, his memory will be ever dear, and ought to be so, to all who admire great and splendid talents. Yet he had many enemies: some of whom, to my knowledge, his former bounty fed. But, alas! to use the language of our great bard,

"The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is often interred with their bones."

Much *good* remains upon authentic record, relative to Mr. Sheridan, which even his greatest enemies could never deny. Some of the stories which exist against him, however, have a vast deal of humor in them, and one which has often been told, I think worth inserting, because having been an eye-witness of the circumstance, I am enabled to show the very "head and front of his offending."

We were one day in earnest conversation close to the gate of the path, which was then open to the public, leading across the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, from King Street to Henrietta Street, when Mr. Holloway, who was a creditor of Sheridan's to a considerable amount, came up to us on horseback, and accosted Sheridan in a tone of something more like anger than sorrow, and complained that he never could get admittance when he called, vowing vengeance against the infernal Swiss Monsieur François, if he did not let him in the next time he went to Hertford Street.

Holloway was really in a passion. Sheridan knew that he was vain of his judgment in horse-flesh, and without taking any notice of the violence of his manner, burst into an exclamation upon the beauty of the horse which he rode,—he struck the right chord.

"Why," said Holloway, "I think I may say, there never was a prettier creature than this. You were speaking to me, when I last saw you, about a horse for Mrs. Sheridan; now this would be a treasure for a lady."

"Does he canter well?" said Sheridan.

"Beautifully," replied Holloway.

"If that's the case, Holloway," said Sheridan, "I really should not mind stretching a point for him. Will you have the kindness to let me see his paces?"

"To be sure," said the lawyer; and putting himself into a graceful attitude, he threw his nag into a canter along the market.

The moment his back was turned, Sheridan wished me good-morning, and went off through the church-yard, where no horse could follow, into Bedford Street, laughing immoderately, as indeed did several standers by. The only person not entertained by this practical joke was Mr. Holloway himself.

Another story of him I shall give, because it is very little known, if known at all. Mr. Harris, the late proprietor of Covent Garden, who had a great regard for Sheridan, had at different times frequent occasions to meet him on business, and made appointment after appointment with him, not one of

which Sheridan ever kept. At length Mr. Harris, wearied out, begged his friend, Mr. Palmer of Bath, to see Mr. Sheridan, and tell him that unless he kept the next appointment made for their meeting, all acquaintance between them must end forever.

Sheridan expressed great sorrow for what had been in fact inevitable, and fixed one o'clock the next day to call upon Mr. Harris at the theatre. At about three he actually made his appearance in Hart Street, where he met Mr. Tregent, the celebrated French watchmaker, who was extremely theatrical, and had been the intimate friend of Garrick.

Sheridan told him that he was on his way to call upon Harris.

"I have just left him," said Tregent, "in a violent passion, having waited for you ever since one o'clock."

"What have *you* been doing at the theatre?" said Sheridan.

"Why," replied Tregent; "Harris is going to make Bate Dudley a present of a gold watch, and I have taken him half a dozen, in order that he may choose one for that purpose."

"Indeed," said Sheridan.

They wished each other good-day, and parted.

Mr. Sheridan proceeded to Mr. Harris's room, and when he addressed him, it was pretty evident that his want of punctuality had produced the effect which Mr. Tregent described.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Harris; "I have waited at least two hours for you again; I had almost given you up, and if" —

"Stop, my dear Harris," said Sheridan, interrupting him; "I assure you these things occur more from my misfortunes than my faults; I declare I thought it was but one o'clock, for it so happens that I have no watch, and to tell you the truth, am too poor to buy one; but when the day comes that I can, you will see I shall be as punctual as any other man."

"Well, then," said the unsuspecting Harris; "if that be all, you shall not long want a watch, for here (opening his drawer) are half a dozen of Tregent's best — choose any one you like, and do me the favor of accepting it."

Sheridan affected the greatest surprise at the appearance of the watches ; but did as he was bid, and selected certainly not the worst for the *cadeau*.

Mr. Sheridan was extremely attached to Mr. Richardson ; and when Mrs. Sheridan was at Bognor,* he used to take Richardson down with him on visits to her. One of these visits Sheridan once described to me with infinite humor, and although I fear it is impossible to impart *literally*, the spirit which he *practically* infused into it, when relating it, I give it as I remember it.

Richardson had set his mind upon going down to Bognor with Mr. Sheridan on one particular occasion, because it happened that Lord Thurlow, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, was staying there. "So," said Richardson, "nothing can be more delightful, what with my favorite diversion of sailing — my enjoyment of walking on the sands — the pleasure of arguing with Lord Thurlow, and taking my snuff by the seaside, I shall be in my glory."

"Well," said Mr. Sheridan ; "down he went full of anticipated joys. The first day, in stepping into the boat to go sailing, he tumbled down, and sprained his ankle, and was obliged to be carried into his lodgings, which had no view of the sea ; the following morning he sent for a barber to shave him, but there being no professional shaver nearer than Chichester, he was forced to put up with a fisherman, who volunteered to officiate, and cut him severely just under his nose, which entirely prevented his taking snuff ; and the same day at breakfast, eating prawns too hastily, he swallowed the head of one, horns and all, which stuck in his throat, and produced such pain and inflammation, that his medical advisers would not allow him to speak for three days. So thus," said Mr. Sheridan, "ended in four-and-twenty hours his walking — his sailing — his snuff-taking — and his arguments."

KEMBLE'S COOLNESS.

John Kemble is so perfectly identified with the character of Rolla, that perhaps, as anecdotes of such a person, however

trifling, if characteristic, are always interesting, I may be permitted to mention an instance of his coolness in the midst of difficulty, which I had forgotten to relate in its proper place as far as dates are concerned.

In the summer of 1783 he and his unrivaled sister, Mrs. Siddons, were engaged at Limerick; and Mrs. Crouch, then Miss Phillips, was also there, playing on the alternate nights with the tragedians. She was beyond measure popular, and the theme of universal admiration. One evening, after having performed *Rosetta*, in "*Love in a Village*," some officers of a militia regiment, quartered in Limerick, being very much intoxicated, avowed their intention of escorting her home; and, in order to carry their plan into execution, obtained admission behind the scenes, and proceeded to address her on the subject. She, terrified, ran into her dressing-room and locked the door, which these heroes declared they would forthwith break open.

It so happened that Mr. Phillips, her father, was laid up with the gout at that juncture, and had commissioned Kemble to see his daughter home after the play; and thus authorized, the moment he heard the disturbance, and its cause, he proceeded to the scene of action, and politely requested the military force to withdraw; but they positively refused to stir without Miss Phillips. Upon which, Kemble took his sword, and said, that having been deputed by the lady's father to escort her to her house, he should execute his commission at the hazard of his life, and requested Miss Phillips to open the door of the dressing-room.

With this request she complied; but they had not proceeded many paces before one of the officers, of the name of Yelverton, came behind Kemble, and made a cut at his head with his sabre. A woman of the name of Judy Cameron, one of the stage dressers, perceived the intention, and catching the man's arm, wrested the sword from him, and in all probability saved Kemble's life. Kemble saw the whole transaction and, without the smallest alteration in look or manner, or being in the slightest degree moved, he turned to his preserver,

Judy, and said, "Well done, Euphrasia!" He then drew his sword, and conducted his fair charge in safety to her chair.

Lord Muskerry, who was colonel of the regiment, called upon Kemble in the morning, and told him that every apology he might require should be made by the officers. This anecdote, extremely illustrative of character, I had both from Mrs. Crouch and her father, who always mentioned it with gratitude, and admiration of the high spirit and perfect coolness which Kemble displayed upon this trying occasion.

THOMAS KING.

During the whole of my friend King's stay in Dublin, he used to come every night after acting, and sup with me, and delightful indeed was his society. He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, which he told in a way peculiar to himself; and, like Anacreon, blended to the last the flower of youth with the hoary frost of age.

I was standing behind the scenes, in Crow Street, one night, and I saw him for once rather put out of temper. The play, was the "School for Scandal;" he was at the side wing, waiting to go on the stage, as Sir Peter Teazle. At the stage door was seated an immensely fat woman, the widow of Ryder, the celebrated Irish actor, who had been the original Sir Peter Teazle, in Dublin, in the summer of 1777.

The lusty dame, looking at King, who was standing close to her, hallooed out, with an implacable brogue, and the lungs of a stentor, "Arrah! agra! there was but one Sir Peter Teazle in the world, and he is now in heaven, and more is the pity. Ah! Tom Ryder! Tom Ryder! look down upon Sir Peter Teazle here, your dirty representative;" and after this complimentary harangue, the wretched lady began to howl most piteously, to the great annoyance of all behind the scenes, but most particularly to that of King, who appeared really disconcerted. However, the widow was removed, tranquillity was restored, the cloud dispersed, and King acted with his usual excellence. Two nights after this rencontre, he had to act his

favorite part, Lord Ogilby. I was at dinner, with a couple of friends, at my own house, and received the following note from him : —

“MY DEAR KELLY, — I am just come to the theatre to dress for Lord Ogilby, and asked my dresser to hand me a wine cork, to mark the lines on my face; he has seriously sworn to me, that he had been looking everywhere all over Dublin, and could not procure a cork. Now, my good friend, if you should have such a thing, by any chance, as a cork, and will send it to me, Lord Ogilby's visage will be much indebted to you for the donation.”

I thought he was hoaxing; but when he came to sup with me after the play, he assured me it was a true bill; and when I found who his dresser was, I was not surprised. He was a merry wag, of the name of Tuke, a fellow of low humor — a veritable Dicky Gossip; whose former profession had been hair-dressing, and who was then the stage property-man at the Dublin Theatre.

KEMBLE'S STUDY.

On the 21st of March the theatre opened for the representation of dramas, with “Macbeth.” A prologue, from the pen of the Right Honorable Major-general Fitzpatrick, was spoken by Mr. Kemble, with great applause.

The day previous to the opening of the theatre, Colonel North, Sir Charles Bampfylde, Messrs. Richardson, Nield, Reed, Sheridan, and John Kemble were to dine with me in Suffolk Street; an hour and a half before dinner, Kemble and I called at General Fitzpatrick's, to get the prologue, which Kemble was to speak the next night. Kemble came with me to Suffolk Street; and had I not seen it, I could not have thought it possible: while we were waiting dinner for Mr. Sheridan, Kemble studied the prologue, which consisted of fifty lines, and was perfect in every word of it before dinner was announced; a powerful proof of his retentive memory and quick study, for, to my certain knowledge, he had it not in his possession, altogether, more than an hour and a half.

I have often heard him say that he would make a bet that in four days he would repeat every line in a newspaper, advertisements and all, *verbatim*, in their regular order, without misplacing or missing a single word.

IMPISH SPIRITS.

Macbeth was splendidly got up, the costume appropriately preserved: the choruses were finely executed with all the strength of the company. I had the direction and getting-up of the delightful music, and suggested a change which has been ever since adopted, and I think with good effect. It had been the custom for one witch only to sing —

He must — he will — he shall
Spill much — more blood.

My alteration was —

First Witch. He must!
Second Witch. He will!
Third Witch. He SHALL!
Spill much more blood!

laying great stress upon the climax, "*He shall!*" The alteration was much approved of.

There was another novelty in the witchery, — at the words "Mingle, mingle ye, that mingle may," — a great number of little boys came on as spirits; I must confess it produced something like laughter; they were, however, persisted in for several nights, but at last discontinued, for there was no keeping the little boys in order; they made such a terrible noise behind the scenes; one little urchin used to play all kinds of tricks; and that one, odd enough to say, was my *ci-devant* Cupid, Edmund Kean, and, on his account, Kemble dismissed the whole tribe of phantoms.

NOT IN THE BILLS.

I was in Paris at the first representation of "*Lodoiska*" at both theatres. Kreutzer's was performed at the Théâtre des Italiens, and Cherubini's at the Feydeau, — both got up with great effect and care; but, partiality apart, the Drury Lane

piece surpassed them both. Storace selected the most effective music from either, and enriched the piece with some charming melodies of his own composition; the scenery was picturesquely grand and beautiful, the dresses in perfect costume. Mr. Kemble took great pains in getting up the piece, all the minutiae were specially attended to, and it was enthusiastically received by the public.

In the last scene, when Mrs. Crouch was in the burning castle, the wind blew the flames close to her; but still she had sufficient fortitude not to move from her situation; seeing her in such peril I ran up the bridge, which was at a great height from the ground, towards the tower, in order to rescue her; just as I was quitting the platform, a carpenter, prematurely, took out one of its supporters, down I fell; and at the same moment the fiery tower, in which was Mrs. Crouch, sank down in a blaze, with a violent crash; she uttered a scream of terror. Providentially I was not hurt by the fall, and catching her in my arms, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I carried her to the front of the stage, a considerable distance from the place where we fell. The applause was loud and continued. In fact, had we rehearsed the scene as it happened, it could not have appeared half so natural, or produced half so great an effect. I always afterward carried her to the front of the stage, in a similar manner, and it never failed to produce great applause. Such are, at times, the effects of accident.

On that night Mr. Sheridan came to sup with us; and I told him I was lucky in not having broken my neck. He left us earlier than usual, to go to the Duchess of Devonshire's. The Duchess, who had been at the theatre, asked him if I was much hurt; to which (with his usual good-nature in making blunders for me) he replied, "Not in the least; I have just left him very well, and in good spirits; but he has been putting a very puzzling question to me which was, — 'Suppose, Mr. Sheridan, I had been killed by the fall, who would have maintained me for the rest of my life?'"

A SHORT PART.

On the 2d of July, a new musical piece was produced, entitled, "The Glorious First of June !" written by Mr. Cobb, for the benefit of the widows of the brave men who fell on that day. It was well suited to the purpose, and was a sequel to "No Song, no Supper ;" it was all got up in three days. Mr. Joseph Richardson wrote an elegant prologue on the occasion, which was spoken, with great feeling, by John Kemble ; the piece concluded with a grand sea-fight, and a sumptuous fête, in honor of our glorious victory. Storace and myself gave it some new songs ; but the music was chiefly old. I had to represent the character of Frederick ; and as I was so much employed in writing the music, I begged Mr. Sheridan (who wrote a good many speeches for it), to make as short a part for me, and with as little speaking in it as possible. He assured me he would.

In the scene in which I came on, to sing a song (written by Cobb), "When in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe !" there was a cottage in the distance, at which (the stage direction said) I was to look earnestly for a moment, or two ; and the line which I then had to speak was this : —

"There stands my Louisa's cottage ; she must be either in it or out of it."

The song began immediately, and not another word was there in the whole part. This sublime and solitary speech produced a loud laugh from the audience.

When the piece was over, Mr. Sheridan came into the greenroom, and complimented me on my quickness, and being so perfect in the part which he had taken so much pains to write for me ; which, he said, considering the short time I had to study it, was truly astonishing. He certainly had the laugh against me, and he did not spare me.

LIKE GARRICK.

There was a Mr. Wood in the company, a very great favorite, who was esteemed an excellent master of elocution, and a

very worthy man, but a great oddity. His great ambition was to do everything that Garrick used to do ; he rose at the same hour, shaved, breakfasted, and dined at the same hour ; ate and drank whatever he heard was Garrick's taste ; in short, nothing could please him more than to copy Garrick implicitly, and to be thought to do so.

I was walking with him one day ; and, knowing his weak point, assured him that King had often told me, that when Garrick was to perform any part to which he wished to give all his strength and energy, he used to prevail upon Mrs. Garrick to accompany him to his dressing-room at the theatre, and, for an hour before the play began, rub his head as hard as she could, with hot napkins, till she produced copious perspiration ; and the harder he was rubbed, and the more he was temporarily annoyed by it, the more animation he felt in acting. This (as I thought it) harmless joke of mine, turned out a matter of serious importance to poor Mrs. Wood ; for, a long time afterward, whenever he had to act, particularly in any new part, he actually made her go to his dressing-room, as I had suggested, and rub away, till *she* was ready to drop with fatigue, and *he* with the annoyance which her exertions produced. The effect of the process upon his performance, however, did not, by any means, keep pace with the labor.

ROBERT BADDELY.

On the 20th of November Drury Lane Theatre lost one of its greatest props in a particular walk of the drama, in poor Baddely. On the evening before his death, he was taken ill as he was dressing for the character of Moses in the "School for Scandal," which part was originally written for him. His Canton, in the "Clandestine Marriage," will ever be remembered with King's Lord Ogilby ; and in *Jews and Frenchmen* he was very good. He was a worthy man, although he was nicknamed "Old Vinegar," only from the excellent manner in which he acted a character of that name in O'Keeffe's farce of "The Son-in-Law." In his younger days, he had been a cook, and an excellent cook, to my knowledge, he was, and moreover

extremely proud of his skill in the culinary art. He had been cook to Foote, in whose service he imbibed a taste for the drama. He married a celebrated beauty, Miss Snow. He told me once, that when he was acting at the Haymarket, of which Foote was the proprietor, they had a quarrel, and Baddely challenged him to fight with swords. On receiving the challenge, Foote said, — "Hey! what! fight! Oh! the dog! So I have taken the spit from my kitchen-fire, and stuck it by his side; and now the fellow wants to stick *me* with it."

In his will, he left a twelfth-cake and wine for the performers of Drury Lane Theatre, of which they partake every Twelfth-night in the greenroom, and drink to the memory of the donor. He had a habit of smacking his lips always when speaking. In allusion to this, Charles Bannister said to him one day at the School of Garrick (when boasting of his culinary qualifications), "My dear Baddely, everybody must know that you have been a cook, for you always seem to be *tasting your words*."

KELLY'S ENGLISH.

About the middle of May, an opera was acted, at Drury Lane, in which I had to perform an Irish character. My friend Johnstone took great pains to instruct me in the brogue, but I did not feel quite up to the mark; and, after all, it seems my vernacular phraseology was not the most perfect; for, when the opera was over, Sheridan came into the greenroom, and said, — "Bravo! Kelly; very well, indeed; upon my honor, I never before heard *you speak such good English* in all my life." This sarcastic compliment produced much laughter from the performers who heard him.¹

¹ A similar criticism was made by the elder Colman, when he went to Ireland, chiefly to see the actors of the Dublin theatre. Among other plays, he saw there his own comedy of "The Jealous Wife." On being questioned by a friend, how he was pleased with the acting of it, he replied, — "Faith, I did not well understand what they were saying; for every man and woman in the play spoke with the most determined brogue, except the gentleman that acted Captain O'Cutter (the only Irish character in the piece) for *he* spoke the most pure and perfect English throughout the whole of the performance, without a vestige of the brogue."

DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

It was the fashion of the day for the subscribers to the Opera to attend the rehearsals ; among others, the late Duke of Queensberry was a constant attendant ; no weather kept him away — there he was, on the stage, muff and all. I had the pleasure, for many years, to be honored with his peculiar notice ; and have been frequently invited to his hospitable table, both in Piccadilly and at Richmond. In my intercourse with mankind, I never met his superior for worldly knowledge and acuteness ; he was a nobleman of polished manners, of the *vieille cour* ; he had his foibles, it is true ; but then, who has not ? On Tuesdays and Saturdays he had generally a large dinner party of the French nobility, who were obliged to seek shelter in this country, from the horrors of the revolution ; he was well aware that a French lady or gentleman is *au desespoir*, unless they can go to some spectacle ; and he used the following delicate mode of indulging them in their favorite amusement, knowing that they were too poor to indulge themselves, and too proud to accept of pecuniary assistance.

After coffee had been handed round, he used to ask “ who is going to the Italian Opera to-night ? I long to use my family privilege.” I was present one evening, when the Duchess de Pienne asked him what this privilege meant ? He said, it was that of writing admissions for the theatres to any amount he pleased, without entailing any expense. This was apparently a joyful hearing to the theatrical amateurs, and nine of the party went that evening to the Opera with his written admissions. He had previously made an arrangement with my worthy friend, Mr. Jewel, the Opera House treasurer, and also, as I understood, with other theatres, that his orders were always to be admitted, and the next morning sent to his steward, who had directions to pay the amount of the admissions which his Grace had sent in. This delicate manner of conferring a favor needs no comment.

I never saw in any country such comfortable dinners as those of his Grace ; at his side-board there was a person to

carve every joint, and he never had more than three dishes at a time on his table ; but all were hot and comfortable, and the viands the most *recherché*. His chief French cook, whom he denominated his *officier de bouche*, was a great artist, a real *ordon bleu*, who ought to have had, like Cardinal Wolsey's master-cook, a crimson velvet dress, with a collar and a gold chain. His wines too were of the most exquisite kind, for his Grace was a votary of Bacchus as well as Venus.

He was passionately fond of music, and an excellent judge of the art ; but his being very blind and very deaf, was certainly somewhat against him. A favorite propensity of his was, that of giving instructions in singing ; he was kind enough to offer Mrs. Billington and myself, to teach us the songs of Polly and Macheath, in the Beggar's Opera ; and, to humor him, we have often let him sing to us. It was extremely amusing to all parties, one person excepted, who always accompanied him on the piano-forte, and who lived in the house with him ; his name was Ireland ; but I always called him Job.

His Grace asked me one day to dine with him, *tête-à-tête* ; after dinner he told me he had formed a resolution never to have more than one guest at a time ; the reason he gave was, that he had grown so deaf that he could scarcely hear. "Had I," said he, "at table more than one person now, they would be talking one to the other, and I sitting by, not able to hear what they were talking about, which would be extremely provoking ; now if I have but one to dine with me, that one must either talk to *me*, or hold his tongue."

DUKE D'AGUILLON.

This season the Opera House was very attractive. I was stage manager ; Viotti, the celebrated violin player, was leader of the orchestra, and a masterly leader he was. He asked me one day to dine with him at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand, to meet three friends of his, who formed an economical little dinner-club, which they held there once a month. I went, and found his friends three of the greatest revolu-

tionists : Charles Lameth, who had been president of the National Assembly ; Dupont, the popular orator of that time, also a Member of the National Assembly, and who was the very person whom I had seen offer to hand the poor Queen of France out of her carriage, when brought prisoner back from Varennes, which she indignantly refused ; and the Duke D'Aguillon, one of the twelve peers of France, who in former days had an immense fortune, was a great patron of the arts, and so theatrical that he had a box in every theatre in Paris. He was particularly fond of music, and had been a scholar of Viotti. I passed a pleasant day with these *émigrés*, who were all men of high endowments and truly polished manners, nor did they seem at all depressed by change of circumstances : all was vivacity and good-humor.

The Duke sat next to me at dinner. I asked him if he had seen Drury Lane Theatre ; his reply was, I have seen the outside of it, but I am now too poor to go to theatres ; for did I indulge in my favorite amusement, I should not be enabled to have the pleasure of meeting you and my worthy friends at dinner to-day ; I cannot afford both.

I told him, that as manager of the Opera House, and musical director of Drury Lane Theatre, I should have great pleasure in giving him and his friends admissions nightly, for either of those theatres ; and that my box at the Opera House was at their service on the following Saturday, and I requested they would do me the honor to dine with me on that day, and afterward visit it. They favored me with their company, and much delighted they were : often and often afterward did they dine and sup with me. I introduced them to Mr. Sheridan and many of my friends. It was certainly, I thought, to be lamented, that men possessing such amiable manners, should, from strong republican principles, bring themselves into misfortune ; but I had nothing to do with their politics : I only saw the bright side of their characters, and felt a sincere pleasure, as far as lay in my power, in administering, in my little way, comfort to those who were laboring under so sad a reverse of fortune ; for, in this country, the French noblesse

would not associate with them. Even the Duke D'Aguillon, though one of the highest noblemen of France, was never received by the Duke of Queensberry, nor did he visit anywhere.

One morning he called on me, and said he had a favor to beg of me. I requested him to command my services: he said, "My dear Kelly, I am under many obligations for your repeated acts of kindness and hospitality to me and my friends; but still, though under a cloud, and laboring under misfortunes, I cannot forget that I am the Duke D'Aguillon, and *cannot stoop to borrow or beg from mortal*; but I confess I am nearly reduced to my last shilling, yet still I retain my health and spirits; formerly, when I was a great amateur, I was particularly partial to copying music; it was then a source of amusement to me. Now, my good friend, the favor I am about to ask, is, that, *sub rosa*, you will get me music to copy for your theatres, upon the same terms as you would give to any common copyist, who was a stranger to you. I am now used to privations, my wants are few; though accustomed to palaces, I can content myself with a single bedroom up two pair of stairs; and if you will grant my request, you will enable me to possess the high gratification of earning my morsel by the work of my hands."

I was moved almost to tears, by the application, and was at a loss what to answer, but thought of what Lear says,

"Take physic, pomp!"

and "to what man may be reduced." I told him I thought I could procure him as much copying as he could do, and he appeared quite delighted; and the next day I procured plenty for him. He rose by day-light to accomplish his task — was at work all day — and at night, full dressed, in the Opera House in the pit. While there, he felt himself Duke D'Aguillon; and no one ever suspected him to be a drudge in the morning, copying music for a shilling per sheet; and strange to say that his spirits never drooped: nine Englishmen out of ten under such circumstances would have destroyed themselves.

But the transitory peace of mind he enjoyed was not of long duration ; an order came from the Alien Office for him and his friends to leave England in two days ; they took an affectionate leave of me : the Duke went to Hamburg, and there was condemned to be shot. They told me that he died like a hero.

He had a favorite Danish dog, a beautiful animal, which he consigned to my protection, until, as he told me, he had an opportunity to send for him with safety. I pledged myself to take every care of him, and never shall I forget his parting with this faithful animal ; it seemed as if the last link which held him to society was breaking ; the dog had been the faithful companion of his prosperity — his adversity — he caressed, and shed a flood of tears on quitting him — the scene was grievous ; but I did not then think that I should never see the Duke more. I took every care of his poor dog — who, missing his kind master, after a little, refused *all nourishment*, and actually *pined and died*. Yet he survived the being who had fed and cherished him.

KEMBLE AS A PREACHER.

The theatre at Cheltenham was, at that time, under the management of its proprietor, the eccentric Watson, who was a fellow of infinite jest and humor, full of Thespian anecdotes, and perfectly master of the art of driving away loathed melancholy.

Many a hearty laugh have I had with him ; he was an Irishman, and had, although I say it who should not say it, all the natural wit of his country about him. He was of a very respectable family (Quakers) in Clonmell. In John Kemble's younger days, he was a near ally of his, and both belonged to a strolling company. They lived, or rather, by Watson's account, *starved together* ; at one time, in Gloucestershire, they were left penniless ; and after continued vicissitudes, Watson assured me, such was their distress, that at that time they were glad to get into a turnip-field, and make a meal of its produce uncooked ; and, he added, it was while regaling on

the raw vegetable, that they hit upon a scheme to recruit their finances ; and a lucky turn-up it turned out. It was neither more nor less than that John Kemble should turn Methodist preacher, and Watson perform the part of clerk.

Their scheme was organized ; and Tewkesbury was their first scene of action : they drew together, in a field, a numerous congregation, and Kemble preached with such piety, and so much effect, that, positively, a large collection rewarded his labors. This anecdote Kemble himself told me was perfectly true.

MR. JEFF.

We arrived at Plymouth, and put up at the Pope's Head. The theatre was then opened under the management of Mr. Jefferson, a good kind of man, who had formerly acted inferior parts with Mr. Garrick at Drury Lane, and was thought very like him. His eye was very expressive, and he was excessively proud to be considered like the great actor, of whom he spoke with enthusiasm. He was a martyr to gout, but a most entertaining man, and replete with anecdotes, which he told with peculiar humor.

Before he became proprietor of the Plymouth theatre, he was manager of a strolling company of comedians, who acted on shares. When they were at Penzance, in Cornwall, performing in a barn, and miserably off for audiences, a French dancer of the name of La Croix, who had come from St. Maloes to seek his fortune in Plymouth, finding the theatre there shut, and hearing of Monsieur Jefferson's company at Penzance, formed a resolution to pack up his very "little all," and *chassé* on foot to join them.

When he arrived at Penzance, he waited upon Mr. Jefferson, offered his services, and said, that he had no doubt he should draw crowded houses by the excellence of his performance ; for Monsieur La Croix, in his own opinion, was "*Le Dieu de la danse*." He was accordingly enrolled in the company on the usual terms, that is to say, that all should share and share alike. He made his appearance in a fine *pas seul* ; but unluckily, in one of his most graceful pirouettes, a very important

part of his drapery, either from its age or slowness, or from the wonderful exertion of its wearer, became suddenly rent in a most unmendable manner. Shouts of laughter and applause followed, which Monsieur La Croix imagined were given for his jumping, nor was the supposition at all unjustifiable, for the higher he jumped, the more he was applauded. At last some one behind the scenes called him off the stage, and he was so shocked at the mishap which had befallen him, that he could never be induced to appear again. But, in the sequel, when he came to receive the recompense of his exertions and exposure, the salvo of his shame amounted only to a few bits of candle ends, which he would not accept; he said he was a French artiste, and not a Russian, and therefore could not be expected to live on candles, and that Monsieur *Jeff* (as he called the manager) had imposed upon him with false pretenses. The poor fellow made his way to Totness, where, as, I heard, he got some scholars; but nothing would induce him to hear *Mr. Jeff*, or his tallow provender, ever spoken of again.

THE FIRST MRS. SHERIDAN.

The Linley family were all most highly gifted — nature and art combined did everything for them. I remember once having the satisfaction of singing a duet with Mrs. Sheridan (William Linley's sister) at her house in Bruton Street; her voice, taste, and judgment united to make her the *rara avis* of her day.

The last time I beheld her heavenly countenance was at Bristol Hot Wells, where she went for the benefit of her health, having been attacked with a severe pulmonary complaint, which baffled every effort of art to overcome it. She was, indeed, what John Wilkes said of her, the most beautiful flower that ever grew in Nature's garden: she breathed her last in the year 1792, in the thirty-eighth year of her age; and was buried by the side of her sister Mrs. Tickell, in the cathedral church of Wells.

Her mother, a kind friendly woman, and in her youth reckoned beautiful, was a native of Wells. Miss Maria Linley,

her sister, a delightful singer, died of brain fever, in her grandfather's house at Bath. After one of the severest paroxysms of the dreadful complaint, she suddenly rose up in her bed, and began the song of, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in as full and clear a tone as when in perfect health. This extraordinary circumstance may be depended upon, as my friend, Mr. William Linley, her brother, stated the fact to me a short time since.

I never beheld more poignant grief than Mr. Sheridan felt for the loss of his beloved wife ; and although the world, which knew him only as a public man, will perhaps scarcely credit the fact, I have seen him, night after night, sit and cry like a child, while I sang to him, at his desire, a pathetic little song of my composition, "They bore her to her grassy grave."

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

It was in this year that Mr. Cumberland, the author, promised my friend, Jack Bannister, to write a comedy for his benefit, which was to be interspersed with songs for Mrs. Jordan, which he wished me to compose. He was good enough to give Bannister and myself an invitation to spend a few days with him at his house at Tunbridge Wells, in order that he might read his comedy to us ; and as we were both interested in its success, we accepted his invitation ; but fearing that we might not find our residence with him quite so pleasant as we wished, we agreed, previously to leaving town, that Mrs. Crouch should write me a letter, stating that Mr. Taylor requested me to return to London immediately, about some opera concerns ; by which measure we could take our departure without giving offense to our host, if we did not like our quarters, or remain with him if we did.

Jack Bannister rode down on horseback, and I mounted the top of the Tunbridge coach. Seated on the roof were two very pretty girls, and two livery servants ; this party I soon discovered were on the establishment of the Duchess of Leinster, following her Grace to Tunbridge Wells, whither she had gone the day before. While ascending Morant's Court Hill,

we overtook Bannister on horseback, who called out to me, "What, Michael! who would have expected to see you on the top of the stage? I hope you have brought your curling irons with you; I shall want my hair dressed before dinner; come to me to the Sussex Hotel. Tunbridge Wells is very full, and, I dare say, you will get plenty of custom, both as a shaver and dresser."

At the conclusion of this harangue, he bade me good day, put spurs to his horse, and rode away.

I resolved to follow up the joke; and when the coach stopped at Seven Oaks, I sat down to dinner (my luncheon) with the servants, in the room allotted to outside passengers. We grew quite familiar; the lady's maid and the two footmen promised me their protection, and declared that they would do everything in their power to get me custom; although they could not invite me to call and see them at the Duchess's house, because nothing but the most rigid stinginess was practiced there. "I suppose," said I, "you can give one a glass of ale now and then!"

"Ale," said one of the footmen, "bless your heart, we never have ale, never see such a thing,—nothing but small beer, I assure you."

Until we arrived at our journey's end, the abigails and knights of the shoulder-knot kept entertaining me with anecdotes of the family, which were not very flattering, I confess, but which I believe to have been false, having had for many years the pleasure of knowing her Grace, the Duchess, and Mr. Ogilvie her husband.

On our parting where the coach set us down, we all vowed eternal friendship, and I got to Mr. Cumberland's in time for dinner. The party consisted of myself, Bannister, Mrs. Cumberland, an agreeable well-informed old lady, and our host who, by the bye, during dinner, called his wife mamma. We passed a pleasant evening enough, but wine was scarce; however, what we had was excellent, and what was wanting in beverage, was amply supplied in converse sweet, and the delights of hearing the reading, a five-act comedy.

Five acts of a play, read by its author after *tea*, are at any time opiates of the most determined nature, even if one has risen late and moved little ; but with such a predisposition to somnolency as I found the drive, the dust, the sun, the air, the dinner, and a little sensible conversation had induced, what was to be expected ? Long before the end of the second act I was fast as a church — a slight tendency to snoring, rendered this misfortune more appalling than it otherwise would have been : and the numberless kicks which I received under the table from Bannister, served only to vary, by fits and starts, the melody with which nature chose to accompany my slumbers.

When it is recollected that our host and reader had served Sheridan as a model for Sir Fretful, it may be supposed that he was somewhat irritated by my inexcusable surrender of myself : but no ; he closed his proceedings and his manuscript at the end of the second act, and we adjourned to a rational supper upon a cold mutton bone, and dissipated in two tumblers of weak red wine and water.

When the repast ended, the bard conducted us to our bedrooms : the apartment in which I was to sleep was his study ; he paid me the compliment to say he had a little tent-bed put up there, which he always appropriated to his favorite guest. "The book-case at the side," he added, "was filled with his own writings."

I bowed, and said, "I dare say, sir, I shall sleep very soundly."

"Ah ! very good," said he ; "I understand you, — a hit, sir, a palpable hit ; you mean being so close to my writings, they will act as a soporific. You are a good soul, Mr. Kelly, but a very drowsy one — God bless you — you are a kind creature, to come into the country to listen to my nonsense — *buonas noches* ! as we say in Spain — good-night ! I hope it will be fine weather for you to walk about in the morning ; for I think, with Lord Falkland, who said he pitied unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day — umph — good-night, God bless you, — you are so kind."

I could plainly perceive that the old gentleman was not overpleased, but I really had no intention of giving him offense. He was allowed, however, to be one of the most sensitive of men when his own writings were spoken of; and, moreover, reckoned envious in the highest degree.

He had an inveterate dislike to Mr. Sheridan, and would not allow him the praise of a good dramatic writer; which, considering the ridicule Sheridan had heaped upon him in "The Critic," is not so surprising. That piece was wormwood to him: he was also very sore of what Sheridan had said of him before he drew his portrait in that character.

The anecdote Mr. Sheridan told me. When the "School for Scandal" came out, Cumberland's children prevailed upon their father to take them to see it; they had the stage-box—their father was seated behind them; and, as the story was told by a gentleman, a friend of Mr. Sheridan's, who was close by, every time the children laughed at what was going on on the stage, he pinched them, and said, "What are you laughing at, my dear little folks? you should not laugh, my angels; there is nothing to laugh at?"—and then in an undertone, "Keep still, you little dunces."

Sheridan having been told of this, said, "It was very ungrateful in Cumberland to have been displeased with his poor children for laughing at *my comedy*; for I went the other night to see *his tragedy*, and laughed at it from beginning to end."

But with all the irritability which so frequently belongs to dramatists, Mr. Cumberland was a perfect gentleman in his manners, and a good classical scholar. I was walking with him on the pantiles one morning, and took the opportunity of telling him (which was the truth) that his dramatic works were in great request at Vienna; and that his "West Indian" and "Brothers," particularly, were first-rate favorites; this pleased the old man so much, that (I flattered myself) it made him forget my drowsy propensities.

He took me up to the top of Mount Ephraim, where we met the Duchess of Leinster and a lady walking; she had just

got out of her carriage, and the two identical footmen who had been on the stage coach with me, were walking behind her. She stopped to speak to Mr. Cumberland; and never shall I forget the countenance of the servants, when her Grace said, "Mr. Kelly, I am glad to see you; have you been long here?"

I replied, "No, madam, only two days."

"Did you come down alone?" said the Duchess.

"Not entirely," said I; "I came down on the coach, and, I assure you, met with some very pleasant chatty companions, who amused me very much, by a variety of anecdotes about themselves, and their masters and mistresses." While I was saying this, I kept looking at my two sworn friends, the footmen, who seemed struck with wonder and surprise.

"Well," said the Duchess, "I hope this place will agree with you."

I said, "I fear not, for I am extremely partial to malt liquor, and I am told, that it is execrable here; and that in the very first houses, one meets with nothing but bad small beer." I again looked at my friends, and I am sure they wished me at Jericho: for it was evident, by their countenances, that they were afraid I should betray their confidence, and they seemed quite relieved when they saw me make my bow and walk away.

A letter arrived the next morning, as we had planned, which called me to London; we informed our host, that we were obliged to quit his hospitable roof, early the following day. "My children," said he, "I regret that you must leave your old bard, but business must be attended to, and this is the last day I am to have the pleasure of your company, when you return from your evening rambles on the pantiles, I will give you what I call a treat."

After dinner, Bannister and myself went to the library. "What," said I to Bannister, "can be the treat Cumberland has promised us to-night? I suppose he took notice of your saying at dinner, that your favorite meal was supper, and he intends, as we are going away to-morrow morning, to give us

some little delicacies." Bannister professed entire ignorance, and some doubt ; and on our return from our walk, we found Cumberland in his parlor, waiting for us. As I had anticipated, the cloth was laid for supper, and in the middle of the table was a large dish with a cover on it.

When we were seated, with appetites keen, and eyes fixed upon the mysterious dainty, our host, after some preparation, desired a servant to remove the cover, and on the dish lay another manuscript play. "There, my boys," said he, "there is the treat which I promised you ; that, sirs, is my *Tiberius*, in five acts ; and after we have had our sandwich and wine and water, I will read you every word of it. I am not vain, but I do think it by far the best play I ever wrote, and I think you'll say so."

The threat itself was horrible ; the Reading sauce was ill suited to the light supper, and neither poppy nor Mandragore, nor even the play of the preceding evening, would have been half so bad as his *Tiberius* ; but will the reader believe that it was no joke, but all in earnest, and that he actually fulfilled his horrid promise, and read the three first acts ? but seeing violent symptoms of our old complaint coming over us, he proposed that we should go to bed, and in the morning that he should treat us before we started, by reading the fourth and fifth acts ; but we saved him the trouble, for we were off before he was out of his bed. Such are the perils and hair-breadth 'scapes which attend the guests of dramatists who live in the country.

MATHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Mr. Lewis, the author of "*The Castle Spectre*," though eccentric, had a great deal of genius. I knew him well, and have passed many pleasant hours in his society. I composed his operas of "*Adelmorn the Outlaw* ;" "*The Wood Dæmon* ;" "*Venoni* ;" "*Adelgitha* ;" all for Drury Lane ; and a romantic drama, which he never brought forward, called "*Zoroaster*." The last I composed was "*One o'Clock*," produced at the Lyceum. Of all his dramas the "*Castle Spec-*

tre" was his favorite, perhaps from its having been the most attractive and popular; and yet it has been said, it was the indirect cause of his death.

After his father's decease he went to Jamaica, to visit his large estates. When there, for the amusement of his slaves, he caused his favorite drama, "The Castle Spectre," to be performed; they were delighted, but of all parts which struck them, that which delighted them most was the character of Hassan, the black. He used indiscreetly to mix with these people in the hours of recreation, and seemed, from his mistaken urbanity and ill-judged condescension, to be their very idol. Presuming on indulgence, which they were not prepared to feel or appreciate, they petitioned him to emancipate them. He told them, that during his life-time it could not be done, but gave them a solemn promise, that at his *death*, they should have their freedom. Alas! it was a fatal promise for him, for on the passage homeward he died; it has been said, by poison, administered by three of his favorite black brethren, whom he was bringing to England to make free British subjects of and who, thinking that by killing their master they should gain their promised liberty, in return for all his liberal treatment, put an end to his existence at the first favorable opportunity.

This anecdote I received from a gentleman, who was at Jamaica when Mr. Lewis sailed for England, and I relate it as I heard it, without pledging myself to its entire authenticity.

It is, however, notorious that he died at sea; and it has often been remarked, that the death of a person so well-known in the circles of literature and fashion, as he was, never created so slight a sensation. This evidently arose from circumstances which had removed him from the immediate *world* with which he had been accustomed to mix; and having been already absent from it for a length of time, his departure from the *general* world was neither felt nor commented upon.

I once received a command from his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, to compose a simple English ballad for him;

and I had his gracious permission to publish it, as composed for his Royal Highness, and dedicate it to him. I applied to my friend Lewis to write me one, which he did. The song was very popular, and sung by Incledon, at Covent Garden Theatre. The last verse was so applicable to the fate of its author, that I cannot resist giving the words.

TO-MORROW,

A Ballad, written by M. G. Lewis, Esq., and composed by Michael Kelly, expressly for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

I.

A bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on shore,
All lost — save my spirit and honor;
No choice being left, but to take to the oar,
I engaged in the *Mars*, Captain Connor.
But the winds call me some few words to say,
To Polly these moments I borrow,
For surely she grieves I leave her to-day,
And must sail on the salt seas to-morrow.

II.

Nay, weep not, though Fortune her smile now denies,
Time may soften the gypsy's displeasure,
Perhaps she may throw in my way some rich prize,
And send me home loaded with treasure.
If so lucky, Oh! doubt not, without more delay,
Will I hasten to banish your sorrow,
And bring back a heart that adores you to-day,
And will love you as dearly to-morrow.

III.

But, ah! the fond hope may prove fruitless and vain,
Which my bosom now ventures to cherish,
In some perilous fight — I may haply be slain,
Or, o'erwhelmed, in the ocean may perish.
Should such be the fate of poor Tom, deign to pay
To his loss a fit tribute of sorrow,
And sometimes remember our parting to-day,
Should a wave be his coffin to-morrow.

Mr. Lewis had many advantages as an author; he was a good German, understood Spanish, and was perfect master of French and Italian.

"BLUE BEARD."

After the success of the "Castle Spectre," I determined to endeavor to get the French programme of "Blue Beard" (which I had brought from Paris) dramatized. I accordingly called upon my valued friend, George Colman, and told him that I had brought him the outline of a French romance, which, I believed, if he would undertake to write it, would prove highly successful: I told him, moreover, that my object was to endeavor to establish my name as a composer, by furnishing the music for it; that I was perfectly sure a week's work would accomplish the literary part of the two acts, for which I would give him a couple of hundred pounds.

After having discussed the subject, and two bottles of wine, the witty dramatist agreed to my terms, and I promised to accompany him to his country house, and remain with him for a week; I did so, and before the week was ended, the piece was complete, and those who have seen it—and who has not? will bear testimony to the admirable manner in which he executed his task.

The drama was immediately accepted at Drury Lane; orders were issued to the machinists, painters, and decorators to bring it forward with the greatest possible splendor and magnificence; and it must be admitted, that nothing could exceed its brilliancy; the music, which fortunately became extremely popular, I composed, with the exception of two selected pieces, and the success of the whole was beyond expectation and precedent. It may be worth noticing, that the Blue Beard, who rode the elephant, in perspective, over the mountains, was little Edmund Kean, who, at that time, little thought he should become a first-class actor.

The 16th January, 1798, was the first night of its production. From the bungling of the carpenters, and the machinery going all wrong, at one time, as it drew near the conclusion, I gave it up as lost: but never shall I forget the relief I experienced when Miss Decamp sang, "I see them galloping! I see them galloping!" She gave it with such irresistible

force of expression, as to call from the audience loud and continued shouts of applause.

At the end of the piece, when Blue Beard is slain by Selim, a most ludicrous scene took place. Where Blue Beard sinks under the stage, a skeleton rises, which, when seen by the audience, was to sink down again; but not one inch would the said skeleton move. I, who had just been killing Blue Beard, totally forgetting where I was, ran up with my drawn sabre, and pummeled the poor skeleton's head with all my might, vociferating until he disappeared, loud enough to be heard by the whole house, "D—n you! d—n you! why don't you go down?" the audience were in roars of laughter at this ridiculous scene, but good-naturedly appeared to enter into the feelings of an infuriated composer.

The next day the piece was much curtailed; the scenery and machinery were quite perfect; and, on its next representation, it was received with the most unqualified approbation by overflowing houses, and has kept its standing for six-and-twenty years. The music had an unparalleled sale, but I could not escape the shafts of envy and malice. The professional, would-be theatrical composers, the music-sellers, and their friends, gave out that the music was not mine, and that I had stolen it from other composers. But I laughed them to scorn; conscious that I never even selected a piece from any composer to which, when I printed it, I did not affix his name; always bearing in mind, what Colley Cibber tells us of himself—that when he produced his first comedy, which was successful, of "Love's Last Shift," his enemies gave out that it was not his own; Cibber said, if they knew the person to to whom it really belonged, he had been true to his trusts, for he had never yet revealed the secret. The Italian proverb was ever present to my mind, which says, —

Lasciate gli dire, pure che
Lasciamo fare.

In English,—

Let them go on saying,
So they let me go on doing.¹

¹ The second Act of *Blue Beard* opened with a view of the Spahi's horses at a

In the grand march, where Blue Beard comes over the mountain, there was to be a military band. I was not sufficiently conversant with wind instruments, and therefore I went to Mr. Eley, a German, and master of the band of the Guards. I took my melody to him, and he put the parts to it most delightfully. A considerable bet was made, that the melody was *his*, and not *mine*; to decide the wager, and put the matter at rest, I was induced, after twenty-two years had elapsed, to write to Mr. Eley, and received his answer, a copy of which I insert:—

July 18, 1821.

48 FRITH STREET, SOHO.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter concerning the march in "Blue Beard," of which you gave to me the melody, to put part for the orchestra wind instruments, to which I added some part to finish the trio, and to lead into the next chorus. I wrote this score in the music room at Covent Garden Theatre, during the acts of the play, which several of the orchestra did see, and concluded it was my melody; though I assured them it was not; from whence this error has arose.

I remain, dear sir,

Most truly yours,

R. T. ELEY.

WILLIAM SPENCER.

On the 22d January, 1802, at Drury Lane Theatre, the Honorable William Spencer produced a musical afterpiece, entitled, "Urania." The music of it was the joint production of his brother, the Honorable John Spencer, and myself. I felt much honored and flattered by the association. Mr. Spencer,

distance; these horses were admirably made of pasteboard, and answered every purpose for which they were wanted. One morning, Mr. Sheridan, John Kemble, and myself, went to the property-room of Drury Lane Theatre, and there found Johnston, the able and ingenious machinist, at work upon the horses, and on the point of beginning the elephant which was to carry Blue Beard. Mr. Sheridan said to Johnston, "Don't you think, Johnston, you had better go to Pidcock's, at Exeter Change, and hire an elephant for a number of nights?" "Not I, sir," replied the enthusiastic machinist; "if I cannot make a better elephant than that at Exeter Change, I deserve to be hanged."

who was a scientific writer and a sound musician, composed some very good music for it. I had the pleasure of being known to him at Vienna, when on his travels. It is by his tasteful selection, I understand, that the chacone of Jomelli (which I selected for the appearance of the Ghost in "The Castle Spectre") was first introduced by him into our churches, and known in all of them by the title of "The Sanctus of Jomelli."

The dialogue in "Urania" was classically beautiful, as well as the poetry. There was one song in it sung by Mrs. Bland (which was a great favorite), entitled, "Nature with swiftness armed the horse;" a liberal translation from Anacreon, written with true poetic taste, to which I composed the music. The scene of Urania's descent was entirely new to the English stage, and produced an extraordinary effect. The piece was received with uncommon applause.

I formerly had the pleasure of being often in the society of Mr. William Spencer, at his own house, and of meeting him at that of my friend Mr. William Maddocks. Both these gentlemen were lovers of the stage, encouragers and judges of the drama, and of the chosen few who knew the value of it, under judicious regulations. Mr. William Maddocks possessed a large fund of wit and humor, and wrote a farce for a private theatre to which he belonged, which possessed much merit.

I often regretted that Mr. William Spencer did not continue to write for the stage. His knowledge of various languages, particularly German, would have furnished him with many good subjects. He is also perfect master of Italian, and well versed in all the poets of that enchanting language.

"NO MONEY IN DE BOX."

On the 28th March Mrs. Billington performed "Merope" at the Opera House, for Banti's benefit, who, on this occasion, appeared for the first time in male attire. Curiosity was on tip-toe to hear these two great singers in the same opera, and the performance drew an overflowing house. The worthy Signor Zacharia Banti, to be sure of laying hold of the money,

had the pit door barricadoed, and posted himself there, with some of his friends. An immense crowd had collected at the doors before the usual time of admission ; and on their being opened, the rush was so great, that smash went the barricado, which, together with the cautious Signor Banti, was carried forward, money-boxes and all, in the van of the crowd to the very extremity of the pit.

Recovering himself, and getting on his legs, he gazed around him, and in disappointed anguish, exclaimed, "O Santa Maria ! de pit full ! de gallery full ! all full — and no money in de box ! What will my Brigada — my angel wife say, when I shall have nothing in my box for her ?"

KELLY'S INCOME.

My next musical production at Drury Lane, was "Cinderella ; or the Glass Slipper." The piece was written by a Mr. James ; the story was well told in action, and the poetry of the songs appropriate. I was rather fortunate in composing the music. The scenery, machinery, and decorations, were profusely splendid ; and nothing could surpass the fine acting of Miss Decamp as Cinderella. It was produced in January, 1804, and performed, during its first season, fifty-one nights.

In the midst of all the *éclat* and success of this season I had returned my income to the Commissioners of Income Tax, at 500*l.* per annum, which, it appeared, they did not think a sufficient return, and sent me a summons to appear before them on their next day of meeting. In consequence of receiving this, I consulted a kind friend, who was my counselor on all occasions, who advised me, if I felt myself justified by the truth, to adhere firmly to the amount which I had at first fixed. He promised to accompany me, which he did, and was witness to the following conversation between the commissioners and myself.

"So, Mr. Kelly," said one of the men of authority, "you have returned your income to us, at 500*l.* per annum : you must have a very mean opinion of our understandings, sir, to think that you could induce us to receive such a return, when

we are aware that your income, from your various professional engagements, must amount to twice or three times that sum."

"Sir," said I, "I am free to confess I have erred in my return; but vanity was the cause, and vanity is the badge of all my tribe. I have returned myself as having 500*l.* per annum, when in fact, I have not five hundred pence of certain income."

"Pray, sir," said the commissioner, "are you not stage manager of the Opera House?"

"Yes sir," said I; "but there is not even a nominal salary attached to that office; I perform its duties to gratify my love of music."

"Well, but, Mr. Kelly," continued my examiner, "you teach?"

"I do sir," answered I; "but I have no pupils."

"I think," observed another gentleman, who had not spoken before, "that you are an oratorio and concert singer?"

"You are quite right," said I to my new antagonist; "but I have no engagement."

"Well, but at all events," observed my first inquisitor, "you have a very good salary at Drury Lane."

"A very good one, indeed, sir," answered I; "but then it is never paid."

"But you have always a fine benefit, sir," said the other, who seemed to know something of theatricals.

"Always, sir," was my reply, "but the expenses attending it are very great, and whatever profit remains after defraying them, is mortgaged to liquidate debts incurred by building my saloon. The fact is, sir, I am at present very like St. George's Hospital, supported by voluntary contributions and have even less certain income, than I felt sufficiently vain to return."

This unaffected *exposé* made the commissioners laugh, and the affair ended by their receiving my return. The story is not very dissimilar to one told of the celebrated Horne Tooke, who, having returned to some commissioners under the same act his income at two hundred pounds per annum,

was questioned much in the same manner as myself ; till at last one of the inquisitors said : —

"Mr. Horne Tooke, you are trifling with us sadly ; we are aware of the manner in which you live, the servants you keep, the style you maintain ; this cannot be done for five times the amount you have returned. What other resources have you."

"Sir," said Horne Tooke, "I have, as I have said, only two hundred pounds a year ; whatever else I get, I beg, borrow, or steal ; and it is a perfect matter of indifference to me to which of those three sources you attribute my surplus income." And thus ended the examination.

HARD ON DIGNUM.

On the 5th December of this year, Mr. Reynolds, the prolific dramatist, produced a musical afterpiece at Drury Lane, entitled, "The Caravan ; or the Driver and his Dog." There was some pretty music in it, composed by Reeve, and it had a very great run, and brought much money to the treasury. The chief attraction of the piece was a dog called Carlo ; and when he leaped into some real water and saved a child, the most unbounded tumult of applause followed. It was truly astonishing how the animal could have been so well trained to act his important character.

One day Mr. Sheridan having dined with me, we went to see the performance of his wonderful dog : as we entered the greenroom, Dignum (who played in the piece) said to Mr. Sheridan, with a woeful countenance, "Sir, there is no guarding against illness, it is truly lamentable to stop the run of a successful piece like this ; but really" — "Really what ?" cried Sheridan, interrupting him.

"I am so unwell," continued Dignum, "that I cannot go on longer than to-night."

"You !" exclaimed Sheridan, "my good fellow, you terrified me ; I thought you were going to say that the dog was taken ill."

Poor Dignum did not relish this reply half so much as the rest of the company in the greenroom did.

THE INTELLIGENT CLAQUERS.

One of those whimsical errors, which in *my* countrymen are called blunders, occurred on the first representation of "The Hunter of the Alps," which is sufficiently whimsical to be recorded here.

It was rumored (why, it would be difficult to say) that a party had been made to oppose the piece at its production; and I told the circumstance to an intimate friend, an Irish gentleman, who took fire at the bare mention of such under-handed treachery. "Just give me," said he, "half a dozen orders, and I'll send in a few regular Garry Owen boys, who shall take their shillalahs under their arms; and we'll see who'll be after trying to hiss your music."

I accordingly furnished him with the necessary passports; and, being quite aware of the presence of my adherents, sat in perfect security during the performance, although it must be confessed I occasionally heard the discordant whizzings of hisses; however, the applause predominated, and the piece was entirely successful.

After quitting the theatre, I had some friends to sup with me in Pall Mall, and among them, the author of the piece. We were enjoying ourselves with all sorts of merriment, when in bolted my Hibernian supporter, who, as he entered the room, vociferated exultingly.

"Here we are, Mic, here we are! We are the boys! We did it, Mic! Oh, sir, the music is movingly beautiful, and when the fellow in green howled about the Hill of Howth (a hunting chorus, "Hilloa ho!") we made no small noise. Beautiful indeed was the tune: but as for the play—may I never stir if ever I saw such stuff and botheration; by my honor and soul, I think nobody hissed the speaking part half so much as we did."

It never entered the head of my exclusive friend, that the success of the piece and of the music were identified; on the contrary, he thought the effect of contrast would heighten the personal compliment to me. The author, whom he had never

seen, and who was present, bore the explanation of this discernment with very good humor; and we washed down the subject in copious draughts of that universal panacea, whiskey punch.

TOBIN'S "HONEY-MOON."

On the 31st January, 1805, Tobin's popular and successful play of the "Honey-moon" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre. It had lain for several seasons on the shelf, and would have remained there had not Wroughton, who was then stage manager of Drury Lane (having nothing in the shape of a new comedy to produce), rummaged the prompter's room, where many other plays lay neglected — it may be, never looked at. Luckily, one of the first that came to hand was "The Honey-moon," which Wroughton took home to read, and on his own judgment and at his own risk, had it copied, cast, and put into rehearsal. Thus did chance bring to light one of the most popular comedies that had been produced for many years.

It was finely performed in all its parts, particularly the Duke by Elliston, Juliana by Miss Duncan, and Jaques by young Collins, who was a true disciple of Nature, and, in my opinion, had not death cut short his career, would have been an ornament to the stage. There was a country dance at the close of the fourth act, in which Elliston and Miss Duncan displayed such grace and agility, that it was always encored. There were also two songs, one sung by Miss Duncan, and the other by Miss Decamp, both composed by me.

Poor Tobin had not the satisfaction to see his play performed. Before it was produced he took a voyage to the Mediterranean, in hopes that change of climate and sea air would restore his health, which was very delicate, but death struck him in the flower of his youth.

I had the pleasure of being well acquainted with him, and was introduced to him by one of his dearest friends, the late Miss Pope, the admirable actress of Drury Lane, who wished very much that we should write an opera together, which we had agreed to do. Many and many a time have I accom-

panied him to Mr. Joseph Richardson's house in Argyll Street, to get back his comedy of "The Honey-moon" from Drury Lane; but he never succeeded even in obtaining a glimpse of it: excuse upon excuse was made for not restoring it; and no wonder, for, in fact they were ignorant that it was in their possession; and after repeated calls, waiting jobs, and denials, the unfortunate and disappointed author gave up the piece as lost.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

The same season, in conjunction with Attwood, I composed for Covent Garden an operatic play called "Adrian and Orrila." Cooke played the part of the Prince in it, and the very deuce he liked to have played with it; for, on the morning of the day on which the piece was to be performed, he came to rehearsal so intoxicated that he could scarcely stand. Both the author and myself were on the stage alarmed, as may well be imagined, for the fate of a play, the principal serious character of which was to be performed by a man dead drunk.

We were determined not to let our play be acted. Mr. Kemble, on the contrary (who then was stage manager, as well as co-proprietor with Mr. Harris), insisted that the play should be done, at all risks. Mr. Harris was sent for to decide. In the interim, Cooke was pouring out a volley of abuse against Kemble, calling him, "Black Jack," etc., all which Kemble bore with Christian patience, and without any reply. At length Mr. Harris, with his faithful ally on all emergencies, the late James Brandon, the box book-keeper, on seeing Cooke's situation, decided that the play should not be performed on that night; but that Kemble should make an apology to the audience, on the plea of Cooke's sudden indisposition; which Kemble refused to do. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

Harris declared he would have the play changed. Kemble, on the contrary, was as peremptory to have it performed, and vowed that if it were changed, under the pretense of Cooke's indisposition, he would go forward to the audience, and inform them of the true cause of their disappointment.

Harris said, "Mr. Kemble, don't talk to me in this manner. I am chief proprietor here, and will have whatever orders I give, obeyed."

I shall always remember Kemble's countenance, when, with the greatest calmness, he replied : —

"Sir, you are a proprietor — so am I. I borrowed a sum of money to come into this property. How am I to repay those who lent me that money, if you, from ill-placed lenity towards an individual who is repeatedly from intoxication disappointing the public, choose to risk the dilapidation of the theatre, and thereby cause my ruin ? By Heavens, I swear the play shall be acted."

Words were getting to a very high pitch, when Brandon coaxed Cooke into his house, put him to bed, and applied napkins, steeped in cold water, to his head in the hopes of sobering him. He slept from twelve till five o'clock, when he took some very strong coffee, which brought him to his senses, and he consented to play the part ; and considering all circumstances, I was struck with astonishment to see how finely he acted it. To be sure, he had nearly made one trifling omission, namely, cutting out the whole plot of the piece. And had it not been for the promptness and presence of mind of the then Miss Smith (the present Mrs. Bartley), who played the character (and finely she did play it), of Madame Clermont, he would have succeeded in doing so. "Oh ! that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains !"

No man, when sober, was better conducted, or possessed more affability of manners, blended with sound sense and good nature, than Cooke ; he had a fine memory, and was extremely well informed. I asked him, when he was acting at Brighton one day, to dine with me and Mrs. Crouch ; and we were delighted with his conversation and gentleman-like deportment. He took his wine cheerfully ; and as he was going away, I urged him to have another bottle ; his reply was, "Not one drop more. I have taken as much as I ought to take ; I have passed a delightful evening, and should I drink any more wine, I might prove a disagreeable companion, therefore, good-

night ; " and away he went. Nor could I then prevail upon him to stop.

In the memorable time of the O. P. riot, some of the actors belonging to Covent Garden seemed to enjoy the disagreeable situation in which Kemble, as manager, stood. I was one night in Covent Garden Theatre, when one of them absolutely and roundly asserted, that Kemble was but an indifferent actor. Cooke was in the greenroom at the time, and I said, "What do you think of the assertions of those gentlemen, Mr. Cooke ; do you think Kemble an indifferent actor ?"

"No, sir," he replied ; "I think him a very great one, and those who say the contrary are envious men, and not worthy, as actors, to wipe his shoes." It gave me unspeakable pleasure, to hear him give so liberal an opinion of my esteemed friend, even though the expression of it was somewhat of the coarsest.

LEONARD MACNALLY.

I went one day to dine with my witty countryman, Curran, the Master of the Rolls, at his pretty place at Rathfarnham. Among his guests was Counselor MacNally, the author of the opera of "Robin Hood." I passed a delightful day there. Many pleasant stories were told after dinner ; among others, one of MacNally's, to prove the predilection which some of our countrymen formerly had for getting into scrapes when they first arrived in London.

The night his opera of "Robin Hood" was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, a young Irish friend of his, on his first visit to London, was seated on the second seat in the front boxes ; on the front row were two gentlemen, who, at the close of the first act, were saying how much they liked the opera, and that it did great credit to Mrs. Cowley, who wrote it. On hearing this, my Irish friend got up, and tapping one of them on the shoulder said to him : —

"Sir, you say that this opera was written by Mrs. Cowley ; now, I say it was not : this opera was written by Leonard MacNally, Esq., Barrister at Law, of No. 5 Pump Court, in the Temple. Do you take my word for it, sir ?"

"Most certainly, sir," replied the astonished gentleman ; "and I feel very much obliged for the information you have so politely given me."

"Umph ! very well, sir," said he, and sat down.

At the end of the second act, he got up, and again accosted the same gentleman, saying, "sir, upon your honor as a gentleman, are you in your own mind perfectly satisfied that Leonard MacNally, Esq., Barrister at Law, of No. 5 Pump Court, in the Temple, has actually written this opera, and not Mrs. Cowley ?"

"Most perfectly persuaded of it, sir," said the gentleman, bowing.

"Then, sir," said the young Irishman, "I wish you a good-night ;" but just as he was leaving the box, he turned to the gentleman whom he had been addressing, and said, —

"Pray, sir, permit me to ask, is your friend there convinced, that this opera was written by Mr. MacNally, Barrister at Law, of No. 5 Pump Court, in the Temple ?"

"Decidedly, sir," was the reply ; "we are both fully convinced of the correctness of your statement."

"Oh, then, if that is the case, I have nothing more to say," said the Hibernian, "except that if you had not both assured me you were so, neither of you should be sitting quite so easy on your seats as you do now."

After this parting observation, he withdrew, and did not return to the box.

I have often heard it said, that Irishmen are generally prone to be troublesome and quarrelsome. Having, in the different countries I have visited, had the pleasure of mixing much with them, I can aver, from experience, that the contrary is the case, and that, generally speaking, they are far from being either the one or the other ; and if they find that an affront is not intended, no nation in the universe will join more freely in the laugh, if even against themselves. I will take leave to quote an example, — *Curran versus MacNally* : —

MacNally was very lame ; and when walking, had an unfortunate limp, which he could not bear to be told of. At the

time of the rebellion, he was seized with a military ardor; and when the different volunteer corps were forming in Dublin, that of the lawyers was organized. Meeting with Curran, MacNally said, "My dear friend, these are not times for a man to be idle; I am determined to enter the Lawyers' Corps, and follow the camp."

"You follow the camp, my little limb of the law?" said the wit, "tut, tut, renounce the idea; you never can be a disciplinarian."

"And why not, Mr. Curran?" said MacNally.

"For this reason," said Curran; "the moment you were ordered to march, you would *halt*."

CAPTAIN O'REILLY.

Walking on the Parade, with Mr. Townsend, proprietor of the "Correspondent" newspaper, he pointed out a very fine-looking elderly gentleman, standing at the club-house door, and told me that he was one of the most eccentric men in the world—his name was O'Reilly; he had served many years in the Irish Brigade, in Germany and Prussia, where he had been distinguished as an excellent officer. Mr. Townsend added, "We reckon him here a great epicure, and he piques himself on being a great judge of the culinary art as well as of wines. His good-nature and pleasantry have introduced him to the best society, particularly among the Roman Catholics, where he is always a welcome guest. He speaks German, French, and Italian, fluently; and constantly, while speaking English, with a determined Irish brogue, mixes all those languages in every sentence. It is immaterial to him, whether the person he is talking to understands him or not—on he goes, stop him who can. He is a great friend of Frederick Jones; and it is an absolute fact that Jones took such a liking to him the first day he came to dine with him, that he made him stay at his house all night, and he has lived with him ever since—that is to say, for seven years. Jones now never comes to Cork, but sends the captain down when the Dublin company perform here. He is extremely useful, keeps a strict look-out

for everything that concerns his friend's interest, and is a perfect Cerberus among his door-keepers at the theatre; but let us cross over, and I will introduce you, — I am sure you will be pleased with him."

I was accordingly presented to him. No sooner had the noble captain shaken me heartily by the hand, than he exclaimed,—

"*Bon jour, mon cher Mic, je suis bien aise de vous voir*, as we say in France. *J'étois fâché* that I missed meeting you when you was last in Dublin; but I was obliged to go to the county Galway to see a brother officer, who formerly served with me in Germany; as *herlick à carle*, as we say in German, as ever smelt gunpowder. By the god of war, *il est brave, comme son épée — c'est-à-dire* as brave as his sword. Now tell me how go on your brother Joe, and your brother Mark; your brother Pat, poor fellow, lost his life I know in the East Indies — but *c'est la fortune de la guerre*, and he died *avec honneur*. Your sister, Mary, too, how is she? By my soul, she is 'as good a hearted, kind creature, as ever lived; but *entre nous, soit dit*, she is rather plain, *ma non è bella, quel ch'è bella, è bella quel che piace*, as we say in Italian."

"Now, Captain," said I, "after the flattering encomiums you have bestowed on my sister's beauty, may I ask how you became so well acquainted with my family concerns?"

"*Parbleu!* my dear Mic," said the Captain, "well I may be, for sure *your* mother and *my* mother were sisters."

On comparing notes, I found that such was the fact. When I was a boy, and before I left Dublin for Italy, I remember my mother often mentioning a nephew of hers, of the name of O'Reilly, who had been sent to Germany when quite a lad (many years before) to a relation of his father, who was in the Irish Brigade at Prague. Young O'Reilly entered the regiment as a cadet; he afterwards went into the Prussian service, but my mother heard no more of him.

The captain told me, furthermore, that he had been cheated some years before out of a small property which his father left him in the county Meath, by a man whom he thought his best

friend. "However," said the captain, "I had my satisfaction, by calling him out and putting a bullet through his hat; but, nevertheless, all the little property that was left me is gone. But *grâce au ciel*, I have never sullied my reputation, nor injured mortal, and for that 'the gods will take care of Cato.' In all my misfortunes, cousin, I have never parted with the family sword, which was never drawn in a dirty cause; and there it hangs now in a little cabin which I have got in the county Meath. Should ever Freddy Jones discard me, I will end my days in *riposo e pace*, with the whole universal world."

I have often thought, if Mr. Sheridan or Colman had been acquainted with this worthy, yet eccentric man, he would have served them as a model for an Irish character; and how Jack Johnstone would have acted it.

One of the captain's eccentricities I had nearly forgotten to mention: he was never without lemons, shalots, and Cayenne pepper, in a case in his pocket, which he always produced at table. The lemons, he said, were to squeeze over his oysters, *à la Française*. The shalots for a beef-steak, *à l'Anglaise*, and the Cayenne for every dish, foreign and domestic; nor should I, in justice to my relation, omit a joke of his which is almost as piquant as his sauce.

One day he was in the streets of Clonmel, when the Tipperary militia were marching out of that town; their colonel's father had formerly been a miller, and amassed a large fortune, which he had bequeathed to the Colonel himself. O'Reilly, seeing the gallant officer at the head of the corps, exclaimed, "By the god of war, here comes Marshal Sacks, with the flour of Tipperary at his back."

EDMUND KEAN.

On the 26th of January, 1814, I had the pleasure to witness the first appearance of Mr. Kean as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," and was delighted with the performance of my original Cupid in "Cymon." There was not a good house, but the audience gave him that applause on his *entrée*, which

they are always liberal enough to bestow on a first appearance ; but during the principal part of his scenes in the play, and at his exit, the applause lasted for some moments.

It is pretty generally known, that Mr. Whitbread received a letter from the Rev. Dr. Drury, recommending Mr. Kean in such strong terms to Drury Lane Theatre, that Mr. Whitbread requested Mr. Arnold to go to Dorchester (I think) to see, and engage him for Drury Lane ; Mr. Arnold dined with me on the very day he set off on his mission. He saw Mr. Kean in a principal part in a play, and after it as Harlequin, in a pantomime : in the latter character he is universally allowed to have no competitor. Mr. Arnold, with a discerning eye, saw his merit, and offered him terms for Drury Lane, which he could not accept ; as a few days previous to Mr. Arnold's seeing him, he had engaged himself to the manager of the Olympic Theatre, in Wych Street, as principal Harlequin, and to superintend the getting-up of the pantomimes, for which he was to receive two or three pounds per week. Mr. Arnold and the Drury Lane Committee made interest with the proprietor of the Olympic, to let Kean off his engagement, which he liberally consented to do.

I was present at his first appearance in "Richard the Third ;" there was a crowded house, and I believe that his acting that part drew more money to the treasury than any other actor's ever did. I wrote to him, to know if he had ever been in Ireland ; in his reply he informed me he had been to Waterford, but never to Dublin. I wrote to my friend Jones, recommending him strongly to make him the best offer his theatre could afford, as I was sure he would draw him full houses every night. Mr. Jones wrote to me immediately, saying, he would give him similar terms to those which Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble had. Kean accepted them, and set off for Dublin, accompanied by my friend Pope, who was also very instrumental in procuring him the engagement. He drew a crowded audience every time he acted ; Pope performed with him in all his plays, and for his reward, had a good house at his benefit.

In my humble opinion, Kean's acting in the third act of

"Othello" is his best performance. The first night he acted it at Drury Lane, I sat in my seat in the orchestra, which was appropriated to me, as Director of the Music, and next to me was Lord Byron who said, "Mr. Kelly, depend upon it, this is a man of genius."

Mr. Sheridan, though very curious to see him, would not go to the theatre; having made a vow, in consequence of some offense he had received from the Committee of Management, never to enter its walls. Mrs. Sheridan, who at this time was very ill, and confined for many weeks, had also a great curiosity to see Mr. Kean perform the part of "Othello;" but as she could not venture to the theatre, Mr. Sheridan requested Kean to come to his house, and read the play; which he did.

The following day I saw Sheridan, and asked his opinion of Kean: he told he was very much pleased with him, that he had once studied the part of Othello himself, to act at Sir Watkin William Wynn's private theatre, in Wales; and that Kean's conception of Othello, was the precise counterpart of his own. This, which, as it was intended, no doubt, for a compliment, would have sounded like vanity in any body else, in a man of Mr. Sheridan's acknowledged ability, must have been highly flattering to Mr. Kean.

I have always considered Mr. Kean an actor of great genius; but I feel much pleasure in mentioning a trait in his private character which came under my own cognizance. There was a Mr. Conyngham a native of Ireland, who, in former days, I remember, a favorite with the Irish audience, and for many years a member of the Bath company. He was acting at Brighton—his circumstances were not the most flourishing, and a good benefit would, he said, release him from all his embarrassments. A brother actor advised him to write to Mr. Kean; for if he would come and act for his benefit, he might be assured of an overflowing house.

"My good fellow," replied Conyngham, "I should be afraid to make so bold a request. It is true, at one time, when we were acting together, we were very intimate, and he was a good-natured fellow; but Ned Kean, then the strolling player,

and Mr. Kean, the prop of Drury Lane Theatre, are not one and the same person."

Conyngham, however, was persuaded to write to Kean, and received the following letter in reply, which I have read :—

"DEAR TOM, — I am sorry that you are not as comfortable in life as I wish you ; put me up for any of my plays next Thursday, and I shall be most happy to act for your benefit. In the mean time, accept the inclosed trifle to make the pot boil."

The inclosure was a ten-pound note.

On the Thursday he arrived at Brighton, and his performance drew poor Conyngham an overflowing audience. But nothing could induce him to accept one sixpence for his travelling or other incidental expenses : to descant on the kindness of such an action is useless — it speaks for itself.

MISS O'NEILL.

Though I had not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Miss O'Neill, I felt a great interest for her success. The following anecdote, I believe very little known in the theatrical world, I had from Mr. Jones, the patentee of Crow Street Theatre. Miss Walstein, who was the heroine of the Dublin stage, and a great and deserved favorite, was to open the theatre, in the character of Juliet. Mr. Jones received an intimation from Miss Walstein, that without a certain increase of salary, and other privileges, she would not come to the house. Mr. Jones had arrived at the determination to shut up his theatre, sooner than submit to what he thought an unwarrantable demand ; when MacNally, the boxkeeper, who had been the bearer of Miss Walstein's message, told Mr. Jones "that it would be a pity to close the house, and that there was a remedy, if Mr. Jones chose to avail himself of it."

"The girl, sir," said he, "who has been so often strongly recommended to you as a promising actress, is now at a hotel in Dublin, with her father and brother, where they have just

arrived, and is proceeding to Drogheda, to act at her father's theatre there. I have heard it said, by persons who have seen her, that she plays Juliet extremely well, and is very young and very pretty. I am sure she would be delighted to have the opportunity of appearing before a Dublin audience, and, if you please, I will make her the proposal."

The proposal was made, and accepted; and on the following Saturday, *the girl*, who was Miss O'Neill, made her *début* on the Dublin stage as Juliet. The audience were delighted; she acted the part several nights, and Mr. Jones offered her father and brother engagements on very liberal terms, which were thankfully accepted.

CONDESCENSION OF GEORGE IV.

I cannot here refrain from mentioning a circumstance which occurred to me on the 1st of January, 1822, and I sincerely trust there will not appear any impropriety in my doing so, since it records a trait of gracious goodness and consideration in his Majesty, which, although but one of hundreds, is but little known, and richly deserves to be universally so.

On that evening the King gave a splendid party at the Pavilion, and his Majesty was graciously pleased to command my attendance to hear a concert performed by his own fine band. His Majesty did me the honor to seat himself beside me, and asked me how I liked the music which I had that day heard in the chapel, among which, to my surprise, had been introduced the Chacone of Jomelli, performed in the "Castle Spectre," but which since has been called the Sanctus of Jomelli, and is now used in all the cathedrals and churches in England and the Continent, under that title. His Majesty was all kindness and condescension in his manner towards me; but his kindness and condescension did not stop there.

I had taken with me to Brighton that year a god-daughter of mine, Julia Walters, whom I have adopted, and whose mother has been, for years, my housekeeper and watchful attendant during my many severe illnesses. This little girl,

at five years old, performed the part of the Child, in the opera of "L'Agnèse," under the name of Signora Julia. Ambrogetti was so struck with my little *protégée*, that he begged I would let her play the character, which she did with grace and intelligence far beyond her years. This child asked me to procure her a sight of the King, and fixed upon the evening in question to press her request, when she might behold him in the midst of his court, surrounded by all that was brilliant in the land, and in a palace whose splendor, when illuminated, rivaled the magnificence described in the "Arabian Nights."

I told my worthy friend Kramer, the excellent master and leader of his Majesty's private band, the earnest desire of little Julia, and prevailed upon him to admit her behind the organ, with a strict injunction not to let herself be seen; but female curiosity, even in one so young, prevailed, and after the first act of the concert, when the performers retired to take some refreshment, *Signora* Julia crept from her hiding-place behind the organ, and seated herself between the kettle-drums. The King was sitting on a sofa, between the Princess Esterhazy, and the Countess Lieven, and though the orchestra was at a distance, his Majesty's quick eye in a moment caught a glimpse of the little intruder.

"Who is that beautiful little child?" said the King; "Who brought her here?" and immediately walked to poor Julia, and asked her who she was.

"I belong to K," said Julia.

"And who the deuce is K?" said his Majesty.

I was seated quite at the farther end of the room, conversing with Sir William Keppell, and the moment I saw what was going on, I requested Sir William to go to the King, and say that the child belonged to me, which he with great good-nature did.

His Majesty kissed poor little Julia; and taking her into his arms, threw her over his shoulder, and carried her across the room to me, and placed her in a chair by my side, saying, with the greatest condescension, "Why did you leave the

child in the cold? Why not bring her into the room? If she be fond of music, bring her here whenever you like."

This act of kindness, consideration, and goodness was duly appreciated by all who witnessed it, and by me will be ever remembered with the most respectful gratitude. On the following evening, when I again had the honor of a command to the palace, his Majesty was pleased to inquire after my pretty little girl.

My friend, Prince Hoare, who was at Brighton at the time, wrote the following lines on the incident:—

ON JULIA PEEPING

In the music room of the Pavilion, at Brighton, on the 1st January, 1822, and discovered in the act by his most gracious Majesty George the Fourth; who, with his never-failing kindness of heart, and condescension, seized the little culprit in his arms, kissed and caressed her, and bore her in triumph, before the brilliant assembly, to her nearest and dearest friend, Michael Kelly, then present.

Behind the lofty organ's screen,
One gala eve, sly Julia lay,
Intent to peep, at whiles unseen,
And all the glorious pomp survey.

Oh, little didst thou dream *that* eye
Which wakes to guard Britannia's crown,
Would there thy tiny form espy,
And give thee, Julia, to renown.

For many seasons past, upon my annual night, I have been regularly honored with a munificent donation from my sovereign; but, valuable to me as is that bounty in itself, the gift has scarcely been so gratifying to the feelings of his dutiful servant, as the manner of *presenting it*.

"A delicacy, which anticipated wishes—
A generosity, which exceeded hopes."

Were I to indulge my feelings, I should be diffuse upon this subject; but I check myself, lest I should offend in a quarter where displeasure would inflict me most.

I therefore shall merely venture to add, that whenever my malady casts me upon a bed of suffering, I do not forget that

the most august hand in the empire has condescended to place round it additional comforts ; and that no sooner does my relenting star restore me to society, than my benefactor's name blesses the first glass I carry to my lips, and I say and sing, with heart and voice, devoutly and gratefully,

GOD SAVE THE KING.



JOHN TAYLOR.





JOHN TAYLOR.

DERRICK THE POET.

ALL that I can recollect to have heard of what passed in my infancy, was, that my father was intimate with Derrick the Poet, as he was then called, and that Derrick introduced a lady to my father and mother as his wife, who, it afterwards appeared, was not so, and that then, so far as the lady was concerned, the connection with my family ended.

This lady, many years after, appeared on the stage under the name of Mrs. Lessingham, and was a comic actress of merit, as well as a very pretty woman. She was an extraordinary character, and one of her whims was to assume man's attire and frequent the coffee-houses, after her separation from Derrick.

As Derrick wholly depended on his literary talents, he could not afford an expensive habitation, and therefore resided with Mrs. Lessingham, his nominal wife, in a floor, two pair of stairs high, in Shoe Lane, Holborn. During their residence in this place, as the lady felt a strong propensity towards the stage, Derrick took great pains to prepare her for the theatrical profession. Her talents were not at all directed towards tragedy, but she was, as I have already said, a good comic actress. I particularly recollect her performance of Mrs. Sullen, and as there was no restraint of delicacy on her mind, she took care to give some of the more prurient passages in the character with all due point and effect.

When Derrick used to visit my father's cottage at Highgate, after a rural walk by himself, as there was no spare-bed in the house, he was accustomed to sleep in my cradle, with his legs resting on a chair at the bottom. He was a very little man.

As his supposed wife was very pretty, and not likely to hold out against a siege of gallantry, it is not surprising that she was tempted to desert a poor poet, and a two-pair of stairs floor, in a low neighborhood. As far as her history was generally known, she perhaps might have had as many lovers as Anacreon boasts of mistresses, though perhaps she could not so accurately recollect the number. One circumstance of her conduct ought to be mentioned, as it illustrates the character of women of her description, and may operate as a warning to those who are likely to be ensnared by purchasable beauty. She had been separated from Derrick many years. In the mean time he had become generally known, and was countenanced by Dr. Johnson, to whom, it is said, he suggested the omission of the word *ocean* in the first edition of his celebrated Dictionary.

Mrs. Lessingham had risen on the stage, and was reported to be a favorite with the manager. She kept an elegant house in a fashionable part of the town. Derrick, at this time, was able to support himself by his connection with the booksellers, and by his literary productions; and, without any pecuniary views, he was desirous to renew an acquaintance with his former pseudo-spouse. He therefore called on her, and sent up his name by her superb footman. The lady declared that she knew no person of that name, and ordered the servant immediately to dismiss him. Derrick, conceiving that the man must have committed some mistake, insisted on seeing the lady. At length she came forward in sight of Derrick, called him an impudent fellow, and threatened to send for a constable unless he left the house.

This unexpected reception from a woman who had lived with him some years, had borne his name, and by whose instruction she had been able to become a popular actress, and to rise into affluence, affected him so much, that he was quite

overcome, and immediately departed, though "more in sorrow than in anger.

Derrick, after his separation from Mrs. Lessingham, or rather her desertion of him, lived in respectable society, and must have conducted himself properly, as he formed many fashionable connections, who exerted themselves with so much zeal in his favor, as to procure for him the situation of Master of the Ceremonies at Bath. He had previously published a volume of his poems, and as there were a considerable number of subscribers, they afford an evident testimony in favor of his character.

Like most of those who rise from obscurity, he was, on his elevation at Bath, very fond of pomp and show. His dress was always fine, and he kept a footman almost as fine as himself. When he visited London his footman always walked behind him, and to show that he was his servant, he generally crossed the streets several times, that the man might be seen to follow him. Derrick, I understand, was lively, but too familiar in his conversation; and Mr. Oldys, the celebrated literary antiquary, another intimate friend of my father, who lived before my remembrance, thought him a flippant fellow, never spoke when Derrick was in the room, and when addressed by him, gave him short and discouraging answers. As Derrick honored my birth by an ode, it would be ungrateful in me not to rescue so sublime a composition from oblivion, as perhaps no other production of his Muse is now extant.

ODE.

Muse, give Dr. Taylor joy,
For Dr. Taylor has a boy.
Little Nancy brought him forth,
Nancy, dame of mighty worth;
May he like his mother shine,
Who can boast of charms divine;
Proving like his father wise,
Always prompt to *mind his eyes*;
And may fortune in her flight,
Always keep the child in *sight*.

Derrick published four volumes of the poetical works of Dryden, which were the first collection of that author's poems. They are referred to by Dr. Johnson, in his life of Dryden. Derrick, in his own volume of poems, introduced the following lines as a genuine production of Pope, and as they have not appeared in any edition of Pope's works, and as it might now be difficult to find Derrick's volume, they may not improperly be introduced in this place.

IMPROMPTU

By Mr. Pope, on sleeping in a bed belonging to John Duke of Argyle.

With no poetic ardors fired
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he loved, or here expired,
Begets no numbers, grave or gay.
Beneath thy roof, Argyle, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretched forth on honor's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof, the sky.

When Derrick died I know not, and I should not revert to Mrs. Lessingham, if she had not been so conspicuous in her day, and if her example did not hold forth a lesson against the influence of beauty devoid of moral principles. The manager before mentioned was very much attached to her, and she might have closed her days with as much comfort as intrusive retrospection if ever it did intrude upon her, would admit, as he was a gentleman, shrewd, intelligent, and well acquainted with the world. She had two or three sons by him, who bore a satisfactory resemblance to the father, if indeed such mothers ever can be trusted.

It was said that after her desertion of Derrick she was married to a naval gentleman named Stott; and was subsequently under the protection of Admiral Boscawen. No doubt she had listened to the addresses of many others who had no reason to consider themselves as despairing lovers. The only improbable part of her acting in the character of Mrs. Sullen was in the chamber scene with Archer, as from her general manner it did not seem likely that she should resist his importunities when he appeared as a gentleman.

The theatrical manager had built a house for her on Hampstead Heath, in a romantic and retired situation, as well as supported her in her town residence, but nothing could control the inconstancy of her nature. Why, or when she left that gentleman, I never knew, for, though I was very intimate with him, her name never occurred between us. After she quitted him, she was sometime *protected*, as the delicate term is, by the late Justice Addington, whom she deserted for a young man engaged at Covent Garden Theatre, and styled by his theatrical associates, the *tea-pot* actor, as his attitudes seemed to be generally founded on the model of that useful vehicle of domestic refreshment. The Justice never mentioned her after, but by the most opprobrious appellations.

WILLIAM OLDYS.

This gentleman, whose profound knowledge of English literature has raised his name into high estimation with literary antiquaries, and whose manuscripts are the subjects of frequent reference, was the intimate friend of my father, but, as I was then an infant, what I know of him was derived from the accounts of my parents. All that I could recollect from this source of information, I communicated to my friend Mr. D'Israeli, who has inserted it in the second series of his very amusing work intituled "The Curiosities of Literature." Mr. Oldys was, I understood, the natural son of a gentleman named Harris, who lived in a respectable style in Kensington Square. How he came to adopt the name of Oldys, or where he received his education, I never heard. My father, who was well acquainted with the Latin and French languages, informed me that Mr. Oldys was a sound scholar, though he chiefly devoted himself to English literature. Mr. Oldys was of a very reserved character, and when he passed his evenings at my father's house in Hatton Garden, he always preferred the fireside in the kitchen, that he might not be obliged to mingle with other visitors. He was so particular in his habits, that he could not smoke his pipe with ease till his chair was fixed close to a particular crack in the floor. He

had suffered the vicissitudes of fortune before my father knew him, but was then easy in his circumstances, having been appointed Norroy King at Arms. I shall borrow from Mr. D'Israeli's work the account of this appointment as I related it to him, and as that gentleman has inserted it in the third volume of his new series.

"Oldys, as my father informed me, lived many years in quiet obscurity in the Fleet Prison, but at last was 'spirited up' to make his situation known to the Duke of Norfolk of that time, who received Oldys's letter while he was at dinner with some friends. The Duke immediately communicated the contents to the company, observing that he had long been anxious to know what had become of an old, though an humble friend, and was happy, by that letter, to find that he was still alive. He then called for his *gentleman* (a kind of humble friend whom noblemen used to retain under that name in former days), and desired him to go immediately to the Fleet Prison with money for the immediate need of Oldys, to procure an account of his debts, and to discharge them. Oldys was soon after, either by the Duke's gift or interest, appointed Norroy King at Arms; and I remember that his official regalia came into my father's hands at his death." Mr. Oldys had been one of the librarians to the celebrated Harley, Earl of Oxford, and in that capacity had become known to the Duke of Norfolk. My father was appointed executor to Mr. Oldys, who had stood godfather to one of his sons.

Soon after the Duke of Norfolk had removed all pecuniary difficulties from Mr. Oldys, he procured for him, as I have said, the situation of Norroy King at Arms, a situation peculiarly suited to his turn for antiquities. On some occasion, when the King at Arms was obliged to ride on horseback in a public procession, the predecessor of Mr. Oldys in the cavalcade had a proclamation to read, but, confused by the noise of the surrounding multitude, he made many mistakes, and, anxious to be accurate, he turned back to every passage to correct himself, and therefore appeared to the people to be an ignorant blunderer. When Mr. Oldys had to recite the same

proclamation, though he made, he said, more mistakes than his predecessor, he read on through thick and thin, never stopping a moment to correct his errors, and thereby excited the applause of the people, though he declared that the other gentleman had been much better qualified for the duty than himself.

The shyness of Mr. Oldys's disposition, and the simplicity of his manners, had induced him to decline an introduction to my grandfather, the Chevalier Taylor, who was always splendid in attire, and had been used to the chief societies in every court of Europe; but my grandfather had heard so much of Mr. Oldys, that he resolved to be acquainted with him, and therefore one evening when Oldys was enjoying his philosophical pipe by the kitchen fire, the chevalier invaded his retreat, and without ceremony addressed him in the Latin language. Oldys, surprised and gratified to find a scholar in a fine gentleman, threw off his reserve, answered him in the same language, and the colloquy continued for at least two hours, Oldys suspending his pipe all the time, my father, not so good a scholar, only occasionally interposing an illustrative remark. This anecdote, upon which the reader may implicitly depend, is a full refutation of the insolent abuse of my grandfather by Dr. Johnson, as recorded in the life of that literary hippopotamus by Mr. Boswell. The truth is, that among the faults and virtues of that great moralist, he could not eradicate envy from his mind, as he indeed has confessed in his works; and in respect to colloquial latinity, he who was a *sloven* was no doubt mortified to be excelled by a *beau*, and this is probably the true cause of his illiberal and unjust description of my grandfather.

On the death of Oldys, my father, who was his executor, became possessed of what property he left, which was very small, including his regalia as King at Arms. Mr. Oldys had engaged to furnish a bookseller in the Strand, whose name was Walker, with ten years of the life of Shakespeare unknown to the biographers and commentators, but he died, and "made no sign" of the projected work. The bookseller made

a demand of twenty guineas on my father, alleging that he had advanced that sum to Mr. Oldys, who had promised to provide the matter in question. My father paid this sum to the bookseller soon after he had attended the remains of his departed friend to the grave. The manuscripts of Oldys, consisting of a few books written in a small hand, and abundantly interlined, remained long in my father's possession, but by desire of Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, were submitted to his inspection, through the medium of Dr. Monsey, who was an intimate friend of Dr. Percy. They continued in Dr. Percy's hands some years. He had known Mr. Oldys in the early part of his life and spoke respectfully of his character. The last volume of Oldys's manuscripts that I ever saw, was at my friend the late Mr. William Gifford's house, in James Street, Westminster, while he was preparing a new edition of the works of Shirley; and I learned from him that it was lent to him by Mr. Heber. Mr. Oldys told my father, that he was the author of the little song which was once admired, and which Mr. D'Israeli has introduced in his new series, relying upon the known veracity of Oldys from other sources besides the testimony of my parents. There is no great merit in the composition, but as it shows the benevolent and philosophic temper of the author, I shall submit it to the reader as an old family relique.

" Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.

" Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline!
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers when they're gone
Will appear as short as one!"

Tilburina says, "an oyster may be crossed in love," and so, perhaps may a cold literary antiquary. Mr. Oldys frequently

indulged his spleen in sarcasms against female inconstancy, and often concluded his remarks with the following couplet, but I know not whether it was composed by himself.

"If women were little as they are good,
A peascod would make them a gown and a hood."

My friend Mr. D'Israeli is mistaken in saying that, "on the death of Oldys, Dr. Kippis, editor of the '*Biographia Britannica*' looked over the manuscripts." It was not till near thirty years after the death of Oldys, that they were submitted to his inspection, and at his recommendation were purchased by the late Mr. Cadell. The funeral expenses had been paid by my father immediately after the interment of Oldys, and not, as Mr. D'Israeli says, by the "twenty guineas, which, perhaps, served to bury the writer."

SAMUEL JACKSON PRATT.

At the apartments of Mrs. Brooke I first became acquainted with this gentleman, who had been many years known to the public, and whose productions, under the assumed name of Courteney Melmoth, were deservedly popular and productive. Mr. Pratt supposed, when he wrote to Mrs. Brooke, soliciting the pleasure of waiting on her, that he had addressed Mrs. Brooke, the fair author of "*Julia Mandeville*," "*Emily Montague*," and the musical afterpiece of "*Rosina*:" the music of which was chiefly composed by my late friend Mr. Shield. On the first interview, at which I was present, he was informed of his mistake, but the good sense and pleasing manners of Mrs. Brooke induced him to cultivate the acquaintance, and I passed many instructive and pleasing hours in his company, till at length we became intimately connected. I afterwards met him frequently at the house of the celebrated Mrs. Robinson. Though his works in general are of a sentimental and pathetic description, yet in company he displayed great humor, and abounded in ludicrous anecdotes. I introduced him to Dr. Wolcot, whose original and peculiar genius he highly admired. They became intimate, and the collision of their powers furnished a very pleasant intellectual repast. Mr.

but tired of that occupation, he devoted himself entirely to the profession of an author. He excelled in epistolary composition. His second dramatic work was intituled "The School for Vanity," which owed its failure chiefly to the great number of letters that passed between the several characters in the play addressed to each other, insomuch that when the last letter was presented, the audience burst into a general laugh, and the piece was hurried to a conclusion, and I believe never brought forward again. In fact, he lived amidst epistolary correspondents, and transferred his habits to the stage. This comedy he included in the four volumes of miscellanies, which he afterwards published. As he was once a popular writer, he must have derived great profits from his numerous works, but was sometimes in difficulties. Once, when he had just received twenty pounds unexpectedly, and had doubtless full occasion for that sum, having observed that I appeared grave, and, as he thought, melancholy, in company with three sisters whom we were frequently in the habit of visiting, and with whom I was generally in high spirits, he conceived that my apparent dejection resulted from some pecuniary pressure, and the next day he offered me his twenty pounds, telling me that all he requested was as early a return as convenient, his own situation exposing him to the mortification of pressing applications. He was totally mistaken as to the cause of my gravity. He was sometime in partnership with Mr. Clinch, a bookseller, at Bath, but preferring the writing to the vending of books, he relinquished the concern. When I first became acquainted with him, he was in the habit of gratifying the company with recitations from the poets, which he gave with impressive effect; but latterly the violent expression and energy of his delivery rendered it harsh and almost ludicrous. Poor Pratt! he was one of my earliest literary friends, and I cannot but feel much pleasure in the opportunity of rescuing his character from the relentless rancor of Miss Seward's posthumous defamation.

The end of Mr. Pratt was lamentable. He resided for a short time before his death at Birmingham, and was thrown

from his horse. He suffered severe contusions by the fall. A fever ensued, which in a few days deprived him of life.

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

The celebrated Angelica Kauffman, who was a friend of Mr. Pratt, presented drawings to him for the illustrations of some of his works. This lady I never had the pleasure of seeing, but by all accounts her person was highly interesting, and her manners and accomplishments were peculiarly attractive. It is said that Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was thoroughly acquainted with human nature, and never likely to be deceived in his estimate of individuals, was so much attached to her that he solicited her hand. It appeared, however, that she refused him, as she was attached to the late Sir Nathaniel Holland, then Mr. Dance, an eminent painter, whose portrait of Garrick in the character of Richard the Third is the best and most spirited representation of that unrivaled actor that ever appeared, though all the most distinguished artists of the time employed themselves on the same admirable subject. The correspondence that had taken place between Mrs. Kauffman and Mr. Dance became known, and was thought to be of a very interesting description, insomuch that his Majesty George the Third, who generally heard of anything worth attention, requested Mr. Dance would permit him to peruse the letters that had passed between them during their courtship. What put a period to an intercourse which, being founded upon mutual attachment, held forth so favorable a prospect of mutual happiness, has never been developed, and is only matter of conjecture. Mrs. Kauffman, after the termination of this promising courtship, went abroad, and was unfortunately deluded into a marriage with a common footman, in Germany, who had assumed a title and appeared to be a person of high rank and affluence. Mrs. Kauffman, it is said, by the intervention of friends had recourse to legal authorities, was enabled to separate from the impostor, but did not return to this country, and died a few years after, having never recovered her spirits after the shock of so degrading an alliance. It is

not a little surprising that a lady so intelligent and accomplished should have been the victim of such a deception.

REDDISH THE ACTOR.

I saw him in St. Luke's Hospital, and found him flattering himself that he should be able to resume his profession, and fulfill his engagement with the manager of Covent Garden Theatre. It was lamentable to observe the alteration in his person, manners, and attire. The change in the former might easily be accounted for, as he was necessarily confined to spare diet. He always dressed in his sane state like a gentleman, but in Bedlam he had all the tinsel finery of a strolling actor, or what is styled "shabby genteel." He seemed to be drinking a bowl of milk, which, though several visitors were present, he appeared eagerly to gobble like a hungry rustic.

His insanity took place soon after an unlucky occurrence at Covent Garden, the first night of his engagement. He appeared in the part of Hamlet, and in the fencing scene between him and Laertes, Whitfield, who performed the latter character, made so clumsy a lunge, that he struck off the bagwig of Hamlet, and exposed his bald pate to the laughter of the audience. In conversing with him in Bedlam, I soothed him by telling him that I was present at the scene, and that though the accident had a risible effect, the audience knew the fault was wholly to be ascribed to the awkwardness of his competitor. The mortification, however, made so strong an impression on his mind, that he never appeared on the stage again, and, I heard, ended his days in the infirmary at York. He was the second husband of Mrs. Canning, the mother of our late eminent statesman, Mr. George Canning. He distinguished himself chiefly in the characters of Edgar, Posthumus, and Henry the Sixth, in the play of "Richard the Third." Poor Reddish!

DR. MONSEY.

Dr. Monsey was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he caught punning, but seldom condescended to practice it, yet he had all Dean Swift "by heart," to use the old ex-

pression. He used to relate many puns of his college contemporaries, which I have forgotten. I remember only one, which is, perhaps, not worth reviving. An old member of St. John's College, the high mart of punning, observing a carpenter putting a wooden covering over a bell to prevent the rain from injuring it, told the carpenter that the covering was too small. The man respectfully declared that it was large enough. "Why," said the inveterate punster, "in spite of your covering, the bell must be now so wet you can (w)ring it."

Another sally of humor, though from a lower character, was of a higher order if intended. A querulous old fellow, high in one of the colleges, was perpetually complaining of something at the table. On one occasion he found fault with a large pewter dish which contained a calf's head. The old gentleman declared that the dish was dirty, and the cook was ordered up to be scolded. "Why is this dish so dirty?" said old querulous. "Dirty," said the man, "it is so clean, that you may see *your face in it*." All but the old gentleman took the answer as a good joke, if not accidental; and the old gentleman unconsciously continued his complaint.

One story is certainly worth recording. Dr. Monsey, with two or three old members of the university, in the course of an evening walk, differed about a proper definition of man. While they were severally offering their notions on the subject, they came to a wall where an itinerant artist had drawn various representations of animals, ships, etc. After complimenting him on his skill, one of the gentlemen asked him if he could *draw an inference*. "No," said the artist, "I never saw one." Logic then gave way to jocularly, and a man coming by with a fine team of horses, they stopped him, spoke highly of the condition of his horses, particularly admiring the first. "That horse, carter," said another of the gentlemen, "seems to be a very strong one, I suppose he could draw a butt." The man assented. "Do you think he could *draw an inference*?" "Why," said the man, "he can draw anything *in reason*." "There," said Monsey, "what becomes of your definition, when you met a man that could *not draw an inference* and a horse that could?"

Before Monsey settled as a physician in London, he had been very intimate with Sir Robert Walpole. Sir Robert was fond of wit and humor, and sometimes gave a dinner to his friends at an inn in the neighborhood of his own seat, Houghton Hall. The landlord of this inn was reputed to be a great wit, and Sir Robert admired his prompt humor so much that he generally desired him after dinner to join the company and take his place at the social board. The company were generally gratified by the humor of the landlord, who by the encouragement of Sir Robert was admitted upon terms of equality. On one of these occasions, when Monsey was of the party, an old, dull Norfolk baronet, who had nothing to recommend him but wealth, was so jealous of the attention which the landlord received, that he openly remonstrated with Sir Robert on his permitting such a man to sit in his company. The landlord modestly observed, that as Sir Robert, who gave the dinner, and all the gentlemen present, condescended to admit him, he saw no reason why the baronet should take exceptions. "Pho," said the baronet, "your father was a butcher." "Well," said the landlord, "there is no great difference between your father and mine, for if my father *killed calves, yours brought them up.*" All the company took the joke immediately, except the baronet, who replied, "What! do you make my father a grazier?"

When Monsey established himself in London, his skill as a physician and the oddity of his humor, as well as his professional sagacity, introduced him to persons of the highest rank, who had sense enough to overcome the pride of nobility. Among others was the Lord Townshend of that day. He told the Doctor that when the great Lord Somers had fallen into imbecility, he was still apparently anxious to appear in the character of a statesman, regularly attending the cabinet council, where he sat in unobserving silence, and was regarded with great respect, but merely as a child before whom any discussion might take place. The only symptom of remembrance or recognition that he discovered was when the Duke of Marlborough began to speak, and he then uttered a shouting noise,

as if he recollected that his Grace was the only authority upon a military subject that deserved attention. The Duke, upon the breaking up of the council, always used to say to Lord Townshend "if I ever am reduced to the state of Lord Somers, for heaven's sake save me, save me."

It happened unfortunately that his Grace was reduced to a similar state of imbecility, and, like Lord Somers, would always attend the cabinet council. He was also so enfeebled in body, that he could not walk without the danger of falling, but so jealous that he refused assistance lest his weakness should be suspected; and Lord Townshend used to say that upon such occasions he was obliged to pretend the floor was so slippery that he was in danger of falling at every step, and therefore begged his Grace's arm, that they might support each other, and in this manner he cheated the Duke into safety. The Doctor had known one of the house-porters at Marlborough House when in a former service, and requested that he would permit him, as he never saw his Grace, to conceal himself in a corner of the hall, that he might see the Duke enter his sedan-chair when he went on an airing. The man consented, but desired the Doctor not to let the Duke see him, as his Grace was always much disturbed at the sight of a stranger. The Doctor went behind the door, but in his eagerness to see the Duke, he projected his head too far, and caught his Grace's eye. The Duke, all the while that he was getting into the chair, and when he was seated, kept his eye steadily fixed on the Doctor, and at the moment when the chairmen were carrying him away, Monsey saw his features gather into a whimper like a child, and tears start into his eyes. That respectable biographer, Archdeacon Coxe, in his life of the Duke of Marlborough, appears to represent him as having retained his mental powers to the last; but as he derived his chief materials from the archives of the family, it is not probable that they would comprise any records of imbecility, while Monsey's testimony was the evidence of an eye-witness, and corroborates that of Lord Townshend on the Duke's attendance at cabinet council. His Grace's favorite and constant expression of censure was the word "*silly*."

The Duchess was asked how it happened that, among her many enemies, and the numerous attacks upon her, nothing was ever alleged against her conjugal fidelity. Her answer was, that as she had the finest and handsomest man in Europe, nobody would believe that she could listen to the jack-a-dandies of the day. The Duchess was violent in her temper and coarse in her language, and Pope's character of Atossa was generally admitted at the time to be an exact portrait of her. It is well-known that Lady Mary Churchill, one of her daughters, who married the Earl of Godolphin, was very partial to Congreve the poet, who used generally to dine with her till his infirmities put an end to the intercourse. On the death of Congreve, she had a small statue of him placed always on her dinner-table with a plate before it, and she used to address the figure as if a living person, offering to help him to whatever he preferred. The Duchess, her mother, in her usual rough manner, never mentioned her but by the name of *Moll Congreve*.

The Earl of Godolphin, with whom Dr. Monsey resided, was a very mild and amiable nobleman of a retired disposition. He was very fat and difficult to bleed, but my father, who attended him as an oculist by Monsey's recommendation, always successfully performed the operation, and the Earl requested his assistance in that way when his eyes were wholly unaffected. The noble lord only read two works, viz. "Burnet's History of his own Times," and "Colley Cibber's Apology." When he had perused these works throughout, he began them again, and seemed to be regardless of all other authors. On some occasions, the Earl wishing to get rid of domestic state, used to dine in a private room at the Thatched House in St. James Street with Monsey alone. On one of these occasions, as Monsey sauntered up St. James Street, leaving the Earl over a newspaper, he met old Lord Townshend, who learning where Lord Godolphin was, said he would dine with him. Monsey bitterly regretted what he had said, but there was no remedy, as Lord Townshend was a rough, boisterous, determined man. When he entered the tavern-

room, addressing Lord Godolphin, he said, "Now, my lord, I known you don't like this intrusion." The Earl mildly said in answer, "Why, my lord, to say the truth, I really do not, because I have only ordered a dinner for Monsey and myself, and have nothing fit for your lordship unless you will wait." "No, no," said Lord Townshend, "anything will do for me," sitting down and indulging in a sort of tumultuous gayety, very unsuitable to the placid temper of Lord Godolphin. In the course of conversation, Lord Townshend said, "My lord, does Monsey flatter you?" "I hope not," said the earl mildly. Monsey immediately said, "I never practiced flattery, because I think none but a knave could give it, and none but a fool receive it." "That may be," added Lord Townshend, "but by G—— we all like it!" "I wish I had known your lordship's opinion," said Monsey, "before I had made my foolish speech."

I do not mention this anecdote as interesting in itself, but as an illustration of character, and Monsey was too conspicuous in his day to be unworthy of notice, and too much misconceived not to demand from friendship a vindication of his nature and conduct. The great Lord Chesterfield, as he is generally styled, who carried good-breeding perhaps to an excess, was very partial to Monsey, and bore with his peculiarities because he saw that, however rough his manner at times, it had always a moral tendency, and its purpose to condemn, to expose, and to ridicule vice and folly. Lord Chief Justice De Grey, afterwards Lord Walsingham, was also distinguished for the elegance and suavity of his manners in private life, and he admired and cultivated an intercourse with Monsey, when he retired from the profession, to which his talents, learning, and judicial conduct did so much honor. I was to dine one day with the Doctor at the governor's table in Chelsea Hospital, and soon after I arrived, Lord Walsingham came in his carriage to ask Monsey to accompany him home to dinner. The Doctor, knowing that I heard him, in his usual blunt way said, "I can't, my lord, for I have a scoundrel to dine with me." "Then bring your scoundrel with you," said his lordship. The ad-

After he had related what had occurred, "And so," said Garrick, "you thought of punishing yourself for her vanity and folly, when you ought rather to have turned her out of the carriage for her obstinacy and ignorance! Why, did you never hear of Potty Brice?" Garrick then said, that though he employed one of the most honest and respectable linen-draperies in town, Mrs. Garrick went into an auction-room and bought a large quantity of damaged stuff, and that when the auctioneer required her name, she thought that she should give that of an English gentlewoman, and not of a servant, when she intended to say Betty Price, but instead of that she pronounced it Potty Brice, and her own maid was obliged to explain it correctly. Monsey, however, whose spleen ended with a few rough words, paid the lady some rough compliment, and harmony was soon restored. It is an old observation, that "everything begets its like," and so far as relates to Monsey's manner, it generated something of the same kind in his ordinary associates, for they usually addressed him with the same gross familiarity that characterized his own behavior. This reciprocal freedom always existed between him and Garrick.

Monsey having heard one day that the Duke of Argyle and several ladies of distinction were to sup with Garrick, reproached the latter for not inviting him. "I would have asked you," said Garrick, "but you are too great a blackguard." "Why, you little scoundrel," said Monsey, "ask Lord Godolphin, one of the best-bred men in the world if I do not behave as well as the politest of his visitors." "Well," replied Garrick, "if you'll promise to behave properly, you shall come." Monsey promised accordingly, and attended. Garrick, however, gave the Duke privately an intimation of Monsey's character. All went on well till Mrs. Garrick began to help her noble guests, in the intervals of which attention, Monsey had several times presented his plate to her, but she was so occupied in showing her deference to the grandeur of the company, that she took no notice of him. At length, after presenting and withdrawing his plate, as other parties engaged

her attention, he could restrain himself no longer, and exclaimed, "Will you help me, you b——, or not?" Garrick fell back in his chair with laughter; the Duke, though somewhat prepared for the oddity of Monsey's character, was struck with surprise, and all was consternation with the rest of the company. Monsey, not the least abashed at the confusion which he had excited, gave way to his humor, related some whimsical anecdotes, and rendered the remainder of the evening a scene of good-humor and merriment.

WILLIAM WARBURTON.

Monsey had a great contempt for Warburton, whose learning he distrusted, and whose abilities he despised. He told me that he once dined at Garrick's with Warburton and Dr. Brown, the author of "An Estimate on the Manners of the Times," of "An Essay on the Characteristics of Shaftesbury," and of the tragedy of "Barbarossa." He also wrote a poem on the death of Pope, forming a sort of parody on "The Essay on Man," which Warburton introduced into his edition of Pope's works. Brown was a more obsequious parasite to Warburton than even Bishop Hurd was reported to have been. After the dinner, and during the wine, Garrick said, partly in earnest and partly in jest, "Now, Monsey, don't indulge in your usual freedom, but let us be a little serious." "Oh!" said Brown, "you may be sure that Monsey will restrain his strange humor before Dr. Warburton, as he is afraid of him." Monsey said that he waited a moment or two, to hear whether Warburton would say anything in rebuke to Brown, and ask why Dr. Monsey should be afraid of him; but as Warburton maintained a kind of proud silence, Monsey said, "No, sir, I am neither afraid of Dr. Warburton nor of his Jack-pudding." This sally produced a solemn pause, to the confusion of Garrick, who saw it was hopeless to restore good-humor, and the party soon broke up.

As I do not profess to write with any regard to regular order, but relate my recollections when they occur to me, I may be permitted to say a few words more of Warburton, who was

once addressed in a pamphlet, "To the most impudent man alive," and to whom proud and insolent might have been very properly added. Quin was in the habit of meeting Warburton at Mr. Allen's, at Prior Park near Bath. Quin was a discerning man, and above all sycophantic arts. He had often observed the interested servility of Warburton towards Mr. Allen. Warburton was mortified at the superior powers of conversation which Quin possessed, but was afraid of encountering his talents for prompt repartee. On one occasion, after a conversation on the subject of the martyrdom of Charles the First, for the justice of which Quin contended, Warburton asked him "by what law the king was condemned?" Quin, with his usual energy exclaimed, "By all the law which he had left in the land!" an answer which was more ingenious than founded in truth and reason, but which however at once put an end to the controversy.

On another occasion, when Warburton with grave subtlety endeavored to degrade Quin from the social and equal companion to the player, he professed his desire to hear Mr. Quin recite something from the drama, as he had not an opportunity of hearing him on the stage. Quin delivered the speech from Otway's "Pierre," in which there is the following passage:—

"Honest men

Are the soft, easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten."

alternately looking at Allen and Warburton, in so marked a manner that the reference was understood by all the company, and effectually prevented any subsequent attacks from the divine on the actor.

An evident proof of Warburton's pride was related to me by Dr. Wolcot. The Doctor knew a cousin of Mr. Allen, a chattering old woman; she told Wolcot that people in general were much mistaken in supposing that Dr. Warburton was a proud man, for she had often met him at her cousin Allen's in the company of lords and bishops and other high people, and he paid more attention to her, and talked more with her, than with any of the great folks who were present.

This fact fully illustrates Warburton's character, as it shows that he manifested his indifference, if not contempt, of the higher visitors by his familiarity with an ignorant woman, from whom he could receive no entertainment, except what his vanity derived from the consciousness of his own superiority. It has always been wonderful to me that Warburton should have acquired so high a reputation. His insolence, vanity, and ridiculous ambition of superior penetration, have been ably exposed by the severe criticism on his "Comments on Shakespeare's text," by Mr. Heath, in his revival of that text, and by the caustic humor of Mr. Edwards on the same subject.¹ Beautiful as the "Essay on Man" is as a poem, it is an inconsistent jumble of religion and philosophy. There are many passages in favor of fatalism which Warburton has attempted to reconcile and defend as supporting the Christian faith and doctrines, but with refining sophistry if not with interested dissimulation and pitiable prejudice. How Pope could be content with such a vindication of his poem is surprising, as the frequent references to fatalism in Warburton's defense must have convinced him that his poem was liable in that respect to all the objections which had been urged against it. It was generally reported that the passage in the comedy of "The Hypocrite," where Mawworm, speaking of his wife when addressing Cantwell, says, "Between you and me, doctor, Molly is breeding again," was a copy of what Warburton had said to a *friendly* clergyman, with whose wife he was supposed to be upon too intimate a footing.

There is a curious letter of Warburton's, written to Concanen, one of Pope's enemies, degrading the genius of the poet, before he had discovered the importance which he might derive from an alliance with him. This letter Mr. Malone has copied and introduced at the end of the play of "Julius Cæsar," in his edition of the works of Shakespeare. I asked the late James Boswell, the son of Johnson's biographer, what had be-

¹ The arrogance of Warburton is well described in a work called, *The Reverie, or a Flight to the Paradise of Fools*, written by the author of *The Adventures of a Guinea*.

come of the original of that letter, and he told me that he could not find it among the papers of Mr. Malone, to whom he was executor.

MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGUE.

Dr. Monsey and the celebrated Mrs. Montague lived long in intimate friendship, and kept up a sort of ludicrous gallantry with each other. I remember I once had the pleasure of meeting her at Dr. Monsey's, and of handing her to her carriage. I said, as we went down-stairs, "Are you not afraid, madam, of being known to visit a gentleman in his chambers?" "Why, yes," said she, "considering my youth and beauty, and the youth of the gallant. I hope the meeting will not get into 'The Morning Post.'"

The published letters of this lady are admirable, and her Essay on Shakespeare is a valuable vindication of our great bard from the strictures of Voltaire. It was supposed that at an early period of her life, she had been attached to the venerable Lord Lyttelton, beyond the limits of platonism; but Monsey, who would not credit any imputation upon her moral character, said that, if such a supposition could possibly have any foundation, it rather applied to Lord Bath, with whom and his lady she made a tour in Germany. There was something remarkably shrewd and penetrating in her eyes, tending to disconcert those towards whom they were particularly directed. Dr. Monsey gave me two of her letters, of which I permitted copies to be taken for a periodical literary vehicle, no longer in existence.

Mrs. Montague, in the early part of her life, was so fond of having various colors in her attire, that Lord Chesterfield always called her *Iris*. Her letters are throughout excellent, and I understand were written without any hesitation. In the "Dialogues of the Dead," written by Lord Lyttelton, there are two written by Mrs. Montague, which, in all respects, are much superior to those of his lordship. The unfavorable manner in which Dr. Johnson mentions Lord Lyttelton, in his "Lives of the Poets," induced her to relinquish all intercourse

with him. She was indebted for some part of her education to the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, and it is said that such was the precocity of her powers, that she had copied the whole of "The Spectator" before she was eight years of age ; but whatever might have been the maturity of her mind at that early age, it is hardly possible to give credit to the report.

HUGH KELLY.

Mr. Kelly's history is rather curious. The earliest accounts of him represent him a pot-boy at a public-house in Dublin. This house was frequented by the inferior actors. In this humble situation he displayed literary talents, and having gained access to one of the newspapers, he contrived to obtain orders for admission into the theatre from those inferior actors, by paying frequent tributes to their merit in a public print. Struck with his talents, he was rescued from this degrading situation and bound apprentice to a stay-maker, with whom he served his time with diligence and fidelity. As soon, however, as he was released from his indentures, having increased his literary reputation during his apprenticeship, and feeling an ambition above the station of a stay-maker, he determined to try his fortune in London, and soon procured a connection among the publishers of magazines and daily papers. At length he was appointed editor of "The Public Ledger," a prominent journal at that period, and he became well-known as a political writer in favor of government. A pension of two hundred pounds a year was allowed him by the minister of that period, which he retained till his death, as he had been the victim of popular fury in his character of a dramatic author ; and his widow was permitted to enjoy a moiety of this pension till her death, which happened in 1826. Mr. Kelly died in 1777.

Reflecting on the uncertainty of permanent support arising from magazines and newspapers, Mr. Kelly had turned his attention to the law, and was in due time called to the bar. Having a retentive memory, and a promptitude of expression, he soon began to rise in reputation as a lawyer, and would prob-

ably have acquired a respectable independence if he had lived, but he died in his thirty-eighth year, of an abscess in his side.

It seemed to be Mr. Kelly's aim, both in conversation and in his writings, to use fine words, apparently, if possible, to obliterate all traces of the meanness of his origin and of his early employments. Soon after he was called to the bar he turned his attention to the drama, and produced his comedy entitled "*False Delicacy*," which, from the novelty of its characters and the refinement of its sentiments, but particularly from the admirable manner in which it was represented, made a very favorable impression on the public. He had, however, one great difficulty to encounter before the manager, Mr. Garrick, could venture to bring the play forward.

Mr. Kelly had written a poem entitled "*Thespis*," in which he criticised the chief theatrical performers of that time, in the manner of Churchill's "*Rosciad*," but with an inferiority of talent which admits of no comparison. This work appeared soon after Mr. Barry returned from Ireland and brought with him Mrs. Dancer, whom he afterwards married. She was an excellent actress both in tragedy and comedy. Her *Rosalind* was, in my opinion, one of the most perfect performances I ever attended. She happened to be very near-sighted, and Kelly, in his "*Thespis*," when mentioning Barry, alluding to Mrs. Dancer, said that he had "thrust his moon-eyed idiot on the town." There was a severity and vulgarity in this censure, quite inconsistent with the character of Mr. Kelly, and his strictures on other performers were not more gentle, so that it required all the suavity of his own manners, and even all the zeal of his friend Mr. Garrick, to effect a reconciliation.

As Mr. Kelly had allotted a principal character to Mrs. Dancer in his play, it was natural to suppose that she would revolt with indignation from a proposal to take any part in support of it. The lady, however, though at first repulsive and hostile, proved in the end forgiving and good-humored. She supported the part assigned to her with admirable spirit,

and also condescended to speak a long and humorous epilogue written by Mr. Garrick. Her admirable mimicry of the Scotch and Irish characters, added much to the attraction and success of the comedy.

In this play, to keep aloof from the familiar appellations of ordinary life, and perhaps to throw a farther veil over his original condition, two of the ladies were named Hortensia and Theodora, and the males are chiefly men of rank and title. In his subsequent comedy of "A School for Wives," when a challenge is sent from one character to another, it is addressed "To Craggs Belville, Esq." — Craggs having been the name of a gentleman formerly high in office, and esteemed by Pope and Addison; and from what I recollect of Mr. Kelly, I have no doubt that his choice of fine names arose from the motive which I have assigned.

Mr. Kelly, as I have said, was, perhaps, too lofty, pompous, and flowery in his language, but good-natured, affable, and gentlemanly in his deportment, even to an excess of elaborate courtesy. An unlucky instance of his loftiness of language occurred, as well as I can recollect, on the trial of the notorious Barrington, who had picked a lady's pocket. The prosecutrix seemed to be inclined to give her evidence with tenderness, and the culprit might probably have escaped punishment, but unfortunately Mr. Kelly pressed her a little too much, and seemed to convert her lenity into self-defense when he addressed her in the following words: "Pray, madam, how could you, in the immensity of the crowd, determine the identity of the man?"

This question was wholly unintelligible to the simple woman, and he was obliged to reduce his question into merely, "How do you know he was the man?" "Because," said she, "I caught his hand in my pocket."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Goldsmith's life and character are so well-known to the world, that it would be wasting time to enter on particulars. I shall therefore content myself with relating one anecdote, as

it marks his character and has not been printed. Mr. Cooke had engaged to meet a party at Marylebone Gardens. He had cash enough to pay for admission, but not for the necessity of coach-hire and the casualty of a supper. He therefore applied to his friend Goldsmith for the loan of a guinea. Poor Goldsmith was in the same *Parnassian* predicament, but undertook to borrow the sum of a friend, and to bring it to Cooke before he departed for the gardens. Cooke waited in expectation to the last moment that allowed him a chance of witnessing the entertainments of the place, but no Goldsmith appeared. He therefore trusted to fortune, and sallied forth. Meeting some hospitable Irish countrymen at the place, he partook of a good supper, and did not return to his chambers till five in the morning. Finding some difficulty in opening his door, he stooped to remove the impediment, and found it was the guinea that Goldsmith had borrowed for him, wrapped in paper, which he had attempted to thrust under the door, not observing the hole in the letter-box, obvious to everybody else. Cooke thanked him in the course of the day, but observed that he ought not to have exposed the sum to such danger in so critical a state of their finances, as the laundress, coming early in the morning, or any casual stranger, might have seized the precious deposit. At what time Goldsmith had left the money, he could not recollect; but he might naturally have thought that he brought it too late, as Cooke had left the chambers. In answer to Cooke's observation as to the danger of losing the guinea, he said, "In truth, my dear fellow, I did not think of that." The fact is, he probably thought of nothing but serving a friend.

Goldsmith in the midst of all his luxuriant playfulness, was easily put out of countenance. Miss Clara Brooke, one of my earliest and dearest playmates, who lived some time in my father's family, being once annoyed at a masquerade by the noisy gayety of Goldsmith, who laughed heartily at some of the jokes with which he assailed her, was induced in answer to repeat his own line in "The Deserted Village."

"And the loud laugh which spoke the vacant mind."

Goldsmith was quite abashed at the application, and retired, as if by the word *vacant* he rather meant barren, than free from care. Dr. Johnson wrote the prologue to Goldsmith's comedy of "The Good-natured Man," to which comedy the public have never done justice. In the copy of this prologue which appeared in the "Public Advertiser," in 1769, the following couplet was inserted:—

"Amidst the toils of this returning year,
When senators and nobles learn to fear;"

but it was omitted in the copy which accompanied the play, either from Goldsmith's or Johnson's caution, but probably the former. Johnson, mentioning the author in the prologue, had styled him "our *little* bard," but the pride of Goldsmith revolted at this epithet, and it was changed to "*anxious*."

JOHN WILKES.

I knew Mr. Wilkes, but was too young at the time to be admitted into any intimacy with him, even if I had then felt any turn for politics. I, however, saw enough of him to be convinced that he was irritable and passionate. I was better acquainted with his brother, Heaton Wilkes, a very good kind of man, but by no means calculated to take any conspicuous part in public life, though his brother once thought that he should be able to procure for him the chamberlainship of the city, a situation which he afterwards was glad to obtain for himself.

Soon after the death of John Wilkes, Heaton told me that he had not long before asked him for the loan of twenty pounds, but was refused, though at that time John occupied a house in Grosvenor Square, and maintained an establishment corresponding with the situation. He added, that his brother had left all his property to his daughter, and that if she died and made no provision for him, he should be in a destitute situation. Yet John Wilkes was a friend to the people, though he forgot to include his brother among them.

John Wilkes had certainly written two biographical works, which he intended for publication after his death. One of

them was an account of his private and the other of his political life; but his daughter devoted them to the flames, as if she thought there was nothing in the character of her father worth recording. Wilkes had a natural son, whom I knew. His father sent him for education to Germany, and he came back so completely Germanized, that he must have been taken through life for a foreigner. He went by the name of Smith, and his father procured for him a military appointment in the service of the East India Company. He was a good sort of young man, inclined to boisterous mirth, but without any promising abilities.

The last time I met Mr. Wilkes I inquired after Smith, who I said I had heard was at *Seringapatam*. "Yes," said Wilkes, "he was when I last heard of him at *Seringapatam*," — thus somewhat rudely differing from the pronunciation which I had adopted according to general usage.

He had long meditated the publication of a correct edition of "*Catullus*," which he at length brought out, and which was generally admitted to evince his taste and scholarship. To show that his respect for learning and talents was not overborne by political animosity, when the work came forward, Mr. Horne Tooke informed me that he sent a copy to him. In his public controversy with that sturdy adversary, he certainly appeared to most advantage. Tooke's letters were rancorous and dull in comparison with the lightness, spirit, and gayety of his competitor's. Wilkes was conscious that "Nature had not formed him in her prodigality," but he used to say that the handsomest man could only be rated at a fortnight before him when courting the smiles of the ladies. His wit and humor were admirable, and a strong proof of their influence is, that they could triumph over the impression of his person. Those qualities, however, cannot throw a veil over the profligacy of his life, the looseness of his morals, and the freedom of his political principles, — for he was, unquestionably, not merely a whig but a republican.

The late Mr. John Palmer, member for Bath, told me that he passed a few days with Wilkes in the Isle of Wight. On

one occasion Mr. Palmer at dinner spoke highly of some pigeons on the table, as of an extraordinary size. Wilkes gave the following account of them: "I was particularly fond of pigeons," said he, "and wanted to encourage a fine breed. I procured some from France and other places on the Continent, but, having taken all possible pains to render their reception agreeable, after a short time they returned to their native place. At length I despaired of ever possessing a breed of my favorite bird, when a friend advised me to try Scotland. I did so, and the pigeons that you admire, of which I procured a large stock, have never returned to their own country." Perhaps the illiberal hatred of Scotland which he entertained in common with Dr. Johnson, a feeling unworthy and disgraceful to both, was one of the reasons why the great moralist consented to be acquainted with him.

There are many proofs of Wilkes's wit, which are too well known to be introduced in this place. The following, however, I believe, have not publicly appeared. A lady once asked him to take a hand at whist, but he declined in the following terms: "Dear lady, do not ask me, for I am so ignorant that I cannot distinguish the difference between a *king* and a *knave*?" Here the republican tendency of his feelings is manifest.

In a dispute between Sir Watkin Lewes and himself, the former said, "I'll be your butt no longer." "With all my heart," said Wilkes, "I never like an *empty one*."

It was generally rumored at the time, that Wilkes wrote an answer to a satirical letter to Sir Watkin from Horne Tooke, when Sir Watkin was sheriff. The answer concluded as follows: "It only remains, sir, for me, in my office of sheriff, to attend you to that fate which you have long deserved, and which the people have impatiently expected."

Wilkes was among the persons who were suspected to be Junius, but though witty, pleasant, and humorous, he never could soar to the dignified height of the great inscrutable censor of the times, who threw fire-brands among all ranks without distinction or remorse. Upon another occasion he displayed his sarcastic humor on royalty, for he said "he loved

the King (George the Third) so much, that he hoped never to see another."

Upon having a snuff-box presented to him to take a pinch, he said, "No, sir, I thank you, I have no *small vices*."

One evening when the House of Commons was going to adjourn, he begged permission to make a speech, "for," said he, "I have sent a copy to the 'Public Advertiser,' and how ridiculous should I appear if it were published without having been delivered."

When he was member for Aylesbury, he invited the mayor to visit him in London, promising him an hospitable reception. The mayor, who had never been in the metropolis, declined the invitation, alleging that he had heard London "contained nothing but rogues and prostitutes." Wilkes, with a confidential air, said, "Why to tell you the truth, Mr. Mayor, I have reason to believe that there are in London a few suspected characters."

The last time I met Wilkes was in Holborn, when I resided in Hatton Garden, the scene of my infant days, and of all my youthful enjoyments. I expressed my surprise at seeing him in that street, as his usual course home to Knightsbridge or to Grosvenor Square, was through Cheapside and the Strand, and I asked him if he had been at his old friend Horne Tooke's trial, which was then proceeding. His answer, from the loss of teeth, was not intelligible; and making a motion as if I was prevented from hearing, by the noise of passing carriages, he repeated the same sounds, which, receiving as if I understood him, I found on reflection were, "Forbid it delicacy."

Wilkes was certainly a brave, learned, and witty man, but his patriotism was a mere trade for power and profit. My friend Joe Richardson used ludicrously to say, that he had "an affectionate contempt for Wilkes." I was quite a boy when Wilkes was imprisoned in the King's Bench, and was on the ground of St. George's Fields when young Allen was shot, little thinking that I should live to be acquainted with the favorite of the mob.

JOHN KEMBLE.

I became acquainted with this gentleman in the first season of his performance in London, at Drury Lane Theatre. I attended his first appearance, which was in the character of Hamlet. It was impossible to avoid being struck with his person and demeanor, though the latter was in general too stately and formal; but, perhaps, it only appeared so to me, as I had seen Garrick perform the same character several times a few years before, and had a vivid recollection of his excellence. There was some novelty in Mr. Kemble's delivery of certain passages, but they appeared to me to be rather the refinements of critical research, than the sympathetic ardor of congenial feelings with the author. I sat on the third row of the pit, close to my old friend Peregrine Phillips, the father of Mrs. Crouch. Phillips was enthusiastic in his admiration and applause, upon every expression and attitude of Kemble, even to a fatiguing excess. When Kemble had dismissed one of the court spies sent to watch him, and kept back the other, Phillips exclaimed, "Oh! fine, fine." "It may be very fine," said I, "but what does it mean, my friend?" "Oh!" he answered, "I know not what it means, but it is fine and grand." The enthusiasm of my old friend may be accounted for from a report which prevailed at the time. Miss Phillips, his daughter, was very beautiful, and it was said that while Mr. Kemble was at Liverpool, immediately preceding his engagement in London, it had appeared as if a marriage between them were approaching, and the father was therefore, naturally strenuous in supporting his expected son-in-law. However, the match, if ever intended, did not take place, and Phillips, I suppose, felt an abatement of his admiration of the actor.

I was, at first, so little an admirer of John Kemble's performance of "Hamlet," that considering it stiff, conceited, and unnatural, I wrote four epigrams in ironical commendation of it, and inserted them together in a public print which I then conducted. The late Mr. Francis Twiss, who took a strong interest in the welfare of Mr. Kemble, introduced me to him in

the lobby of Drury Lane Théâtre. I had just before seen him point Kemble's notice to me and heard him whisper the word epigrams : I was, therefore, not prepared for the unaffected civility with which he addressed me. We immediately fell into conversation, and I remember that Mr. Kemble very soon began a defense of declamation, stating it as originally constituting one of the chief features of theatrical excellence on the Grecian stage ; whence, on reflection, I inferred that he thought I was disposed to require too much of the manners of familiar life in dramatic representations. From that time we often met in company, became well acquainted, and, judging from myself, our intercourse gradually ripened into what is commonly denominated friendship. I am convinced that if he had been born to affluence, and in a higher station, he would have been a distinguished character in political life. He had suffered the privations naturally incidental to a connection with a provincial theatre ; but when he rose to reputation and fortune in the metropolis, he acted with a spirit and liberality that seemed as if he were "to the manner born."

The late Mr. William Lewis, himself an excellent comic actor and a shrewd judge of theatrical merit, told me that as he once passed through an obscure town in Yorkshire, to perform as "a *star*," he saw John Kemble in the part of "Love-well," in "The Clandestine Marriage," ill-dressed for the character, with antiquated finery, unsuitable to a merchant's clerk, and with black unpowdered hair ; yet, notwithstanding the stiffness of his deportment, he displayed so much good sense and judgment, that Mr. Lewis assured me he silently predicted Mr. Kemble would rise into theatrical distinction.

Mr. Kemble's classical and general knowledge, and the courtesy of his manners, as well as his improving theatrical powers, soon procured him high and extensive connections. He kept a hospitable and elegant table. He gave a liberal premium with one of his nephews to an eminent artist, and an equal sum with another to a solicitor. When the late Mr. Francis Twiss had compiled an index to Shakespeare, a work of marvelous industry and labor, and, of course, valuable to

the admirers of the great bard, but was not willing to hazard the expense of publication, Mr. Kemble, with the zeal of friendship, and admiration of the poet, determined that so interesting a work should not be buried in obscurity, and engaged with the bookseller, at his own risk. He however instituted a subscription among his friends at two guineas for each copy; but though, no doubt, he collected a considerable sum, it was probably by no means sufficient to indemnify him for the expense of a publication of so very arduous and complicated a description. I hardly need add, that I became one of the earliest subscribers. A great part of this laborious work, which, most probably, will never be reprinted, was destroyed by an accidental fire, so that the remaining copies have been much advanced in price.

I was in the habit of constantly visiting Mr. Kemble on a Sunday morning for many years, and if I saw him in the intermediate days, he always said, "Taylor, remember the Hebdomadal." I found him generally with some book or manuscript before him relative to his art. Sometimes he was cold, negligent, and less courteous than at others, and then feeling disgusted, I resolved to forbear my visit the next week; but the pleasure I always found in his company overcame my temporary spleen. He was fond of Dryden, and sometimes read to me passages from that admirable poet. I do not think he was a good reader, for he generally read in a tone either too low or too high. There is obviously but one tone in reading or acting that excites the sympathy of the hearer, and that is the tone which feeling suggests and expresses; and such was the charm of Garrick, which rendered his acting in tragedy or comedy impressive in the highest degree.¹ There were many of Kemble's visitors who made court to him by telling him of faults in Garrick's acting, or of the unsuitableness of his person for some of the characters which he

¹ Dr. Wolcot used to read his own compositions, and the comic productions of others, with admirable ease, humor, and spirit, but he read all grave poems with a kind of ludicrous quaintness and familiarity. He was, however, a sound critic on other readers.

represented ; for instance, Sir Charles Thompson, afterwards Hotham, a respectable old baronet, told Kemble that Garrick always gave him the idea of a little butler. Kemble generally told me what was said to him of this kind, not as appearing to believe such remarks, but to know whether they received a confirmation from me. On such occasions, I never abated in my reverence for Garrick, but always discountenanced such insidious flattery, and to the best of my recollection and ability, asserted the wonderful powers of the departed actor. Kemble always listened to my panegyric on his great predecessor with apparent conviction, but I cannot help believing that he would have liked me much better if I had never seen Garrick.

Kemble, with all his professional judgment, skill, and experience, like all other mortals, was sometimes induced to mistake the natural direction of his powers, and to suppose that he was as much patronized by the comic as by the tragic muse. When I called on him one morning, he was sitting in his great chair with his nightcap on, and, as he told me, cased in flannel. Immediately after the customary salutation, he said, "Taylor, I am studying a new part in a popular comedy, and I should like to know your opinion as to the manner in which I am likely to perform it." "As you tell me it is a comic part," said I, "I presume it is what you style intellectual comedy, such as the chief characters in Congreve, Wycherley, and Vanburgh." "What do you think," said he, "of Charles, in the 'School for Scandal?'" "Why," said I, "Charles is a gay, free, spirited, convivial fellow." "Yes," said he, "but Charles is a gentleman." He tried the part, but his gayety did not seem to the town to be of "the right flavor." It was said by one of Mr. Kemble's favorable critics in a public print, that his performance was "Charles's restoration," and by another, that it was rather Charles's martyrdom."

Another time he attempted a jovial rakish character in one of Mrs. Behn's licentious comedies, from which, however, he expunged all the offensive passages ; but he was not success-

ful.¹ I met him one day as I was hurrying home to dress for dinner abroad, and he strongly pressed me to go and dine with him, alleging that as *Pop* (Mrs. Kemble) was out of town, he should be lonely and dull. I told him I was positively engaged, and should hardly be in time. "Well, then," said he, "I'll go home and study a pantomime." It is hardly possible to conceive so grave a character contemplating new tricks and escapes for harlequin, and blunders for the clown.

He had determined to act Falstaff, and I was in the green-room at Covent Garden theatre one Saturday, when, after his performance of some character which I do not recollect, three beards were brought to him, that he might choose one for Falstaff. We were invited to dine the next day with the late Dr. Charles Burney, rector of Deptford. Kemble took me in his chariot, and we talked on the road of his intended Falstaff. He said that he had resolved to attempt the part, but was afraid that, when "he came to the point, his heart would fail him." A ludicrous incident happened at this dinner. The doctor, in helping Kemble to part of a pudding, gave him a very large portion, which induced me to say, "Burney, you do not observe Kemble's rule in your ample allotment to him. 'What is that?'" said the Doctor. "Why," said I, "when I last dined with him, I was as lavish as you in distributing a

¹ Kemble certainly believed that he possessed comic talents, and as far as a strong sense of humor and a disposition to enjoy jocularity could tend to excite such a conviction, he might naturally yield to self-deception. My lively friend, George Colman, whose exuberant gayety spares nobody, and to whose satirical turn I have often been a witness and a victim, being asked his opinion of Kemble's "Don Felix," said that it displayed too much of the Don and too little of the Felix. Kemble could bear jocular remarks on his acting with unaffected good-humor. I remember that after we became tolerably well acquainted, and were one day talking on the subject of his Hamlet, I, perhaps too freely, said, "Come, Kemble, I'll give an imitation of your Hamlet." "I'll be glad," said he, "to improve by the reflection." I then raised my right hand over my forehead, as connoisseurs do when looking at a picture, and looking intently as if some object was actually before me, and referring to the platform scene, exclaimed, "My father," and then bending my hand into the form of an opera-glass and peeping through it, continued, "Methinks I see my father." He took this freedom in good part, and only said, "Why, Taylor, I never used such an action." "No," said I, "but from your first action everybody expected that the other would follow." Whenever he spoke of his great predecessor he never failed to say "Mr. Garrick."

similar dish. Kemble said, 'Taylor, don't help so much to an individual, for if you do it will not go round the table.' Being somewhat in the habit of imitating Kemble, I spoke these words in his manner, forgetting that he was before me. "Now," said Kemble, "he thinks he is imitating me—I appeal to the lady;" and these words he delivered so much in the manner which I had assumed, that Mrs. Burney and the Doctor could not help laughing, Kemble gave way to the same impulse, and I was relieved from embarrassment.

I was one night in a box with him when the theatre was illuminated preparatory to the opening for the season, and a Mr. Rees was employed to give imitations, in order to try the effect of the voice. Kemble was one of the persons imitated, and while the man was delivering an imitation of him, Kemble, in little above a whisper, knocking his stick on the ground, said, with perfect good-humor, "Speak louder, you rascal, speak louder." The man did not hear, nor did Kemble intend he should.

Before the return of Mrs. Kemble from the country, I dined with him one day *tête-à-tête*, and a very pleasant evening I passed. I submitted to him my tale of Frank Hayman, on which he made some judicious corrections in writing, on the spot, and afterwards read to me his translation of Ovid's epistle from CEnone to Paris, which, so far as I could judge by mere recitation, was rendered with poetic spirit and beauty. He told me that he intended to publish it with graphic illustrations by his friend Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is to be regretted that it was not published, as it would do honor to his memory. He held Sir Thomas Lawrence in the highest esteem and friendship, and these feelings were evidently returned in full measure by the great artist, as by the many portraits which he painted of Mr. Kemble it is obvious that his time and talents might have been employed to much pecuniary advantage while they were thus devoted to friendship. I believe no friendship which history has recorded, was more sincere and warm than that between the great painter and the great actor,—both with minds well stored, both men of correct taste and polished manners.

Mr. Kemble possessed a high and manly spirit. He was involved in a duel with Mr. Daly, the manager of the Dublin Theatre, before he first came to London; and another with Mr. James Aikin, a respectable actor of Drury Lane Theatre, when Mr. Kemble was manager. Aikin, though a sensible and worthy man, was irritable and obstinate. Mr. Kemble might easily have avoided the last duel, but would not suffer his spirit to be called in question.

The late Hon. Mr. St. John had written a tragedy entitled "Mary Queen of Scots," which he had submitted to the Drury Lane manager, and which had been accepted for representation; but the anxiety of the author induced him to complain of delay in bringing it before the public. Some hasty words passed in the greenroom on the occasion between him and Mr. Kemble. At length, in the irritation of literary vanity and aristocratic pride, he told Mr. Kemble that he was a man whom "he could not call out." Mr. Kemble answered with perfect coolness, "But you are a man whom I can turn out, and therefore I desire you will leave this place immediately." Mr. St. John prudently retired, but, reflecting on the insult which he had offered to a scholar and a gentleman, soon returned, and made an apology, which restored good-humor, and the play was soon afterwards represented, but not with much success.

Mr. Kemble was known to be of a convivial turn of mind, and not in a hurry to leave a jovial party. He passed an evening with my late friend Dr. Charles Burney, who kept an academy on the Hammersmith Road, near to the three-mile stone. Mr. Kemble remained there till five in the morning, when looking out of the window he saw a fish-cart on its way to Billingsgate, and having no other conveyance to town, he hailed the driver, and desired to be his passenger. The man readily consented, when Kemble adapted himself to the capacity of the man, who declared that he never met so pleasant a gentleman before. Instead of getting out, he desired the man to take him on to Billingsgate, where some of the people happened to know his person and told it to the rest. The people

left their business, gathered round him, and gave him a cheer. Mr. Pearce, then an eminent fishmonger in London, and an old friend of Macklin the actor, advanced towards Mr. Kemble, and offered to show him the place. Mr. Kemble remained some time, gratified the crowd with some humorous sallies, and then told Mr. Pearce that if he could get a coach he would take home a turbot for Mrs. Kemble. Mr. Pearce dispatched one of his servants, who soon brought a coach, and Mr. Pearce took care to procure for him the best turbot the market afforded, and he went off amid the shouts of the people, which he returned with gracious salutations. Mr. Pearce has some years retired to Margate, and from him I learned the latter part of this anecdote.

Mr. Kemble resided some time on Turnham Green, during the summer season, where I had the pleasure of dining with him, and he read to me his romantic entertainment of "Lodoiska." There was a club at the Packhorse Tavern, consisting of the chief gentlemen of the neighborhood, of which Dr. Wolcot, Mr. Jessé Foot, and Mr. Jerningham were admitted members. Mr. Kemble was invited to dine at this club, and Mr. George Colman happening to call on Mr. Kemble, he was invited also. They kept up the ball till most of the members, who had remained long beyond the usual time, entertained by the remarks of Kemble and the gayeties of my friend Colman, gradually withdrew; and Kemble and Colman did not break up till twelve o'clock the next day, having been left by themselves for many hours.

I have been more than once kept up by Mr. Kemble till four and five in the morning. This I remember particularly to have happened after his first performance of Octavian, in "The Mountaineers." At length, however, he became quite temperate; and the last time I dined with him at his own house in Russell Street, Bloomsbury, I said to him, "Come, Johnny, we have not drunk a glass of wine together." Mrs. Kemble then said, "I am Johnny, Mr. Kemble does not drink wine, and I am ready for you." Mr. Kemble did not drink

wine all the time, but was in such good spirits as to show that he had no occasion for such an auxiliary.

He often paid me the compliment of consulting me on any passage of Shakespeare that appeared doubtful,*and would listen with great attention to any opinion that differed from his own; and I do not recollect any occasion on which I had not reason to assent to his explanation of the text. But I never knew any person who was more ready to attend to the suggestions of others. He often desired that I would let him know where I did not approve of his acting; and his manner was so open and sincere, that I did not scruple to give my opinion, even to such a master of his art, and so acute a critic. He never spared pains to ascertain the meaning of what he or anybody thought doubtful.

I remember once, in compliance with his request, I told him I thought that in one passage of "Hamlet," Garrick as well as himself, and all others, were wrong in delivering it. The passage was where Horatio tells Hamlet that he came to see his father's funeral, and Hamlet says it was rather to see his mother's marriage, when Horatio observes "it followed hard upon." Hamlet replies,

" Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage table."

I observed that this passage was always given in anger, whereas in my opinion it ought to be delivered with ironical praise. He immediately took down a Polyglot Dictionary, and examined the derivation and accepted meaning of the word *thrift* in all the languages, and finding that it was always given in a commendatory sense, he thanked me, and always after gave the passage in the manner I had suggested.

I ventured to point out other alterations in "Hamlet" which it might appear vain in me to mention. Suffice it to say, that in hearing them he said, "Now, Taylor, I have copied the part of Hamlet forty times, and you have obliged me to consider and copy it once more." This is a proof of the labor and study which he devoted to his profession. It is but justice to

the rest of his family, as well as to himself, to say they were all so perfect in their parts that the prompter never was appealed to in their acting.

In the evening which I passed with him and Mr. Richardson at the Bedford Coffee House, though he admitted Mr. Garrick to be probably the greatest actor that ever existed, yet, referring to the play of "Pizarro," of which he seemed to be as proud as he had reason to be of his original works, he observed that he thought Garrick could not have performed *Rolla* so well as Kemble. This opinion may be considered as a sort of parental bigotry, from which even the highest minds are not exempt.

On the first representation of "The Mountaineers" at the Haymarket Theatre, I met him in the greenroom at the end of the play, when he had performed the part of Octavian, and he asked me to take a glass with him at Mrs. Stephen Kemble's, who lodged in the Haymarket, and who was sister to my first wife. I objected, observing I was afraid he would keep me up too late. He said I need not be afraid, for that he lived at Turnham Green, to which he must go that night, and as the play succeeded, and was likely to have a long run, and he had a fatiguing part in it, he required rest too much to keep late hours. I consented, but was actually kept by him till seven in the morning. His carriage had been waiting at the door all the time, and he then offered to carry me home to Hatton Garden; I however declined the offer.

He was very desirous that I should introduce him to my friend William Gifford, whom he highly respected, not only for his learning and poetical talents, but as the shrewdest and most intelligent of all the editors of dramatic authors. I settled an evening with Mr. Gifford, and went with Mr. Kemble at the time appointed. They had all the talk to themselves, and seemed to be highly gratified with each other. Mr. Kemble offered him the free use of his library, if he thought it would assist him in his illustration of Ben Jonson, whose works Mr. Gifford was then preparing for publication. Mr. Gifford availed himself of this offer, and all the books he wanted were immediately sent to him, and were carefully returned.

RICHARD TICKELL.

It was a common trick with Tickell, when supping at a coffee-house with a friend, to quit the room upon some pretence for a few moments, and leave the friend to pay the reckoning. I met him and Joe Richardson one night in the Piazza at Covent Garden, and they insisted on my going with them into the coffee-house to take a few oysters. I readily complied, but reflecting that I had only a few shillings in my pocket, and fully aware of Tickell's practice, I kept watch over him, that I might run no hazard. At length, remaining till a very late hour, as might naturally be expected with men of such talents, I desired my friend Richardson to pay my share, and retreated. This habit was certainly not the effect of meanness or of parsimony in Tickell, but of a waggish humor, by which I should assuredly have suffered, as it would have been an additional pleasure to play it off on a novice.

I was well acquainted with the characters both of Tickell and Sheridan. It was supposed by some of their friends, though not of the most discerning, that Sheridan was jealous of the conversational powers of Tickell. If there really was any jealousy between them, which I sincerely hope was not the case, as they were originally warm friends, besides being connected by marrying two amiable sisters, the jealousy was more likely to be on the side of Tickell, as he had failed in an opera, entitled "*The Carnival of Venice*," and Sheridan had been successful in all his dramatic pieces, which are styled stock-plays, and had, moreover, become one of the chief national characters as an orator and a politician.

Besides, Sheridan's poetical genius was of a higher cast, as evinced in his "*Monody on the Death of Garrick*," and his admirable prologues and epilogues, which are equal to any in our language. It is not, however, to be inferred, that though Sheridan's powers were of a superior order, Tickell was not possessed of considerable talents, — in fact, that he was not a man of genius. He displayed great wit, humor, and an appropriate delineation and characteristic diversity of character in

his "Anticipation," and poetical spirit in his "Wreath of Fashion," and more in his "Charles Fox, partridge shooting, to John Townshend, cruising." He was peculiarly spirited and entertaining in conversation.

A whimsical circumstance, exemplifying this last quality, occurred during a short visit which he paid at Oxford, to the head of one of the colleges. Dining in the common room, and happening to be more than ordinarily facetious, a very old member of the University, whose mind had been impaired by study and time, and who was very deaf, observing the effect of his lively sallies on the company, and hearing that his name was Tickell, asked the gentleman who sat next to him, and who was a wag, whether that was the Mr. Tickell who had been the friend of Mr. Addison. The gentleman told him it was the same person. The old member then expressed great regret that he sat at such a distance, and was too deaf to hear the brilliant effusions of Mr. Tickell's genius, particularly, too, as he might also hear some original anecdotes of his immortal friend the author of "Cato." The wag, to console him, promised that whenever Mr. Tickell uttered anything of striking humor, or told an interesting anecdote, he would relate it to him. The wag gave a hint to the company, most of whom happened to be as sportive as himself, of the old member's misconception in taking the Mr. Tickell present for his grandfather, and promised themselves much entertainment from the mistake. Tickell exerted himself with great gayety to exhibit his genius and learning, and the old member was quite agog to hear what passed. Whenever a laugh was excited by what Tickell said, the old gentleman resorted to his waggish friend, to know what he had heard. The wag either invented a *bon mot*, or told a ludicrous incident, which, perhaps, delighted the former even more than if he had heard Tickell's real effusion. This whimsical entertainment continued till the humor was no longer diverting to the party; and the object of this hardly allowable jocularitv retired, proud that he had been in company with the friend of Mr. Addison, but lamenting that he could only profit by his wit and humor at second-hand.

REV. WILLIAM PETERS.

Mr. Peters told me that besides the propriety of resigning his academical honor, he was induced to relinquish his profession of an artist by the following circumstance : A lady of quality having requested he would recommend her to a good landscape painter, as she wanted a couple of pictures of that description, he replied, that considering Richard Wilson as the best painter of landscapes, he recommended him. The lady then desired that he would accompany her to the painter's house. He accordingly went with her, and found the artist at home. The lady desired to see some specimens of his skill, and Wilson had luckily not sent home two pictures which he had just finished, and brought them to her. Peters said he was afraid that Wilson's bold style and rough coloring would not be suitable to female taste, and that the lady would not be duly impressed with the grandeur of his conceptions ; that he, therefore, placed them at some distance, in order to make them appear to more advantage. The lady, however, happened to be struck with them, and gave him a commission to paint two landscapes, at a liberal price, on subjects chosen by himself. As Peters was going to hand the lady into her carriage, not intending to return with her, Wilson whispered that he wanted to speak to him. Peters, of course, returned with him. Wilson, after thanking him warmly for his kind recommendation, told him he was so distressed, that if Peters would not lend him ten guineas, he could not fulfill the order, as he had no money to buy colors or canvas. Peters promised he would send the money to him as soon as he reached home. Peters assured me that the distress of this great artist produced a strong effect upon his mind ; for if Wilson, who was decidedly the best painter in his province of art, was so reduced, what must he expect who had so many rivals of distinguished talent in the line of portrait ?

Peters after this began to prepare himself for the church, and entered his name at one of the colleges at Oxford. In this university he became acquainted with the late Mr. William

Gifford, whose translations of "Juvenal" and "Persius" prove his learning and poetical vigor, and whose editions of the works of Massinger, of Ben Jonson, and of Ford, may fairly rank him as the best dramatic critic in our language. Mr. Peters, no doubt, improved his classical knowledge, and prepared himself for the sacred calling, by the assistance of Mr. Gifford. Mr. Peters and Mr. Gifford remained in intimacy and friendship for some years, but, as Dryden says,

"All human things are subject to decay ;"

and, unhappily, friendship is founded on the same uncertain tenure. At length these friends became bitter enemies ; but before this melancholy event took place, I dined with Mr. Peters at a house in Millbank, which belonged to the late Lord Grosvenor, and in which his lordship permitted him to reside. On this occasion I first met Mr. Gifford, to whom Mr. Peters had expressed a desire to introduce me. What was the immediate cause of the dissension between these old friends I never heard, but their hostility to each other was of the bitterest kind.

When Peters quitted Oxford, he continued to correspond with Gifford, who remained there ; and, to save the expense of postage, Peters obtained franks from Lord Grosvenor for his letters to Gifford, and his lordship permitted the letters of Gifford to Peters to pass under cover to his lordship. On one occasion Gifford forgot to seal his letter to Peters, and Lord Grosvenor frankly confessed that he had the curiosity to read it. His lordship was so struck by the literary merit of this letter, that he thought the author would be a proper travelling tutor for his son, the present Lord Grosvenor. He, therefore, desired Peters to invite Gifford to London, where he soon received an invitation to reside at his lordship's house in Grosvenor Square. Gifford was shortly appointed tutor to Lord Belgrave, and afterwards accompanied his noble pupil abroad.

During the time that Peters and Gifford remained in friendship, the former considered the unsealed letter as an ac-

cident, but when they quarreled, he represented it to me as an artifice, by which Gifford thought to tempt the curiosity of Lord Grosvenor. He had taken, it seems, uncommon pains with the letter, in order, as Peters alleged, to make a forcible impression on his lordship, and his plan succeeded.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

I once called on him in Richmond Buildings, with Mr. Merry, the poet, just as the latter was on the eve of being married to Miss Brunton, the actress. In the course of conversation, Mr. Tooke adverted to this intended marriage, and directing his discourse to me said, "I told this gentleman that I was once as near the danger of matrimony as he is at present, but an old friend to whom I looked with reverence for his wisdom and experience, gave me the following advice: You must first, said he, consider the person of the lady, and endeavor to satisfy yourself that if she has excited, she is likely to secure, your admiration. You must deeply scrutinize her mind, reflect whether she possesses a rate of intellect that would be likely to render her an intelligent companion; if you are satisfied she does, you are to examine her temper, and if you find it amiable, and not likely to irritate your own on any occasion, you must proceed to obtain all the information you can procure respecting her parents and other relatives, and if you have no reason to object to their being your relations and companions, you must then inquire who and what are her friends, for you must not expect her to sacrifice all her old connections when she becomes your wife, and if you find them agreeable people, and not likely to be burdensome or intrusive, and are quite satisfied with the prospect, you may then order your wedding-clothes, and fix the day for the marriage. When the bride is dressed suitable to the occasion, the friends at church, and the priest ready to begin, you should get upon your horse and ride away from the place as fast and as far as your horse could carry you." "This counsel," added Mr. Tooke, "from one who was thoroughly acquainted with the world, made me investigate the nature of wedlock; and considering the dif-

ficulties attending the advice which he recommended, made me resolve never to enter into the happy state."

This counsel, however, had no effect upon Mr. Merry, who soon after married, though certainly he was solicitous to avoid the match. Mr. Tooke, however, was a man of gallantry. He had two amiable daughters, with whom I have had the pleasure of being in company, and was assured by the late Dr. George Pearson, that they were good Latin scholars. He had also a son, but whose conduct he represented as so different from that of his daughters, that on Mr. Merry asking what had become of him, Mr. Tooke said he did not know, but hoped the next news he should hear of him would be that he was hanged.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

He told me that he had been always a great admirer of poetry, and at a very early period had become a votary of the muse; that he, therefore, had felt great pleasure in bringing from France a letter of introduction to the celebrated Miss Martha Blount, the favorite of Pope. He described her as short, plump, and of rather a florid complexion, agreeable and lively in her manners, but not with such an understanding, or such marks of elegance and high-breeding, as might have been expected in the favorite of so distinguished a poet as Mr. Pope.

Mr. Jerningham was admitted to a familiar intercourse with the great Earl of Chesterfield, who told him that, seeing Miss Blount at a large party one evening when the report of the day had been that Mr. Pope was dead, he made his way to her in the room, and expressed the peculiar pleasure which he felt in seeing her, as her presence contradicted the melancholy rumor of the morning, concluding that if it had been well founded he should certainly not have seen her in that place. When the lady understood the nature of it, she affected some surprise that such a report should be expected to prevent her from visiting her friends, and displayed so much flippant indifference on the subject, that the nobleman, who had a great friendship for Mr. Pope, resented her levity so much that he never spoke

to her again. Pope manifested his opinion of Lord Chesterfield by the following couplet on using his lordship's pencil, which ought to have been included in the poet's works, —

"Accept a miracle, instead of wit
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ."

Mr. Jerningham used to dine very frequently with Lord Chesterfield towards the close of that nobleman's life. The dinner-hour was three. The party generally consisted of the earl, his countess, and an old Roman Catholic priest. The lady and the priest were perpetually jangling, chiefly on religious topics. They were both very violent, and though the earl could not hear them, he saw by their gestures that they were engaged in controversy, and used to console himself that there was one advantage in his deafness, as it prevented him from hearing the grounds of their disputes, and consequently from being appealed to as an arbiter by either party. The disputants paid no regard to his lordship, or to his guest Mr. Jerningham, who, by the assistance of the earl's ear-trumpet, was enabled to converse with him, and described his conversation as a source of the most interesting and instructive observations. Here I may properly introduce a very elegant compliment which Mr. Jerningham paid to Lord Chesterfield in some verses, the whole of which would do honor to these pages. After a general reference to the earl's merits, he thus ingeniously adverts to his deafness: —

"Though deafness, by a doom severe,
Steals from thine ear the murmur'ing rill,
And Philomel's delightful air,
E'en deem not this a partial ill.
Ah! if anew thine ear was strung,
Awake to every voice around,
Thy praises, by the many sung,
Would stun thee with the choral sound."

I had once an opportunity of applying the last line very aptly to the author himself. We were at a concert together in the Hanover Square rooms, when, observing him lean on the orchestra during the performance, I softly asked him if it did not "Stun him with the choral sound." He did not at first

recollect the reference, but in a moment turned away with a sort of laughing confusion.

I have seldom passed so agreeable a day as when I accompanied a lady and Mr. Jerningham on a visit to Mr. Pope's villa at Twickenham, before "the spoiler came," and destroyed every vestige of its interesting state as left by the poet. A rustic lad, when we entered the memorable grotto, pointed to an old deal table, and said with ludicrous simplicity, "There Mr. Pope used to sit and write a copy of verses." There was an impressive solemnity in that part of the grounds which was consecrated to the memory of the poet's mother. Mr. Jerningham, who had often visited the place, abounded with anecdotes of the bard, and with some accounts of his personal habits, which he learned from an old boatman who used to convey Mr. Pope from Twickenham to Richmond.

DR. SHEBBEARE.

I was slightly acquainted with this gentleman, and introduced Dr. Wolcot to him one evening as we returned to town after having dined with Dr. Monsey at Chelsea Hospital. We dined at the Governor's table, as it was then styled, but which has long been abolished. We let Dr. Shebbeare have all the talk to himself, as he had once been a distinguished character, and we wished to know, so far as we had opportunity of judging, what were his pretensions to the fame he had acquired. He was loud, positive, loquacious, and dictatorial. To keep him in good-humor, I spoke in praise of his novel, entitled "*Lydia, or Filial Piety*," which I had read in my early days, and which I recollected with pleasure; and this notice of his work induced him to say that he had lately called on a friend, who not being at home, he took up a book which he found upon the table, and opened it in the middle. After reading some pages, he said he found the "author's train of thought" (such was his expression) so congenial to his own, that he turned to the title-page, and found it was actually his own work, of which I had been speaking. This statement was evidently a falsehood, for the work deals little in reflection, and it was impossible for him to have read a single page with-

out meeting the names of some of the characters of which the work consisted.

I never read his "Letters to the English Nation," which contained the libel for which he was sentenced to the pillory. From respect to his function as a clergyman, he was, as I have heard, permitted to stand upon the board, instead of putting his head through the hole. During the hour while he stood, there was a very hard rain, and an Irish chairman held an umbrella over him all the time. When the punishment ended, he gave the man half a crown. "What, no more, please your honor?" said the man. "Why you stood but an hour," said the Doctor, "and surely that is enough." "Aye, but consider the disgrace, please your honor," rejoined the man, and the Doctor, far from being offended, gave him a guinea for his humor. This trait of the Doctor's temper is the most favorable anecdote I ever heard of him.

MR. TETHERINGTON.

This person I have met in private and in tavern parties. He was an Irishman, and chiefly known at gaming-tables, and places of a similar description. I have heard that when he first came from Dublin, he affected great simplicity, and the persons in general with whom he associated, expected to find him so easy a dupe, that he went by the name of "The Child;" but it soon appeared, to use their language, that he was "a deep one," and more than a match for all of them, as they found to their cost. He, however, retained the name of "The Child." He had more of that mode of speaking which is styled *slang* than any man I ever met with. As I was once returning very late with Dr. Wolcot from a company with whom we had passed the night, we met Tetherington, who was so tipsy that he hardly knew me, but notwithstanding his convivial state, all he said was, "Will you go and have a booze?" We, however, declined the overture, and wished him good-night. He had an agreeable person; and an actress of merit on the London stage was so attached to him, that she relinquished a good situation to live with him, and thereby lost her reputation, and finally sunk into dejection and ruin.

The late Mr. Lewis, the great comic actor and the unaffected gentleman, told me the following anecdote of Mr. Tetherington. An elephant was brought to Dublin, and as it was the only one that had ever been seen in Ireland, the proprietor charged a crown for the sight. Tetherington, who wanted to see, but was not inclined to pay, hastily entered the place, exclaimed in a hurry, "Where's your elephant? What! is that him? Turn him about: Lord, how he stinks! I can't stay any longer;" and, holding his nose while he uttered this complaint, he as hastily left the place as he had entered, and the keeper was afraid to stop him and demand payment, lest he should bring a disgrace upon the animal, and lessen its attraction. If this story had reached London before Tetherington, he might have been deemed, in the words of Pope upon Gay, "in wit a man," rather than "in simplicity a *child*."

FOLLOWING THE ALPHABET.

The late King, when Prince of Wales, gave a magnificent fête at Carlton House, and for a few days after persons having previously obtained tickets were permitted to see the tables and the adjoining rooms of that palace. Lady W—— complained bitterly to Colonel Bloomfield that her husband was not invited. The Colonel attempted to soothe the lady, observing his Royal Highness had so many persons to invite, that, to avoid giving offense to any, it had been deemed expedient to follow the alphabet for the order of names, but the company was found to be complete before the list reached down to W. "Pooh, pooh!" said the lady, "don't tell me, for I dare say there were many Ws there."

JAMES THOMSON.

The merit of this poet is universally acknowledged, and therefore all eulogiums on his works are unnecessary; but the character of these and the conduct of his life were essentially different. Nobody could describe the excellences of the female character with more delicacy than he has done, but as a man of gallantry, if such a denomination may be applied

to him, his taste was of the most vulgar description. My friend Mr. Donaldson, resided at Richmond when Thomson lived at the same place, and was very intimate with him, as may easily be supposed, for Mr. Donaldson was a scholar, a poet, and a wit. Thomson, speaking of Musidora, says, that she possessed

"A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement known to few."

Yet Mr. Donaldson assured me, that when once in company with Thomson, and several gentlemen were speaking of the fair sex in a sensual manner, Thomson expressed his admiration of them in more beastly terms than any of the company, and such as, though I well remember, I do not think proper to preserve.

The most extraordinary fact in the history of this excellent poet I derived from my late friend Mr. George Chalmers, whose industry, research, and learning are well known. It was Mr. Chalmers's intention to write the life of Thomson, but whether to introduce into his elaborate work, "*Caledonia*," or not, I do not recollect; he told me, however, the following remarkable fact, on which he assured me I might confidently depend. Mr. Chalmers had heard that an old housekeeper of Thomson's was alive and still resided at Richmond. Having determined to write a life of the celebrated poet of his country, he went to Richmond, thinking it possible he might obtain some account of the domestic habits of the poet, and other anecdotes which might impart interest and novelty to his narration. He found that the old housekeeper had a good memory, and was of a communicative turn. She informed him Thomson had been actually married in early life, but that his wife had been taken by him merely for her person, and was so little calculated to be introduced to his great friends, or indeed his friends in general, that he had kept her in a state of obscurity for many years, and when he at last, from some compunctious feelings, required her to come and live with him at Richmond, he still kept her in the same secluded state, so that she appeared to be only one of the old domestics of the family. At

length his wife, experiencing little of the attention of a husband, though otherwise provided with every thing that could make her easy, if not comfortable, asked his permission to go for a few weeks to visit her own relations in the north. Thomson gave his consent, exacting a promise that she would not reveal her real situation to any of his or her own family. She agreed, but when she had advanced no farther on her journey than to London, she was there taken ill, and in a short time died. The news of her death was immediately conveyed to Thomson, who ordered a decent funeral, and she was buried, as the old housekeeper said, in the church-yard of old Marylebone Church.

Mr. Chalmers, who was indefatigable in his inquiries, was not satisfied with the old woman's information, but immediately went and examined the church register, where he found the following entry: "Died, Mary Thomson, a stranger," in confirmation of the housekeeper's testimony. My late worthy friend Mr. Malone, I doubt not, would not have been satisfied with this simple register, but would have pursued the inquiry till he had discovered all the family of Mary Thomson, the time of the marriage, and everything that could throw a light on this mysterious event, important and interesting only as it relates to a poet who will always be conspicuous in the annals of British literature. Thus we find that the letter from Thomson to his sister, accounting for his not having married, which is inserted in all the biographical reports of Thomson, is fallacious, and that his concealment of his early marriage was the result of pride and shame, when he became acquainted with Lady Hertford, Lord Lyttelton, and all the high connections of his latter days.

Mr. Boswell, in his ever-amusing, and I may add instructive life of Dr. Johnson says, "My own notion is, that Thomson was a much coarser man than his friends are willing to allow. His 'Seasons' are indeed full of elegant and pious sentiments, animated by a poetic and philosophic spirit; yet a rank soil, nay, a dunghill, will produce beautiful flowers." Boswell knew Thomson, but the report of the poet's surviving

friends, who would not suppress the truth, fully confirms the account of Mr. Donaldson, who was personally intimate with the bard.

Mr. Chalmers, finding that the old housekeeper retained some of the furniture which had belonged to Thomson, purchased his breakfast-table, some old-fashioned salt-cellar and wine-glasses. I had the pleasure of drinking tea with Mr. Chalmers on that table.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

It was no slight advantage to me to have known this gentleman intimately for many years, as I derived much knowledge of the world from his sagacity and experience. No person was better acquainted with mankind. I observed him attentively and studied his character. In the earlier part of his life, I understood he had the reputation of being remarkably well-bred, insomuch that he was said to have realized Dr. Johnson's notion of a fine gentleman. However, when I first became acquainted with him he had contracted something of Johnson's positive, though not his dictatorial manner.

The chief reason why the Doctor thought Mr. Murphy so well-bred was, that he never ventured to oppose his opinions directly, but covertly expressed his own. If Johnson dogmatically urged an argument to which Murphy did not agree, the latter used to say, "But, Doctor, may it not be said in answer"—and then stated his own opinion. "Yes, sir," replied Johnson sometimes, "it may, by a fool," and sometimes with more courtesy, "Yes, sir, but with more plausibility than truth." On other occasions when Johnson was vehement in delivering his sentiments, Mr. Murphy used to say, "I think, Doctor, a French author, much esteemed, was not of your opinion. He says, as well as I remember"—and then Mr. Murphy again covertly delivered his own opinions. The Doctor's answer was generally, "Well, sir, the French literati are a learned and intelligent body, and their opinions should not be hastily rejected." By these means Mr. Murphy declared that the Doctor was prevented from ever having an-

swered him with direct rudeness on any occasion, though Mr. Murphy never servilely submitted to his dictates.

Mr. Murphy told me that his respect for Johnson induced him to have recourse to these expedients, and that even when he perfectly agreed with him, he used to adopt the same plan, in order to see how far the Doctor was able to press and illustrate his arguments. Boswell, with all his subserviency to Johnson, sometimes opposed him so bluntly, and consequently suffered under the Doctor's formidable rebukes to such a degree, that Mr. Murphy said he had seen him leave the room in tears. Mr. Cooke, the old barrister, described the tremendous force of Johnson's reproofs in the same manner, and used to add that there was no living with him without implicit submission. Fortunately for Johnson, Murphy was intimately connected with the Thrale family, to whom he introduced the Doctor, who, in consequence, passed many of his years under their kind protection.

Mr. Murphy could not bear to recollect that he had ever been on the stage, and I remember to have been present when he was reading a sketch of his life, in a periodical work entitled "*The Monthly Mirror*;" coming to the passage which alluded to his acting, he passed it over with a peevish interjection, and proceeded to the rest of the article. He was most brutally treated by Churchill, who, indeed, paid no respect to persons if they happened to differ from him in politics. Murphy, however, at length answered him, and other enemies, in a vigorous poem, which excited the approbation of Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Murphy was too apt to quarrel with theatrical managers and booksellers, and this he did with Garrick, whom he idolized as an actor, but certainly never liked as a man. It is strange that when he mentioned Garrick, it was always in the following manner: "Off the stage he was a little sneaking rascal, but on the stage, oh, my great God!" I have heard him utter these words several times during the same evening without any variation.

The original ground of difference arose from Garrick's hav-

ing promised to bring forward Murphy's first play, "The Orphan of China," and then rejected it. Owing, however, to the friendly interposition of Lord Holland, the father of Charles Fox, the play was represented, and with great success, Garrick performing the chief character. Mr. Murphy, in his "Life of Garrick," relates a kind artifice which Lord Holland adopted to obtain Garrick's consent. In that "Life" he speaks with great respect of Garrick's private character, though he mentioned him so harshly in conversation.

Another ground of difference between them arose from the success of the admirable farce of "High Life Below Stairs." Murphy had presented a farce to Garrick on the same subject, and said he was convinced that Garrick borrowed the plot from his farce, but, fearful of his resentment, induced Mr. Townley, one of the Masters of Merchant Taylor's School, to appear as the author. If that, however, was really the fact, why did not Murphy publish his own farce, as he never was accustomed to suppress his resentments, except, perhaps, that Garrick had improved so much on the original conception, that he did not think proper to hazard the comparison?

Mr. Murphy was a liberal admirer of other writers. He told me that he was formerly a constant visitor at a bookseller's shop at the Mews Gate, kept by Mr. Paine, whose son is now in partnership with Mr. Foss, in Pall Mall. He further assured me, that his chief reason for frequenting that place, which was the principal resort of literary characters at the time, had been to listen to the conversation of Dr. Akenside, while he himself pretended to be reading a book. He said that nothing could be more delightful than the poet's conversation. I asked him if he ever became acquainted with him, and he answered in the negative. I then asked him why he had not endeavored to make himself known to so eminent a man, as he was himself a scholar, and well known as a dramatic writer. "Oh!" said he, "I had only written farces, and the Doctor would not have condescended to notice me." This modest delicacy shows that he had no overweening confidence in his own powers. He assured me that he had read "The

Pleasures of Imagination" twenty-three times, and always with new pleasure.

After Mr. Murphy had quitted the bar, and resigned his First Commissionership of Bankrupts, he lived in retirement and neglect. He was always improvident in money matters, and at one time his chief means of support were founded on the expectation of selling the copyright of a complete collection of his works, and his translation of Tacitus. In this situation he found it necessary to dispose of a part of his valuable library; and here I must relate an incident of an affecting kind, at which I was present. He called upon the late Mr. Coutts, the eminent banker, in the Strand, and tendered a part of his library to that gentleman for three hundred pounds. Mr. Coutts told him that he had no time for books, and did not want to buy more than he had, but said, "It shall make no difference to you, Mr. Murphy, as you shall find when you take this down to the office," presenting him with a draft for that sum. Mr. Murphy was so overcome by his feelings, that, after taking a grateful leave of Mr. Coutts, he hurried to the Sun Office, in the Strand, and entered the room where Mr. Heriot, then principal proprietor of the Sun newspaper, Mr. Freeling, now Sir Francis, and myself, were present. He entered the room hastily, with the draft in his hand, and his eyes full of tears, and related this generous act of Mr. Coutts. Mr. Freeling was then a stranger to Mr. Murphy, whose gratitude was so strong, that he was unable to suppress or control it. Mr. Murphy afterwards, as some return to Mr. Coutts for this act of kindness, dedicated his *Life of Garrick* to him with suitable expressions of esteem, respect, and gratitude.

DOROTHEA JORDAN.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying a few words of respect and regret concerning this famous woman. Though she did not find me among her warm admirers when she first came upon the London stage, she was not offended at my remarks on her acting, but had good sense enough to prefer sincerity to adulation. Mrs. Jordan, though so full of spirit,

and apparently of self-confidence, was by no means vain of her acting. I remember sitting with her one night in the greenroom at Covent Garden Theatre, when she was about to perform the part of Rosalind, in "As you like It." I happened to mention an actor who had recently appeared with wonderful success, and expressed my surprise at the public taste in this instance. "Oh! Mr. Taylor, don't mention public taste," said she, "for if the public had any taste, how could they bear me in the part which I play to-night, and which is far above my habits and pretensions?" Yet this was one of the characters in which she was so popular.

CATHARINE MACAULAY.

This lady was the sister of Alderman Sawbridge, and agreed with him in all his republican notions. According to report, she was almost as fond of cards as her brother the alderman was of politics. One evening as she was playing at whist, she was so long deliberating what card to put down, that Dr. Monsey, who was one of the party, and distinguished for blunt sincerity, told her that the table had waited for her some time. She expressed great surprise as well as resentment at such a rebuke, as she said she was known to be always very quick at cards. "Well," said the Doctor, "if so, yours, madam, is a new species of celerity." The rest of the company could not help laughing at a declaration so contrary to her practice, which increased the spleen of the lady.

While she was employed on her "History of England" she visited the British Museum, and desired to see the letters which had passed between King James the First and his favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, whom his Majesty used to address under the name of Stennie. Dr. Birch, whose duty was to take care of the papers, attended her for that purpose. The Doctor, who was well acquainted with the contents of those papers, and knew many of them to be very obscene, requested that she would permit him to select a certain portion for her perusal, observing that many of them were wholly unfit for the inspection of any one of her sex. "Phoo," said

she, "a historian is of no sex," and then deliberately read through all.

She consulted the noted Dr. Graham upon the state of her health, and the Doctor, who knew that she had money, contrived to introduce his brother to her as a better adviser than himself. She soon forgot that "a historian was of no sex," married him at a time of life when she ought to have been wiser, and then lost all her historical reputation. She, however, soon after published a tract, which she oddly entitled, "*Loose Thoughts on Literary Property*," and thereby exposed herself to the raillery of the newspaper wits.

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DR. GRAHAM.

I knew Dr. Graham very well. He was a sensible and, as far as I could judge, an extremely well-informed man both generally and professionally. Being too fond of notoriety, he was considered a quack, and having lost the good opinion of his medical brethren, he became careless of his medical character, adopted expedients for support of a licentious description, and died in great distress. When sober, he was a remarkably well-bred man, with most polished manners; but when he had confused his senses with ether, of which he carried a bottle which was constantly at his nose, he used to walk in a morning dress through the streets, and scowl with misanthropic gloom upon those whom he appeared most to esteem when his faculties were clear. He seemed to consider me one of his favorites; but when I have met him in his wandering moments, he has frowned upon me with so terrific an aspect, as if he considered me his bitterest enemy, that I found it necessary to make a hasty retreat in order to avoid a mob.

When he lived in Pall Mall, I sometimes called on him in the evening, and used to find him on a straw bed with one of his children. His hair was dressed as if he had been going on a visit. There was always a clean sheet over his straw bed. His conversation was grave and intelligent, and his manners easy and polite. His earth-bathing and his other quackeries are too well known to the public to require any notice

in this place. He was a tall, handsome man, and if he had remained stationary at his first residence in Pall Mall, where he was successful in practice as a regular physician, he would have held a respectable rank; but his recourse to empirical expedients of a licentious kind exposed him to disgrace and ruin. He possessed a fine collection of preparations representing diseases of the eye, which I have reason to think had been formerly the property of my grandfather, the Chevalier Taylor. Indeed I do not believe that the Doctor was particularly conversant with diseases of the eye, though at one period he held himself forward as an experienced oculist. What became of Mrs. Macaulay, or his brother, I never heard.

JACK SPENCER.

A relation of the Duchess of Marlborough of an eccentric character, and who was commonly called Jack Spencer, used always to pay his respects to her on her birthday. On one occasion he went in a chairman's coat, which he threw off in her presence, and appeared naked. Her Grace remonstrated with him on such a shameless appearance. "Shameless!" said he, "why I am in my *birthday suit*."

Another time, for a wager, he drove a hackney-coach through the streets quite naked. He was very properly taken before a magistrate, who, having heard who he was, and with what family he was connected, mildly expostulated with him on the indecency of his appearance. "Indecency! how do you mean?" said Spencer. "In being naked," the magistrate replied. "Naked! why, I was born so," rejoined Spencer, with an affected simplicity, as a man might be supposed to evince who had some natural deformity.

One of his whimsical freaks was to take a hackney-coach with three friends in a dark evening, and order the man to set them down in a gloomy part of the Strand at the side of the New Church. He had previously opened the door opposite to that where the coachman waited, and as Spencer and his friends quitted the coach on one side, they went round and entered at the other. The coachman was at first surprised

that more issued from the carriage than he had taken in. As they continued to go round and come out, he became dreadfully alarmed, and at length his terror was so great that he ran from the coach, and rushed into the first public-house, telling the people there he must have taken in a legion of devils ; for, he added, with every sign of horror, that he had only taken four in, but had counted eighteen out, and that more were coming when he left his coach.

It is said that he once contrived to collect a party of hunch-backed men to dine with him, some of whom indignantly quitted the table. Another whimsical party which he assembled at his house consisted merely of a number of persons all of whom stuttered ; but this meeting at first threatened serious consequences, for each supposed he was mocked by the other, and it was with great difficulty that their host restored peace, by acknowledging the ludicrous purpose of his invitation.

JAMES BOSWELL.

Soon after Mr. Burke was appointed army-paymaster, I dined at the Governor's table, on the anniversary of his Majesty's birthday, and in the course of conversation Mr. Burke said, in answer to something that fell from Boswell, "I can account for Boswell's Jacobitism, which, with all his present loyalty, he never will get rid of ; when he was a child he was taken to see Prince Charles at Edinburgh. The sight of a fine young man coming upon a great occasion splendidly attired, with drums, trumpets, etc., surrounded by heroic chieftains, and all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance,' attending the scene, made an impression on his imagination that never can be effaced." Boswell admitted that this impression on his mind still remained in vivid strength, notwithstanding all his attachment to the House of Hanover. Boswell then told the story of what passed that morning between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Windham.

Mr. Windham had been appointed secretary to the Irish government, and called upon Dr. Johnson, expressing his fears that his habits had been so different from those of a

public functionary, that he feared he was not qualified for the situation. "Don't be afraid, sir," said Johnson, "the subordinates will do all the business, and as for the rest, take my word for it you will make a very pretty rascal." The company, which was very numerous, laughed heartily at this anecdote, and Mr. Burke loudly said, "That is so like Johnson." Boswell has said to me more than once, "I should not die happy if I were not to see Grand Cairo," but if he stated the grounds of his curiosity I have forgotten them. He was, however, of a roving turn, and if he had been gratified with the sight of that place, he would have been restless till he had beheld some other.

The last, or nearly the last time I saw Boswell, I met him in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. I told him that I was disengaged, and was going to dine at a chop-house, and asked him if we should take a chop and a bottle together. He said no, he was going to dine in the city, and added, "I must keep in with those men." His reason was, perhaps, that he might have a chance of being one of the city council, or of attaining some higher city honor, not without the attendant advantage of the good fare connected with such offices. The only time I ever offended him was, when at one of the dinners given by the Royal Academy on the birthday of the late Queen Charlotte, I proposed, in a convivial moment, as he liked to see original characters, to introduce Dr. Wolcot, *olim* Peter Pindar, to him. He answered vehemently and indignantly, that he never would know that man, for he had abused the King; though it is very probable his loyalty on this occasion was not unmingled with the resentment which he felt at the Doctor's poetical epistle to James Boswell. Wolcot would have had no objection to take him by the hand, and it was a settled point with him never in the slightest degree to attack those whom he had before satirized, after he became at all acquainted with them. On the contrary, when he became acquainted with the ingenious Mrs. Cosway, whom he had ridiculed in his "Odes to Painters," he changed the tone of his lyre, and wrote some elegant verses in praise of her talents and personal worth.

It is no wonder that Mr. Boswell was universally well received. He was full of anecdote, well acquainted with the most distinguished characters, good-humored, and ready at repartee. There was a kind of jovial bluntness in his manner, which threw off all restraint, even with strangers, and immediately kindled a social familiarity. His brother, Sir Alexander Boswell, was of a more conciliating disposition. I was a little acquainted with him, and he, knowing my intimacy with Dr. Wolcot, requested I would make them acquainted. I expressed some surprise, as he had attacked his brother. "Pooh," said he, "that was fun, and not malice. He is a man of original genius, and I should like to know him." The introduction never took place, for the worthy baronet, who had himself a turn for satire, by too free an exertion of his pen was involved in a quarrel, and unfortunately lost his life in a duel.

STEPHEN KEMBLE.

Mr. Stephen Kemble was an actor of considerable merit, and only precluded from representing the first heroic characters by his extraordinary bulk. He was a remarkably handsome man. He had been apprenticed to a surgeon in some provincial town, but his devotion to the stage induced him to resign his profession. He had a strong sense of humor in private life, and related anecdotes, particularly of the theatrical kind, with admirable effect. He also possessed poetical talents which appear to advantage in a large octavo volume published by subscription. His skill in recitation was so well known, that he was generally requested in company to indulge them with some passage, which he chiefly repeated from Shakespeare. He was so fat, that he required no stuffing to appear in Falstaff, which character he supported with a flowing manly humor, and, I may venture to say, with a critical knowledge of his author. All characters of an open, blunt nature, and requiring a vehement expression of justice and integrity, particularly those exemplifying an honest indignation against vice, he delivered in so forcible a manner, as to show obviously that he was developing his own feelings and charac-

ter. This manner was very successfully displayed in his representation of the Governor, in the opera of "Inkle and Yarico."

He had experienced all the vicissitudes of a theatrical life in provincial theatres, if they may be so styled, but by prudence, good conduct, and the general respect in which his character and talents were held, he surmounted all difficulties, and was able to leave a competency to his widow. Indeed, his wife had essentially contributed to the improvement of his fortune. She had acquired a well-merited reputation for her talents as an actress at Covent Garden Theatre, under her maiden name of Miss Satchell.

Mr. Stephen Kemble made his first appearance at the same theatre, in the character of Othello. Though stout in person, he was not then of a size that precluded him from performing any of the higher order of characters. He was soon attracted by the person and talents of Miss Satchell, and they were married. Their conjugal state was marked by mutual attachment, as I had abundant opportunities of knowing, for I married one of her sisters, who was admired by all who knew her, for her personal beauty and the excellent qualities of her mind. All who had been acquainted with her deeply sympathized with me when I had the misery of losing her, about nine months after our union. Twelve years elapsed before I again married, and I have reason to declare that I have not been less fortunate in my second choice, after a union of nearly thirty years.

Mr. Stephen Kemble was so little scrupulous in relating the outward events of his theatrical life, that I may advert to them here, as they may operate as a warning to young candidates for theatrical fame, and prevent them from rashly quitting a regular employment which might lead them to independence, one of the first of earthly blessings. He said that before his marriage, when he was in one of the towns of Yorkshire, where a large barn was formed into a sort of theatre, the performances were so little attractive that he and the rest of the Thespian party were reduced to the greatest extremities, unable not only to defray the expense of their lodgings, but even

to provide food for the passing day. He was persecuted by his landlady, whose wretched garret he occupied, with the daily question, "Why don't you pay your charges?" and in order to disguise the necessity of abstinence, he remained two days in bed under pretense of indisposition. On the third day he ventured to sally forth, and at the distance of three miles luckily discovered a turnip-field, which he entered, and there made a cold but most acceptable repast. The next day as he was proceeding to the same hospitable banquet, the late Mr. Davenport, husband of the present popular actress of Covent Garden Theatre, who was one of this wandering tribe of Thespians, met Mr. Kemble, declared he was nearly famished, and earnestly entreated for some assistance. Mr. Kemble, whom no distress could deprive of fortitude and good humor, told Mr. Davenport that it was a lucky meeting, for he was going to dine with a friend and could take the liberty of bringing a friend with him. Here was another difficulty to poor Davenport, who said his shoes were so cracked that he was ashamed of going into company, proposing that he should cover them in part with mud, in order, if possible, to conceal the fissures. Mr. Kemble assured him that the friend to whom they were going was wholly devoid of ceremony, and would care nothing whether he was well or ill shod. They then proceeded on their journey; but Davenport, nearly exhausted by the condition of his stomach, made heavy complaints of the length of the way. Kemble endeavored to raise his spirits, assuring him that he would find an ample feast and no unwelcome greeting. At length they reached the vegetable pantry, and Kemble congratulated him on having arrived at the hospital mansion of his friend. Davenport looked around with anxiety for a house, and then cast a look of dejection and reproach at Kemble for having deceived him at so distressing a crisis. Kemble pointed to the turnip-field, and said, this is my only friend, it afforded me a dinner yesterday, and I suppose I shall be obliged to trespass on the same kindness till the end of the week. Davenport, who was a sensible and respectable man, though an inferior actor, as-

sumed better spirits, and said with a smile, "Well, I confess, though I do not find the fare I expected, you have brought me to an ample table and no spare diet."

Mr. Kemble used to relate an incident of a more whimsical description. He said that while he was manager of a theatre at Portsmouth, which was only opened twice or thrice in the week, a sailor applied to him on one of the nights when there was no performance, and entreated him to open the theatre, but was informed that, as the town had not been apprised on the occasion, the manager could not risk the expense. "What will it cost to open the house to-night, for to-morrow I leave the country, and God knows if I shall ever see a play again," said the sailor. Mr. Kemble told him that it would be five guineas. "Well," said the careless tar, "I will give it upon this condition, that you will let nobody into the house but myself and the actors." He was then asked what play he would choose. He fixed upon "Richard the Third." The house was immediately lighted, the rest of the performers attended, and the tar took his station in the front row of the pit; Mr. Kemble performed the part of Richard, the play happening to be what is styled one of the *stock pieces* of the company. The play was performed throughout; the sailor was very attentive, sometimes laughing and applauding, but frequently on the *look-out* lest some other auditor might intrude upon his enjoyment. He retired perfectly satisfied, and cordially thanked the manager for his ready compliance. It may seem strange that a sailor, who in general is reputed to be a generous character, should require so selfish an indulgence; but it hardly need be observed, that whims and oddities are to be found in all classes of so changeable a being as man.

Stephen Kemble, who was an accurate observer of human life, and an able delineator of character and manners, was so intelligent and humorous a companion, that he was received with respect into the best company in the several provincial towns, which he occasionally visited in the exercise of his profession. This favorable reception is the more honorable to his character and conduct, because the theatrical tribe are held in

very little respect in the provinces. The following instance, while it is a proof of the respect in which he was held, is a proof also of the indifference, bordering on contempt, with which country actors are treated.

He once told me, that while he was walking in a town in Ireland, with the mayor, who *honored* him with his arm, one of the inferior actors bowed to the magistrate with the most obsequious humility, but did not attract any notice. The man then ran before them, and at another convenient spot repeated his humiliating obeisance. Still, however, he was passed without observation. Again he ran to a place where he thought he was more likely to draw attention, but was equally unsuccessful. Anxious to testify his respect for the mayor, he tried again at another convenient point, manifesting, if possible, a more obsequious courtesy. At length the obduracy of the mayor softened, though not subdued in pride; he turned his head to look at the persevering actor, but without even a nod of recognition, and hastily uttered, "I see you, I see you," which the poor actor considered as an act of gracious condescension. The profession has risen since then in the world's estimation.

DR. SAMUEL PARR.

I never had the pleasure of knowing this gentleman, and only once saw him. I will relate one anecdote of him upon indisputable authority, and which has not, I believe, been recorded in any of the numerous memoirs which appeared after his death. During the trial, or rather the persecution of Mr. Hastings, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, were in company with Parr, who thought proper to give his opinion of the respective speeches of Fox and Sheridan on that memorable event. The Doctor was diffusive in his comments on the last two, mixing censure with panegyric, but said nothing of Burke's speech. Burke paced the room some time in evident expectation; the doctor, however, remained silent. At length Burke, who could restrain his impatience no longer, said, "You have made an able comment on the speeches of my two friends with acute, judicious, and eloquent impartiality; but as you say nothing

upon my speech on the subject, I conclude you are too delicate to greet me with mere praise, and that you could not discover any faults in it. "Not so, Edmund," replied the Doctor; "your speech was oppressed by epithet, dislocated by parenthesis, and debilitated by amplification."

The following story is told of Dr. Parr, but I do not pretend to vouch for its authenticity. It seems he did not live happily with his first wife, and had a cat that was a greater favorite. When he returned home one day, and was going into his library, the feelings of a previous domestic feud not having subsided on either part, on opening the room door something bobbed forcibly on his face. Upon examination he found that his favorite cat had been hanged, and placed in that situation on purpose to annoy him. Upon discovering this, he suddenly hastened to a portrait of his wife and cut the throat, exclaiming with vehemence, "Thus would I serve the original if the law would permit me!"

This reminds me of another strange connubial squabble. A tradesman and his wife having had a bitter quarrel, in order to appease their fury they threw all their portable furniture out of window. The wife then drew the bed to the window, ripped the ticking, and set all the feathers afloat in the open air; then rushing to the banisters of the stairs and breaking her arm upon them, with an insane energy exclaimed, "Now, you scoundrel, you must pay for a surgeon!"

RICHARD PORSON.

The first time I met this literary Leviathan was at the house of the Rev. Mr. Peters, one evening, when he was accompanied by Dr. White, the author of the celebrated "Bampton Lectures." It was invidiously discovered, or reprehensibly betrayed, by Mr. Badcock, that he had given essential assistance to the Doctor in the composition of those lectures. It may reasonably be inferred, that Mr. Badcock assisted Dr. White from motives of friendship or of interest. In either case he violated confidence. If he gave his assistance from friendship, his disclosure was vain and treacherous; if from interest,

it was mean and unjust ; for it is probable that the Doctor would not have solicited or purchased his aid, if he had thought the secret would have been disclosed. Upon the same principle, with all my reverence for the character of Dr. Johnson, I always thought he acted illiberally, if not unjustly, in discovering to Mr. Boswell all the productions which he had written for other persons, for many of which he had actually been paid ; and having given the rest, they were no longer his own ; for he had suffered them to pass under the names of others, and had therefore no longer any claim to them.

Whether Porson was drunk when I met him on this occasion, or whether he intentionally showed his contempt for the Doctor, Mr. Peters, and myself, I know not ; but he did not once join in conversation, and kept playing with a little dog all the time he was present, except when oysters and brandy and water were introduced, — then the dog was deserted, and the oysters came into play. When he had finished with these, he resorted to the brandy, and resumed his attention to the dog.

For myself, I did not mind his indifference ; but was shocked to see such contemptuous negligence towards his host, Mr. Peters, and Dr. White, his friends. The 'dog and the brandy and water wholly engrossed his attention. He did not quit the house till a late hour. Dr. White seemed to view the conduct of his friend with composure, as if it was nothing extraordinary, but "his custom ever of an afternoon." Mr. Peters, on the contrary, justly considered it as rude, contemptuous, and insolent.

I afterwards used to meet Porson every night at the Turk's Head in the Strand, where he retained his devotion to brandy and water, and often tired the company with his recital of a burlesque parody of Pope's exquisite poem of "Eloisa to Abelard." It was doubted whether this travestie of Pope's beautiful poem was his own writing ; but the warmth and frequency of his obtrusive recitations, evidently manifested parental dotage. A limited number of this offensive poem has

been lately published at a large price, as if indecency were held rare and valuable.

SAMUEL IRELAND.

I became acquainted with this gentleman at the time when he produced the mass of papers, letters, dramas, etc., which he published upon the information of his son, who represented them as the genuine reliques of Shakespeare, chiefly in the handwriting of the great poet. I was invited as one of a committee to examine all the documents, and to decide upon the question of their authenticity. As I was not conversant with old papers, I did not attend the meeting with any intention of joining in the decision, but to see the various articles that were brought forward as once the property of Shakespeare. After the company, consisting of many very respectable and intelligent characters, had looked at all the books which were said to have actually formed a portion of Shakespeare's library, as well as other matters, they waited for young Mr. Ireland, who had promised to develop the source of these valuable reliques. At length he appeared, and after some private conversation between him and Mr. Albany Wallace, an eminent solicitor at that time, the latter addressed the company, and told them that Mr. Ireland, junior, had not been authorized by the person from whom he had derived the matters in question, but that at a future meeting a full explanation should be given. Whether that meeting was ever convened I know not, but I remember that the previous meeting did not break up without manifest tokens of discontent on the part of several of the members.

During the time that this subject engrossed public attention, and it was understood that Shakespeare's manuscript play was to be represented, the elder Mr. Ireland invited the late John Gifford, Esq., the author of "The Life of Mr. Pitt," of "Letters to Lord Lauderdale," "The History of France," and many other works, a gentleman of the bar, and myself, to hear the tragedy of "Vortigern and Rowena" read by him, that we might form some judgment as to its merits and au-

thenticity. Among the imputed reliques of the bard there was an old-fashioned long-backed chair on which the arms of Shakespeare were embossed. The chair, though antique in its form, was in perfect preservation. Tea was soon dispatched, and the reading was about to commence, when I requested to sit in Shakespeare's chair, as it might contain some inspiring power to enlighten my understanding, and enable me the better to judge. They laughed at my whim, but indulged me with the chair. During the reading there appeared to be passages of great poetical merit, and of an original cast, but occasionally some very quaint expressions, upon which Mr. Gifford commented as often as they occurred. Mr. Ireland observed, that it was of course the language of the time, and that many of the words which were then probably familiar and expressive, had become obsolete. One passage, however, Mr. Ireland admitted to be so quaint and unintelligible, that it would not be suitable to the modern stage. He then referred to Mr. Gifford and the barrister, and asked them if they could suggest any alteration or remoulding of the passage; and when they declined to propose anything, he asked me if I could suggest any modification of it. At this question I affected to start, and said, "Good bless me, shall I sit in Shakespeare's chair, and presume to think I can improve any work from his unrivaled muse?" Mr. Ireland then calmly doubled down the page, observing that he was going into the country, and should have leisure to make any alteration. This observation first induced me to suspect that he was actually concerned in devising what was afterwards acknowledged to be a mere fabrication. Yet on full consideration, I am inclined to think that Mr. Ireland really confided in the story of his son, and relied on the authenticity of the imputed materials.

I was present at the representation of the tragedy, and perhaps a more crowded theatre was never seen. Mr. Ireland and his family occupied a conspicuous station in the front boxes. The play was patiently heard for some time, but at last the disapprobation of the audience assumed every vocifer-

ous mode of hostility, together with the more hopeless annoyance of laughter and derision. Mr. Ireland bore the storm for some time with great fortitude ; but at last he and his family suddenly withdrew from the theatre, and the play ended in the tumult.

The elder Mr. Ireland afterwards published all these presumed documents in a large and expensive form, and in a well-written volume defended himself against the attacks of Mr. Malone. Mr. Malone had given him an advantage in refusing to look at these alleged remains of our great bard, and Mr. Isaac Reed also declined to inspect them. As I respect the memory of both of these gentlemen, I cannot but think that they displayed some degree of prejudice on the occasion. Mr. Malone, in particular, however well-founded his doubts and suspicions might be, could only depend on rumor as to their nature and the quality of the materials. Yet he wrote a large volume on the subject, though his objections must necessarily have been chiefly conjectural. He was ably answered by my late friend, Mr. George Chalmers, not that he believed in the authenticity, but to show that the believers had grounds to justify their opinions. He published a second volume on the same subject, which displayed great labor, assiduity, and perseverance, and brought forward many anecdotes and illustrations of our poetical history.

It is well known that Dr. Parr was at first a sincere believer in the authenticity of these documents, and that Mr. Boswell went upon his knees, kissed the imputed reliques, and expressed great delight that he had lived to see such valuable documents brought to light. It certainly was a bold attempt on the part of the fabricator, to bring forward such a mass of surreptitious productions ; but the variety proved that he possessed talents and great ingenuity, as well as industry, for they must have taken up much time and labor in the composition. It is said that he at last acknowledged the whole to be a deception.

I met him one night at the theatre, and to show me with what facility he could copy the signatures of Shakespeare, of

which there are but two extant, and they differ from each other, he took a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket, and wrote both of them with as much speed and exactness as if he had been writing his own name. He gave the paper to me; I compared the signatures with the printed autographs of the poet, and could not but be surprised at their accuracy.

The elder Mr. Ireland must have been mad to incur so great an expense in preparing and printing these documents, if he was conscious of the deception; but I am still disposed to believe that he thought them genuine, notwithstanding the ease with which I have mentioned his avowed intention to alter the text of Shakespeare. Before this transaction took place, he was a remarkably healthy-looking man, with a florid complexion, and stout in his form; but afterwards he was so reduced in his body, and seemed to be so dejected in spirit, that I naturally inferred the disappointment, expense, and critical hostility which he had suffered, had made a powerful impression on his mind. He did not long survive this extraordinary attempt to delude the public.

CHARLES JERVAS.

This artist, the friend and favorite painter of Pope, who received instructions from him at a time when the poet was intimate with Sir Godfrey Kneller (who doubtless would have been proud of such a pupil), was but an indifferent artist, and totally unworthy of the poet's high panegyrics on his professional skill. Mr. Northcote, who was a domestic pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and lived many years in the same house, told me that one day after dinner the name of Jervas was mentioned, when Mr. Northcote expressed his surprise that, reading the high encomiums of Pope, he had never seen a picture by Jervas. Miss Reynolds, the sister of Sir Joshua, and a good artist herself, to whom the observation was addressed, concurred in the same surprise, never having seen one. She then addressed Sir Joshua, who was deaf, and raising her voice, asked him what was the reason that no pictures of Jervas were to be seen. "Because," said Sir Joshua, "they are

all in the garrets." It is certain that Pope, though very fond of painting, had little knowledge of the art, and praised Jervas with the zeal of a friend rather than with the judgment of a critic. It would now probably be impossible to find a picture of the painter whose name the poet has immortalized. It is somewhat strange that Mr. Northcote had never heard of Howard, a painter, immortalized by Prior the poet.

COLLEY CIBBER.

The late Mr. Arthur Murphy, speaking of Colley, told me that he once dined with him at Mrs. Woffington's, when he spoke with great contempt of Garrick ; and she having said, " Come now, Colley, you must acknowledge he is a very clever young man," his answer was, " He is very well in Fribble ;" and on further urging him, he said, " He does not play Bayes so well as my son." But at last when Murphy joined with the lady in high eulogiums on Garrick, comparing his animated representations of life, and diversities of character, with the stately pomposity of Quin, he was induced to admit that Garrick was an extraordinary young man.

In the course of the evening, Cibber was earnestly entreated to repeat some passage from any character he had performed ; and after much importunity he said, " Well, you jade, if you will assist my memory, I will give you the first speech of Sir John Brute." He then delivered the speech with little assistance from the lady, in the most masterly manner, as Mr. Murphy assured me ; and when he had praised the good qualities of Lady Brute, closing with " But here she comes," his expression of disgust was more strikingly characteristic of a surfeited husband than anything of a similar nature he had ever witnessed on the stage.

Mr. Murphy told me, also, that he was once present at Tom's Coffee House, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, which was only open to subscribers, when Colley was engaged at whist, and an old general was his partner. As the cards were dealt to him, he took up every one in turn, and expressed his disappointment at every indifferent one. In the progress of the

game he did not follow suit, and his partner said, "What, have you not a spade, Mr. Cibber?" The latter, looking at his cards, answered, "Oh, yes, a thousand;" which drew a very peevish comment from the General. On which Cibber, who was shockingly addicted to swearing, "Don't be angry, for — I can play ten times worse if I like."

Colley Cibber lived in Berkeley Square, at the north corner of Bruton Street, where my mother told me she saw him once standing at the parlor window, drumming with his hands on the frame. She said that he appeared like a calm, grave, and reverend old gentleman. With all our admiration of the poetical and moral character of Pope, it must be acknowledged that he absurdly as well as cruelly persecuted Cibber; but the latter well revenged himself in two well known letters published against "The wicked Wasp of Twickenham," as Pope was styled at the time; and the younger Richardson, who was present when Pope was reading one of them, has recorded their effects on the irritable temper of the bard.

JOSEPH HAYDN.

The first time that I saw this celebrated composer was at Madame Mara's, in what is now called Foley Place, Marylebone. I had dined there in company with my late friends, Dr. Wolcot and Mr. Crosdill, the most eminent performer on the violoncello that perhaps ever existed. Before the wine was removed, Mr. Salomon, the great violin player, arrived, and brought Haydn with him. They were both old friends of Madame Mara. Haydn did not know a word of English. As soon as we knew who he was, Crosdill, who was always in high spirits, and an enthusiast for musical talent of all kinds, proposed that we should celebrate the arrival of Haydn with three times three. This proposal was warmly adopted and commenced, all parties but Haydn standing up. He heard his name mentioned, but, not understanding this species of congratulation, stared at us with surprise. As soon as the ceremony ended, it was explained to him by Salomon. He was a modest, diffident, and delicate man, and was so confused with

this unexpected and novel greeting, that he put his hands before his face and was quite disconcerted for some minutes.

Finding that he was in company with so celebrated a musical performer as Crosdill, and so popular a poet as Peter Pindar, whose fame had reached him in Germany, he felt himself comfortable, and we did not separate till a late hour, to the perfect satisfaction of Madame Mara, who was delighted to see so great a genius as Haydn enjoying the animated character of Crosdill, the sarcastic shrewdness of Salomon, and the whimsical sallies of Peter Pindar. A few months after, when Haydn had acquired some knowledge of the English language, Mr. Salomon invited him, Dr. Wolcot, and myself, to dine at the coffee-house in Vere Street, Oxford Street, in a private room. Salomon, who was a very intelligent man, entertained us with anecdotes of distinguished characters in Germany, and explained many observations which Haydn made on the works of Handel, Mozart, and other eminent musicians; at length the name of Pleyel was mentioned, and Dr. Wolcot, who was apt to blunder, burst into a rapturous eulogium on the admired concertante of that composer, and on his taste and genius as a musician. The Doctor carried his zeal to such an extent, forgetting that there was so great a musical genius in the room, that Haydn at last, readily admitting the merit of Pleyel, could not help adding a little warmly, "But I hope it will be remembered that he was my pupil." The Doctor felt this remark as a rebuke, and attempted a confused apology.

JOHN OPIE, R. A.

This artist was one of those whom Nature ordains to rise into eminence, notwithstanding the lowness and obscurity of their origin. He was the son of a carpenter in Cornwall, and, at an early period, discovered a propensity to drawing, which his father did not discourage. Dr. Wolcot, having heard of the boy, and being fond of painting, desired to see him. For that purpose he went to the father's house, where he asked for John, and the boy presented himself. The Doctor desired to see his drawings, and he ran across the yard to fetch them.

Wolcot told me that he should always have in his ears the sound of the boy's leather apron clattering between his knees, as he ran eagerly to bring the proofs of his graphic skill. Rough and uncouth as these specimens of his talents were, the Doctor was persuaded that he saw indications of a genius which deserved cultivation. He therefore took him into his own house at Fowey, and gave him all the instruction in his power.

Opie made such rapid improvement under the Doctor's tuition, that he had soon the courage to offer himself to the inhabitants as a portrait-painter. His efforts were encouraged, but his gains at first were very small. I believe his original price was five shillings for a likeness. The next price was half a guinea, and he raised his demand in his progress to Exeter, where he boldly required a guinea, and then thought himself in the high-road to affluence. He lived many years with Dr. Wolcot, as well as I can recollect, with whom he profited in literature as well as in painting.

Opie possessed a strong mind and a retentive memory. He soon became conversant with Shakespeare and Dryden, and both understood and felt their beauties. He did not improve in his manners, in proportion to his other attainments, for a blunt sincerity always characterized his behavior. He had a strong sense of humor, and was capable of lively sallies, as well as of shrewd and forcible remarks. He readily acknowledged the merit of his competitors, particularly Sir Joshua Reynolds, and I never saw the least symptom of envy in his disposition. I was very intimate with him for many years, during the life of his first wife ; but as his second wife introduced new connections, and a coolness had arisen between him and Dr. Wolcot, and as I was upon the most friendly footing with the Doctor, I did not think it proper to keep up a close intercourse with both, and therefore seldom saw Opie again till during the illness which terminated in his death.

It was reported that a written compact had taken place between the Doctor and Opie in which the latter had agreed to

give a certain share of his profits to the former for the instruction which he had derived from him, as well as for his board, lodging, and other supplies, while they had lived together. I believe this report was not wholly unfounded, and that the compact was dissolved by the interference of the father of Opie's first wife, which induced the Doctor, in anger and disgust, to relinquish all claims upon the successful artist. The consequence was, the coolness which I have mentioned; and after this adjustment, Wolcot and Opie seldom, if ever, met again.

It must be admitted, that Opie was much indebted to Wolcot for his early patronage, and afterwards for his zealous literary support, particularly in his "Odes to the Royal Academicians." Indeed, there is too much reason to believe that the Doctor's unjust and persevering attacks upon the works of Mr. West were indirectly intended as a sacrifice to the rising reputation of Opie. It was not to be expected that Opie would object to this poetical incense in his favor, because he had to rise among innumerable competitors; yet, from all I observed of his disposition, I am persuaded he was too liberal to excite, or to encourage the Doctor in his severity on others, particularly on Mr. West, of whose talents and knowledge in his art he has often spoken to me with respect.

His rustic habits were too firmly fixed for him wholly to subdue them, yet nobody could better conceive what a gentleman should be; and during the latter years of his life, he endeavored, and not without success, to illustrate his conception by his manners. His rough sincerity, however, was not merely the effect of his early associations with rustic society, for much of it was doubtless imputable to his domestic intercourse with Dr. Wolcot. The latter was vigorous in his sentiments, energetic, and, indeed, rough in his manners, and according to the adage, that "everything begets its like," there is a contagion in temper from which it is difficult to escape in close association.

HENRY FUSELI.

A few words on Fuseli, and he deserves but few. His works are in general distortions, and no person of sound taste would ever afford them house-room. I remember that Opie said to me of Fuseli's picture of a scene in Hamlet, representing the ghost of Hamlet's father, "The Royal Dane," that the ghost reminded him of those figures over the dials of chamber-clocks, which move by starts, according to the movements of the works within. In my opinion a very apt comparison, notwithstanding the opinion of my friend Mr. Combe (Dr. Syntax), who said of this picture that it gave him the only idea which painting had ever suggested to him of an apparition.

Dr. Wolcot said of Fuseli's representation of a scene in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," that the number of wild fantastic figures scattered over it made it look exactly like a toy-shop. I never liked Fuseli, and, fearless of his satire, never concealed my opinion. The late Mr. Farington, an excellent artist and a worthy and intelligent man, knew that Fuseli was no favorite with me, and anxious to serve him, he came and invited me to meet him at dinner, bringing with him Fuseli's lectures, which had just been published, and requesting that I would take extracts from them for insertion in a public journal which I then conducted. He said, "I know you do not like Fuseli; but when I tell you that he is in but indifferent circumstances, I know you will meet and endeavor to serve him." I met him, and the late Sir George Beaumont was of the party. The mild and elegant manners of that amiable baronet had an influence upon Fuseli, who endeavored to make himself agreeable, and the day passed off very pleasantly.

Not long after I met Fuseli in company, and he asked me when I had seen Farington, and having told him that it was some time ago, he said, loud enough for the company to hear him, "Then he don't want a *puff*." Such was his gratitude to the liberal friend who had interfered in his favor.

Another time I dined with him at the house of Mr. Boaden,

a gentleman well known in the literary world. Mr. Colman and Mr. Charles Kemble were among the company. Fuseli being asked for a toast, gave "Peter Pindar." When his turn came to drink his own toast, he refused, saying, "I give him as a toast, but I will not drink to his honor." Stupid as this conduct was, his admirers, perhaps, may consider his answer as a *bon mot*.

ANECDOTE OF PEG WOFFINGTON.

The celebrated Mrs. Woffington, who had lived with Garrick, afterwards lived with Lord Darnley, who fancied that he could attach her to him by more than interested motives, if he kept her from the sight of Garrick, whom she professed to have really loved. Lord Darnley therefore exacted a promise from her, that she would not see Garrick during his absence from town, freely permitting her to see anybody else. He however thought proper to have a spy to watch her, and found that, notwithstanding her promise, Garrick visited her in his absence. He took the first opportunity of telling her he had thought he could depend on her promise, but found he was mistaken, accusing her of having seen Garrick. "Garrick!" said she, thinking that what he said arose from mere jealousy, "I have not seen him for a long time." Lord Darnley then declared he knew she had seen Garrick the night before. Finding evasion useless, she exclaimed, "Well! and is not that a long time?" She was a perfidious woman. She lived till her death with General Cæsar, and they had agreed that the survivor should possess all the property of both; but when she was really on her death-bed, she sent for an attorney, made her will during the absence of the General, and bequeathed the whole of her property to her sister, Mrs. Cholmondeley. Lord Cholmondeley, whose nephew had married Mrs. Woffington's sister, was much offended at what he considered a degrading union in the family; but, on being introduced to Mrs. Woffington, some months after the match, he was so much pleased with her that he declared, though he had been at first offended at the match, he was then reconciled to

it. Mrs. Woffington, who had educated and supported her sister, coldly answered, "My lord, I have much more reason to be offended at it than your lordship, for I had before but one beggar to maintain, and now I have two."

CAPABILITY BROWN.

This gentleman may be numbered among the acquaintance of my family; but he flourished before my time. He was famous for his taste in ornamenting grounds, and acquired the title of "Capability," as it was his custom in looking over parks, gardens, and their vicinities, to say that they displayed *capabilities*. He was undoubtedly a man of great taste, and had improved many noblemen's seats and situations that seemed *incapable* of deriving much advantage in point of prospect, and also in interior embellishments. He was at length so much celebrated, and his practice so successful,—he had, moreover, such a full reliance on his own genius, and his judgment was so much respected, that he made no scruple on all occasions to maintain his decided right to the reputation he had acquired. He was received into the best company, not only on account of his professional skill, but for his humor and promptitude at repartee.

One day when he was walking through the royal gardens with King George the Third, his Majesty having asked his opinion of the arrangement of the grounds, Brown expressed his approbation of it, and said it must have been designed and executed by "the Brown of the time." When the great Lord Chatham, disabled by the gout, was descending the stairs of St. James's Palace, Brown offered to assist his lordship and attend him to his carriage. As soon as the noble lord was seated, he said, "Thank you, Mr. Brown; now, sir, go and adorn your country." Brown instantly answered, "Go you, my lord, and save it." An ingenious and happy return.

Having dined one day at the house of a nobleman, and the conversation turning upon gardening, some of the company spoke in favor of *clumps*. On departing with a nobleman, a double row of servants, like a "liveried army," to use the

words of Dr. Johnson, lined the passage in expectation of receiving what are called *vails* from each of the guests: Brown, casting his eyes on both sides of the passage where these toll-gatherers were assembled, "Don't you think, my lord," said he, "that this *vista* ought to be *clumped*?" This mode of levying contributions on visitors was carried to an almost incredible extent, till some persons of distinction united in forming a determination to abolish such a disgraceful taxation.

It is said that this practice prevailed to such a degree, even at the house of the great Lord Chesterfield, that when he invited Voltaire a second time to his table, the French wit in his answer declined the invitation, alleging that "his lordship's *ordinary* was *too dear*."

Another evil practice of servants to the higher orders, at that time, was carried to such a height that it wrought its own cure. It was usual at the old Italian Opera House to allot a gallery to the footmen, that when their masters or mistresses had appointed the time to leave the theatre, their servants might be ready to attend. But these *livery-men* took it into their heads to become critics upon the performances, and delivered their comments in so tumultuous a manner, that the managers found it absolutely necessary to close the gallery against them, and to assign it to those only who paid for admission.

Just before the abolition of this *party-colored* tribunal, a wag who was fond of music, but who had more wit than money, appeared at the gallery door, where the porter demanded the name of his master. The wag boldly answered, "I am the Lord Jehovah's servant," and was admitted, one of the door-keepers saying to the other, "I never heard of that man's master before, but suppose it is some scurvy Scotch lord or other."

ANECDOTE OF HANDEL.

Handel, when he first visited Ireland, in consequence of his disgust at the preference given to Bononcini in London, car-

ried a letter of introduction to Dean Swift. When the Dean heard that he was a musician and a German, he declined receiving him; but when his man added that the bearer of the letter was a great *genius*, "A genius and a German!" said Swift: "Oh, then, show him up immediately."

I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with Dr. Morell, well known for learning and piety, and who selected subjects from the Scriptures for Handel's oratorios. I heard him say that, one fine summer morning, he was roused out of bed at five o'clock by Handel, who came in his carriage a short distance from London. The Doctor went to the window, and spoke to Handel, who would not leave his carriage. Handel was at the time composing an oratorio. When the Doctor asked him what he wanted, he said, "What de devil means de vord billow?" which was in the oratorio the Doctor had written for him. The Doctor, after laughing at so ludicrous a reason for disturbing him, told him that billow meant wave, a wave of the sea. "Oh, de vave," said Handel, and bade his coachmen return, without addressing another word to the Doctor.

CHEVALIER D'EON.

The mysterious character of D'Eon, and his appearance both as a male and female in this country and in many parts of Europe, rendered him a subject of general conversation, in so much that policies were opened to ascertain his sex, while he appeared in male and female attire.

D'Eon, before the revolution, had assumed the male attire, but by an order of the French court, from which it is understood he received a pension, he was compelled to appear again like a woman, as originally directed by the French government, for reasons which have never been satisfactorily developed.

I was assured by a very old friend of my father, who was well acquainted with D'Eon in the earlier part of the time when he appeared in male attire, and was connected with an agency from France, that his manners were captivating, and that he might have married most advantageously, as several

ladies of good families, and with large fortunes, had made overtures to him at country-seats where he visited, and that on all such occasions he immediately left the house. Hence it was inferred he quitted the place on account of his being really of the female sex. It is difficult to discover what were his real motives for retaining the female attire after the destruction of the monarchy in France, and when he ceased to have any connection with that country.

I met the Chevalier in his advanced life at the late Mr. Angelo's, in Carlisle Street, Soho, and if his manners had been once so captivating, they had undergone a great alteration, for though he was dressed as a woman, he spoke and acted with all the roughness of a veteran soldier. From all I have heard of D'Eon, he must have been a very intelligent man, full of anecdote and fertile in conversation; and I cannot but express a regret, that a character who had made so conspicuous a figure, should ever have been reduced to derive a precarious support from a public exhibition of his talents in fencing with a woman. What were his means for subsistence till his death, is not, and perhaps never will be known; but his name and extraordinary appearance will never be forgotten.

DAVID GARRICK.

My old friend Dr. Monsey was for many years in the closest intimacy with Garrick, and though the occasion of their separation was never removed, they must mutually have regretted the dissolution of their friendship. Garrick was fond of playing tricks, but in them he had an eye to his art. Dr. Monsey had often been with him when he indulged himself in these pranks, and sometimes thought himself in danger of suffering by the consequences of his sportive levity. Dr. Monsey told me, that he once had occasion to accompany Garrick and Mr. Windham of Norfolk, father of the late Mr. Windham the statesman, into the city. On their return, Garrick suddenly left them at the top of Ludgate Hill, and walking into the middle of the street, looked upwards, and repeated several times to himself, "I never saw two before." The

strange appearance of a man in this situation talking to himself, naturally attracted some persons towards him, more followed, and at length a great crowd was collected round him. Several persons asked him what he saw. He made no answer, but repeated the same words. A man then observed that the gentleman must see two storks, as they are rarely if ever seen in pairs. This observation contented the multitude, till another said, "Well, but who sees one besides the gentleman?" Monsey, for fear of getting into a scrape, moved off, lest he should be taken for a confederate to make people fools; but I now remember that Mr. Windham, who, like his son, was a good boxer, determined to witness the end of this whimsical freak. Garrick affected an insane stare, cast his eyes around the multitude, and afterwards declared that from the various expressions in the faces of the people, and their gestures, he had derived hints that served him in his profession.

Another time, when Garrick was with Monsey, at the joyful sound of twelve at noon, a great many boys poured out of school. Garrick selected one whom he accused of having treated another cruelly who stood near him. The boy declared that he had not been ill-treated; and Garrick then scolded the other still more, affecting to think how little he deserved the generosity of the boy who sought to excuse him by a falsehood. The boys were left in a state of consternation by Garrick's terrific demeanor and piercing eye; and he told Monsey that he derived much advantage from observing their various emotions.

While he was walking with Monsey on another occasion, he saw a ticket-porter going before them at a brisk pace, and humming a tune. They were then at old Somerset House. "I'll get a crowd around that man," said Garrick, "before he reaches Temple Bar." He then advanced before the man, turned his head, and gave him a piercing look. The man's gayety was checked in a moment, he kept his eye on Garrick, who stopped at an apple-stall till the man came near, then gave him another penetrating glance, and went immediately on. The man began to look if there was anything strange

about him that attracted the gentleman's notice, and, as Garrick repeated the same expedient, turned himself in all directions, and pulled off his wig, to see if anything ridiculous was attached to him. By this time, the restless anxiety of the man exited the notice of the passengers, and Garrick effected his purpose of gathering a crowd round the porter before he reached Temple Bar.

Dr. Monsey said that he once was in danger of receiving a severe blow in consequence of one of Garrick's vagaries of a similar kind. They had dined at Garrick's house in Southampton Street, Covent Garden, and had taken a boat in order to go in the evening to Vauxhall. A smart-looking young waterman stood on the strand at Hungerford Stairs. As soon as they were seated in their boat, Garrick addressed the young waterman in the following manner, "Are you not ashamed to dress so smart, and appear so gay, when you know that your poor mother is in great distress, and you have not the heart to allow her more than three-pence a week?" The young man turned his head to see if anybody was near to whom the words might apply, and, seeing none, he took up a brickbat and threw it very near Garrick's boat, and continued to aim stones at him. Garrick's boatman pulled hard to get out of the way of this missile hostility, or Monsey said, they might have otherwise suffered a serious injury.

Mrs. Clive was eminent as an actress on the London stage before Garrick appeared, and, as his blaze of excellence threw all others into comparative insignificance, she never forgave him, and took every opportunity of venting her spleen. She was coarse, rude, and violent in her temper, and spared nobody. One night as Garrick was performing "King Lear," she stood behind the scenes to observe him, and in spite of the roughness of her nature, was so deeply affected, that she sobbed one minute and abused him the next, and at length, overcome by his pathetic touches, she hurried from the place with the following extraordinary tribute to the universality of his powers: "D—n him! I believe he could act a *grid-iron*."

It is said also that one night when he was performing "Macbeth," and the murderer entered the banquet scene, Garrick looked at him with such an expressive countenance, and uttered with such energy, "There 's blood upon thy face," that the actor said, "Is there by G—?" instead of "'T is Banquo's then," thinking, as he afterwards acknowledged, that he had broken a blood-vessel.

I will now mention a circumstance that manifests the irresistible power of his acting. The late Mr. Farington, a member of the Royal Academy, and a particular friend of mine, told me that he had not an opportunity of seeing Garrick act till his last season. Finding that he was announced for "Hamlet," Mr. Farington went early to the theatre, and obtained a seat in the second row in the pit. He beheld with indifference all that passed in the play previous to the entrance of "Hamlet" with the royal court. He then bent forward with eagerness, and directed all his attention to Garrick. Observing his painted face, which but ill concealed the effects of time, his bulky form and high-heeled shoes to raise his figure, Mr. Farington drew back with disappointment and dejection, thinking that a man who at an earlier period might fully deserve all his celebrity, was going to expose himself in the attempt to perform a character for which, from age, he was totally unfit. At length Garrick began to speak in answer to the King. Mr. Farington then resumed his attention; and such was the truth, simplicity, and feeling, with which the great actor spoke and acted, that my friend declared he lost sight of Garrick's age, bulk, and high-heeled shoes, and saw nothing but the "Hamlet" which the author had designed. From that time, Mr. Farington constantly attended Garrick's performances, and said that he manifested equal excellence in all.

I can add to this testimony a still higher authority in favor of Garrick's extraordinary merit as an actor. Speaking of Garrick once when the subject of acting was introduced in company with Mrs. Siddons, I observed so long a time had passed since she saw him act, that, perhaps, she had forgotten

him; on which she said emphatically, it was impossible to forget him. Another time I told her that Mr. Sheridan had declared Garrick's "Richard" to be very fine, but did not think it terrible enough. "God bless me!" said she, "what could be more terrible?" She then informed me, that when she was rehearsing the part of "Lady Anne" to his "Richard," he desired her, as he drew her from the couch, to follow him step by step, for otherwise he should be obliged to turn his face from the audience, and he acted much with his features. Mrs. Siddons promised to attend to his desire, but assured me there was such an expression in his acting, that it entirely overcame her, and she was obliged to pause, when he gave her such a look of reprehension as she never could recollect without terror. She expressed her regret that she had only seen him in two characters, except when she acted "Lady Anne" with him, — and those characters were "Lear" and "Ranger;" that his "Lear" was tremendous, and his "Ranger" delightful. Nothing need be added to the testimony of one of the greatest ornaments of the stage which, perhaps, ever appeared since the origin of the drama, and whom, perhaps, it is impossible to surpass in theatrical excellence.

It is well known that Garrick was fond of playing sportive tricks upon his friends, and this disposition is alluded to by Goldsmith in his "Retaliation." One afternoon, when he expected Dr. Monsey to call on him, he desired the servant to conduct the Doctor into his bedroom. Garrick was announced for King Lear on that night, and when Monsey saw him in bed he expressed his surprise, and asked him if the play was to be changed. Garrick was dressed, but had his nightcap on, and the quilt was drawn over him, to give him the appearance of being too ill to rise. Monsey expressed his surprise, as it was time for Garrick to be at the theatre to dress for King Lear. Garrick, in a languid and whining tone, told him that he was too much indisposed to perform himself, but that there was an actor named Marr, so like him in figure, face, and voice, and so admirable a mimic, that he had ven-

tured to trust the part to him, and was sure that the audience would not perceive the difference. Monsey in vain expostulated with him on the hazard which he would incur of public displeasure, as it was impossible that the attempt should succeed. Garrick pretended to be worse, and requested Monsey to leave the room that he might get a little sleep, but desired him to attend the theatre and let him know the result. As soon as the Doctor quitted the room, Garrick jumped out of bed and hastened to the theatre. Monsey, partly in compliance with Garrick's desire and partly from curiosity to witness so extraordinary an experiment, attended the performance. Having left Garrick in bed, Monsey was bewildered by the scene before him, sometimes doubting, and sometimes being astonished at the resemblance between Garrick and Marr. At length, finding that the audience were convinced of Garrick's identity, Monsey began to suspect that a trick had been practiced upon him, and hurried to Garrick's house at the end of the play; but Garrick was too quick for him, and had resumed his situation in bed: having drawn the quilt over part of the dress of King Lear which he had not time to remove, he was found by Monsey in the same apparent state of illness. Some friends of Garrick who had been let into the secret, and were present at the performance, witnessed and enjoyed the perplexity of Monsey during the whole. As Monsey himself was inclined to play tricks with his friends, this whimsical deception was deemed but retributive justice on the part of Garrick, and Monsey the next day shared in a laugh at his own expense, determining however to retaliate, and he probably revenged himself on the first opportunity. No persons could take more liberties with each other than Garrick and Monsey, and none could be more prolific in prompt and facetious abuse.

THOMAS DAVIES.

Mr. Davies, or, as he was generally styled, Tom Davies, had left the stage before I frequented the theatre, no doubt, induced by the cruel humor with which Churchill describes him

in his admirable "Rosciad;" but he had a benefit-night allowed him by Garrick for old acquaintance sake, when he came forward to perform the part of Fainall, in the comedy of "The Way of the World." I happened to be present. He was an old, formal-looking man, and totally different from such a person as we might expect to find in a gay, dissipated husband. Before the curtain was drawn up, he came forward, and addressed the audience in the following terms: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am conscious of my inability to do justice to the character that I have undertaken, but I hope you will accept of my best endeavors to please." There were many friends of honest Tom in the house, and this address, as well as his performance of the part, was received with kind applause. Poor Davies did not attend to the good old maxim *hoc age*; for if he had confined himself to his business as a bookseller, and had not indulged his literary ambition, he would probably have lived in comfortable circumstances, though he might not have raised a fortune. What I saw of his acting certainly appeared to justify the criticism of Churchill, though not its sportive severity. Churchill says:—

"Behind came mighty Davies—on my life,
That Davies has a very pretty wife."

Without animadverting upon the impropriety of dragging an inoffensive female before the public, it may fairly be concluded, that Davies being an avowed politician, whose principles were different from those of Churchill, was the cause of the poet's hostility towards him. I once saw the "pretty wife." She was quietly sitting in the shop, while her husband was pursuing his literary avocations in the back room. She was in the autumn of life, neatly dressed, modest in her aspect, with a kind of meek dejection in her features, which evidently bore the remains of beauty. It is lamentable to relate what I have been informed was the final destiny of this harmless couple. He died in poverty, and was buried at the expense of his friends; and his amiable widow, as I heard, was reduced to the deplorable asylum of the parish work-house.

MRS. ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

I became acquainted with this lady in the year 1782, and an uninterrupted friendship existed between us till her death. When I first knew her, she was a very fine woman, and although conscious of the beauty of her person, she never indulged herself in any expenses for the purpose of making it appear to more advantage. She was at this time an actress at Covent Garden Theatre, but, though she always displayed good sense, and a just conception of the characters which she performed, yet she never rose to any height of professional reputation. She had a slight impediment in her speech in ordinary conversation, but it never appeared when she was performing on the stage.

It is not necessary to enter into her private life, as she has herself given a brief account of it. It is sufficient to say, that when she was about seventeen years of age, she left the house of her father, a farmer in Norfolk or Suffolk, and being strongly imbued with theatrical ambition, she applied to Mr. Griffith, manager of the Norwich company, and in time became connected with many provincial theatres in England and Scotland. She married Mr. Inchbald, an actor and a miniature-painter, a man much older than herself, whose character was highly respected.

Mr. Inchbald had, I believe, been previously married, and for a season or two had an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of Garrick, and thought of that actor's merit, as all men of taste, learning, and judgment did, with the highest admiration. Mrs. Inchbald told me, that in the earlier part of her life she was very irritable in her temper, but time, reflection, and the vicissitudes of fortune, had softened and subdued her natural disposition. She mentioned one particular instance of the warmth of her temper when she and her husband were in a boarding-house at Canterbury, while they were both engaged in the theatre of that city. Mr. Inchbald had been employed all the morning in copying a miniature portrait of Garrick. At length dinner was an-

nounced by the mistress of the house, and Mrs. Inchbald desired her husband to attend it. He signified that he would be ready in a minute or two, but continued to touch his picture. Mrs. Inchbald then urged him to attend at the table below, but finding he still lingered over the portrait, she suddenly seized it, and in a moment obliterated all his morning's work. She expressed her regret at this action, not only as it was an act of reprehensible violence, but as it was a painful outrage on the feelings of a worthy man.

I was in the habit of visiting her every Sunday morning for many years, first when she had apartments in Russell Street, Covent Garden, next in Leicester Square, and afterwards in Hart Street, near the theatre. She occupied the second floor in all these apartments. The first was in the house which had been called Button's. Mrs. Inchbald was then engaged by the elder Colman, at the Haymarket Theatre, where she produced her first dramatic piece, entitled "I'll tell ye what," which was so well acted, and so favorably received, that she was induced to relinquish the stage, and devote herself to dramatic and other literary pursuits.

One incident which occurred during her engagement at Covent Garden Theatre deserves recording. It is well known that the late Mr. Harris, then the chief proprietor of that theatre, was a very gallant man, and did not find the virtue of several of his fair performers impregnable. At his desire, Mrs. Inchbald attended him one morning at his house at Knightsbridge, to consult on one of her plays which was soon to be represented. When the consultation was ended, Mr. Harris, who was a handsome man, and had found so little difficulty among the theatrical sisterhood under his government, thought that he might be equally successful in an attack on Mrs. Inchbald, but, instead of regular approaches, he attempted to take the fort by storm, and Mrs. Inchbald found no resource but in seizing him by his hair, which she pulled with such violence, that she forced him to desist. She then rushed out of the house, and proceeded in haste, and under great agitation, to the greenroom of the theatre, where the



MRS. ABINGTON.

(From Garrick's Memoirs, Vol. II.)

company were then rehearsing. She entered the room with so wild an air, and with such evident emotion, that all present were alarmed. She hastily related what had happened as far as her impediment would permit her, and concluded with the following exclamation : " Oh ! if he had wo-wo-worn a wig, I had been ru-ruined."

FRANCES ABINGTON.

This actress affords an extraordinary instance of the effect of industry, perseverance, and spirit. Her origin was of the lowest kind. She lived with her father in Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane. Whether he was ever in any business, or how he supported himself with his daughter, afterwards Mrs. Abington, till she reached the age of about twelve, is not known, but at that period she was able to maintain herself and him, which she did in a very decent manner. Her maiden name was Barton, as mentioned in many theatrical annals.

The late Arthur Murphy, whose learning and talents, particularly as a dramatic writer have raised him far above any tribute of respect that I could offer to his memory, told me that he had seen her when she was about the age above mentioned, and that she then supported herself and her father by her recitations at the Bedford and Shakespeare taverns, under the Piazzas in Covent Garden. Her custom was to desire the waiter to inform any private company in their rooms that she would deliver passages from Shakespeare and other writers for a small reward. When the company consented, she stepped upon the table and delivered the several compositions. Everything relative to the stage was interesting to Mr. Murphy, and that feeling induced him to pay particular attention to this theatrical girl, which fixed her person on his memory. As she increased in age and practice, this itinerant profession became less attractive as a novelty, and she was then driven to the necessity of adopting more profligate and degrading means of support ; and this degrading profession, which it is not necessary to designate more particularly, she was in the habit of pursuing for some years before she happily found her way to the theatrical boards.

The manner in which Mr. Murphy afterwards saw her in her degraded state was as follows : A party of his friends, consisting of four, had agreed to take an excursion to Richmond, in Surrey, and to pass the day there. The gentlemen were to meet at the Turk's Head Coffee House, opposite Catherine Street in the Strand. Mr. Murphy and two of the friends, whose names I have forgotten, were punctual to the appointment, but they waited for the fourth till their patience was nearly exhausted. At length Mr. Murphy said he knew where to find the fourth gentleman, and would go in pursuit of him. He immediately proceeded to a notorious house under the Piazza in Covent Garden, and there found him. This person was a Mr. Tracy, a gentleman of fortune, well known at that time under the name of Beau Tracy, on account of the gayety and splendor of his attire. Finding that Tracy was in the house, Mr. Murphy proceeded at once to his bedroom, where he found the beau under the hands of his hair-dresser, and not half attired. Mr. Murphy waited very patiently till the grand business of the toilet was concluded. While he waited, he thought he saw the curtains of the bed move, as if there were a person within. Mr. Murphy asked the beau if he had not a companion. Tracy, a careless rake, answered in the affirmative, and told him to go and chat with her, as he would find her a lively wench. Murphy, therefore, drew one of the curtains aside, and entered into conversation with a fair votaress of Venus, whom he immediately recognized as the girl who had entertained him and his friends some years before at the taverns. She did not seem abashed at being seen by a stranger, but conversed with him with ease, spirit, and humor.

The next time he saw her, after the progress of years, was in the station of the first-rate comic actress at the metropolitan theatres, as Mrs. Abington. Having acquired a high reputation on the London boards, she was offered an engagement at the Cork Theatre, which she accepted, and was accompanied on her journey by Mr. Needham.

She had not then been so long rescued from the degraded

life which she had previously led, as to acquire that sense of decorum and delicacy which was necessary to procure her a reception in society where reputation was regarded; and therefore she had no scruple to appear with Mr. Needham upon the most intimate and familiar footing.

The circumstance of her connection with Mr. Needham, as well as her taste for dress, were so well known, that the milliners in the city of Cork put the following label in their shop windows, "Abington caps may be had here for those that *Need'em*." How long Needham, a gay and dissipated man, remained with her at Cork, is not known, but when she accepted an engagement afterwards at Dublin, she thought it necessary to assume a more precise deportment, and even to affect in public an extraordinary degree of purity. But this mask was so entirely thrown off among some of the Irish noblemen, and other characters well known for wealth and liberality, that as most of them were acquainted with each other, on comparing notes, they found that each had been induced by her to think himself the only person distinguished by her partiality; so that one and all gave her such a designation, connected with her baptismal name of *Fan*, as rendered all her subsequent pretensions to virtue fruitless, and induced her to return to London, where she was more cautious in her concessions and more guarded in her general conduct.

At length, such was Murphy's high opinion of her comic powers, that he not only assigned to her the chief parts in his comedies, but dedicated his play of "The Way to keep Him" to her, chiefly on account of the admirable manner in which she had performed the character of the Widow Belmour. From motives of humanity, as well as delicacy, I should forbear to mention the preceding circumstances of her life, if they did not afford a striking evidence that people by industry, fortitude, and perseverance, may not only rise from obscurity, but from a more degrading situation. Low, poor, and vulgar as she had been in her early days, she was always anxious to acquire education and knowledge; and though the theatrical profession might be thought to engross all her time and atten-

tion, she contrived to attain the French language, which she not only read but spoke with facility.

Whatever relations she might have had, though I only heard of her father, have doubtless long since been dead, and most of her private friends also; so that I have the stronger reason to hold forth a lesson to those on whose birth fortune does not smile, to encourage them to exert their powers in order to improve their condition. As a proof how high she must have risen on the stage, and in public opinion, Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a whole length portrait of her; and another in kit-kat size gratuitously, as a tribute to her professional excellence, from both of which engravings have been made; and she was also the subject of many other prints.

As an actress, Mrs. Abington was distinguished for spirit and humor, rather than for high-breeding and elegance. She excelled in the delivery of sarcastic humor, to which the shrewdness of her mind and the tartness of her tone gave the most effective piquancy. Her manners were not sufficiently graceful and well-bred for Congreve's "Millimont" altogether, but, in those passages where she taunts Marwood, there was a stinging severity in her delivery that would have fully satisfied the author. Beatrice has more wit and pertness than good-breeding, and in that part she was excellent; and also in Estifania, another character that demands vivacity and humor, not elegance. She was the first Lady Teazle, and that character was admirably suited to her talents. It was understood that she was well acquainted with the French authors, and could converse in Italian. She was received in many good families as an admired companion. When or why she married, I know not. Her husband, I understand, was a musician. They had been separated many years, and it was reported that she allowed him an annuity not to molest her.

I once saw Mr. Abington at a dinner which my late friend Dr. Arnold gave at Parsloe's, in St James Street; but as the company was numerous, I could not get near enough to hear what he said. He seemed to be a smart-looking little man, lively in his conversation, and apparently the object of attention to

those who were near him. There was a report of his death, and she sent her and my old friend, Mr. Cooke the barrister, to me, to ascertain the fact, but I could not give him any information on the subject; it is probable that she survived him.

I met Mrs. Abington one evening at Mrs. Conway's in Stratford Place, where she was treated with much respect by the company, but she chiefly confined her conversation to General Paoli, who seemed to be much gratified by her spirit and intelligence. I afterwards dined in company with her at the house of Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress, in Cadogan Place. Mrs. Abington displayed great spirit, and enlivened the company with many interesting anecdotes of theatrical history, as well as of fashionable life, with which she had been intimately connected during the zenith of her fame; but the chief part of her conversation related to Mr. Garrick, of whom she seemed never likely to be tired of talking. She spoke of his theatrical merits with enthusiasm. In speaking of the powerful effect of his eyes, she said that whatever expression they assumed, they seemed to operate by fascination; and that in all her intercourse with the world, she never beheld eyes that had so much expression, brilliancy, and force. She finally observed that, if she might presume to give an opinion, she would say Shakespeare was made for Garrick, and Garrick for Shakespeare.

Miss Fitzclarence was of this party, and a more unaffected, amiable, and agreeable young lady, I never met. She was accompanied by Mrs. Cockle, who was sometime her governess. Mrs. Cockle has published several poems, and some tracts on education, which are highly creditable to her talents and character.

It is bare justice to add, that our lively hostess, Mrs. Jordan, never appeared to more advantage on the stage, with all her original talents, than when she did the honors of her hospitable board, and exerted herself to gratify her guests with her sprightliness and good-humor. As she found in me a sincere friend, not a flatterer, she favored me with her confidence, and

intrusted me with the letters which she had received from a high character, after an unexpected separation, in order to convince me that nothing in her own conduct had occasioned that separation.

To return to Mrs. Abington. As she had no powerful comic rival before Miss Farren, the late Countess of Derby, rose into popular favor, she might have acquired a considerable fortune, but according to report, she was ambitious of associating with persons of quality, and became acquainted with some old ladies of fashion, with whom she was tempted to play high at cards, and as they were as skillful in acting the parts of gamblers, as she was in any of the characters which she personated on the stage, she is said to have suffered severely by their superior dexterity. I remember her keeping a very elegant carriage, and living in a large mansion in Clarges Street; but as she advanced in life, she became less fit for those characters in which she had chiefly distinguished her talents, and, of course, was less likely to secure an engagement with the theatrical managers.

I regret to say, that the last time I saw her on the stage, I thought I perceived a great falling off in her theatrical powers, and a poor substitution of a kind of vulgar humor and grimace, for her former vivacity and genius. In the meridian of her days she was admired for her taste in dress, but I learned from some good female judges, that she declined in that respect also, and that a gaudy parade appeared instead of her former elegance of attire. The last time I saw her, after she left the stage, was at the house of her old friend Mr. Nealsen, who was stock-broker to the banking-house of Messrs. Coutts and Co. and also to that of Snow and Co. near Temple Bar. Mr. Nealsen was alarmingly ill, and attended by Dr. Blaine. I had called to inquire how he was, for he was too ill to admit visitors; and as I was departing I met Mrs. Abington in the passage, who came for the same purpose. She seemed to be under the influence of extraordinary prudery, her reign of gallantry having long passed by, and declined telling her name to the servant, but desired the master might be merely told

that the *gentlewoman* had called to inquire after his health. As I knew the high regard that Nealson had for her, I pressed her to leave her name, as I was sure that such an attention on her part would soothe his sufferings, and perhaps promote his recovery. She was inflexible, and watched me lest I should disclose her name. I hastily returned to the servant, as if to deliver another message, and whispered "Mrs. Abington." "I know it, sir," said the woman, and I parted with Mrs. Abington at the door.

It would hardly have been in the power of anybody who had known her in her better days, to recognize her person at that time. She had on a common red cloak, and her general attire seemed to indicate the wife of an inferior tradesman, and the whole of her demeanor was such as might be expected from a woman of that rank. It is with pleasure I add, that she must have been in easy circumstances on her retirement from the stage, as she lived in Pall Mall, where I once visited her, previous to my meeting her at the house of Mr. Nealson, who soon after died, leaving her and my old friend, Mr. Cooke the barrister, 100*l.* each, and 50*l.* to each of the Theatrical Funds.

Indeed it was well known that she had an income from a deceased nobleman, once eminent in the political world, which terminated at his death. His immediate successor annulled it, but as he died soon after, the next successor generously restored it, from a regard to the memory of his father. I never heard that the theatrical fraternity attended the funeral of Mrs. Abington, as is usual on the death of even the lower order of their community, male and female; neither do I know when she died, or where she was buried.

LEWIS, THE ACTOR.

Lewis was an old man when I knew him. He had a turn for poetry, and published a few of his effusions with the following poetical motto:—

"The Muses forced me to besiege 'em,
Necessitas non habet legem."

He was generally known by the title of "The King of Grief," as he had watery eyes, which made him always appear to be weeping, and as he was continually predicting misery to himself. As he was a harmless man, and possessed of literary talents, he was treated kindly by his professional brethren, and had some share in an annual benefit.

On one occasion, when the benefit had been very productive to him, he was congratulated on his success. Instead of evincing his own satisfaction, he began crying, and said, "Ah ! I shall not be so lucky next year." Mr. Younger, who was a very friendly man, invited old Lewis to dine with him at Liverpool. Lewis declined the invitation, alleging the indifferent state of his attire. Mr. Younger desired him to go into the wardrobe of the theatre, and gave orders that he should receive any suit of clothes that fitted him. As soon as he was properly accommodated, he rejoined Mr. Younger at dinner. After a few glasses of wine, which instead of raising his spirits depressed him, he began weeping. Mr. Younger, with great kindness, asked him the cause of his sudden grief, "Why," said he, "is it not lamentable to think that such a man of genius as myself should be obliged to such a stupid fellow as you are for a suit of clothes and a dinner?" Far from being offended, Mr. Younger only laughed at his ludicrous and untimely ingratitude.

DAGGER MARR.

This actor was on the stage in the earlier days of Garrick. I saw him at my father's when I was very young. He had then retired from the stage, but being an intelligent man he lived in respectable society. Whether he was honored with the epithet of "Dagger" on account of his being generally employed in representing murderers, or whether it was really his Christian name, I never heard ; and it is hardly likely that any of the theatrical tribe are now old enough to remember.¹

¹ My friend Mr. Const related to me a circumstance which perhaps may be considered conclusive that "Dagger" was a name given to him in ridicule. It is well

It appears that he had full confidence in his own theatrical merit; for one night when Garrick was performing *Ranger*, and was running off the stage with *Jacintha*, he stumbled against Marr, who stood too near and was pushed aside. Looking after Garrick, and thinking he was out-of hearing, Marr folded his arms and was heard to say to himself, "*Ranger!*—give me but your eyes and I will play *Ranger* with you for any sum." Garrick's eyes, indeed, were generally allowed to be most brilliant and piercing.

Marr had a turkey presented to him, and meeting a friend as he was carrying it through the streets, he was asked what he was going to do with it. He said he was going to present it to Mr. Garrick. His friend told him that Mr. Garrick would not accept it. Marr, however, determined to persevere. Mr. Garrick declined the offer, observing that he had plenty of turkeys at Hampton, and desiring him to keep it for his own family. Marr however was so pressing that, rather than mortify him, Mr. Garrick agreed to accept it. On his return Marr met the same friend, who asked him if Mr. Garrick had taken the turkey. "Taken it?" said Marr, "aye, he would have taken it if it had been a roll and treacle."

The odd misanthropic humor of Marr, as his conduct was in general correct, never offended his brethren of the stage, and was entirely thrown aside when he quitted it. My father described him as a well-informed man of gentlemanly manners.

MOODY.

I was but slightly acquainted with this actor, yet what I knew of him convinced me that he was a very shrewd man, but too fond of money. He, indeed, made no scruple to acknowl-

known that Garrick used to practice his gestures before a glass, particularly when he had to utter a soliloquy. One day when Marr was waiting for Garrick in his dressing-room, he went before the glass and repeated the following passage in the tragedy of *Macbeth*: "*Is this a dagger that I see before me?*" throwing himself into a tragic attitude, and was so pleased with his own performance that he exclaimed, "*Well done—better than Garrick!*" Garrick had, unperceived, entered the room, and walking softly up to Marr, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "*Well done, Dagger.*"

edge himself a miser. A friend of his, named Barford, whom I knew, called on him one day in summer and found him cutting wood. Barford offered to help him, and devoted an hour or two to that occupation, even during the heat of the day. At length he became thirsty, and asked Moody for some beer. Moody fetched a bottle, drew the cork, and gave Barford a tumblerful. He then put the cork in, and was going to take it away. Barford stopped him, and said he should want more. "I own," replied Moody, "you have deserved it, but it goes to my heart to give it you." He once lent money to Mr. Brereton, the actor. Brereton did not return it immediately, and Moody waited with some degree of patience. At length the first time Moody met him, he looked earnestly at him, and vented a kind of noise between a sigh and a groan. He repeated this interjection whenever he met Brereton, who at length was so annoyed, that he put his hand in his pocket and paid him. Moody took the money, and with a gentler aspect said, "Did I ask you for it, Billy?"

I dined with him once at Mr. Kemble's when he began to exhibit signs of age. Mr. Kemble during the whole time called him Gaffer, and a more appropriate appellation could hardly have been given to him, as he displayed a kind of venerable rustic aspect. He mingled little in conversation, but during a pause suddenly broke out into an anecdote of a ludicrous kind, which diverted the company, and he then relapsed into silence. He had been a handsome man.

The last time I ever saw him was at the late Mr. Weltje's, at Hammersmith, where he called as he went to Shepherd's Bush, his last residence. The conversation happened to turn on Mr. Sheridan, who was then alive, and who survived Moody. Some considerable arrears of salary had been due to Moody, who had threatened to go to Stafford, for which Sheridan was then a candidate, and to state his case to the electors. He then soon obtained his money.

The conversation, as I have observed, turning upon Sheridan the last time I saw Moody, he said, "I have the highest respect for Mr. Sheridan; I honor his talents, and would do

anything to show my friendship for him, but take his word." Having seen him nearly in the prime of life, I was shocked, at this last meeting to see the vast alteration in his person. His handsome, manly countenance was pallid, wrinkled, and cadaverous. His robust frame had become feeble, and he required help in walking, but I saw in his notice of Mr. Sheridan, that his master passion, the love of money, had by no means partaken of his general decay.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

I knew this actor in the decline of his life, or rather in his old age. He was a man of an irritable disposition, but very civil and affable when not contradicted. The first time I had any personal intercourse with him was in the front boxes of Covent Garden Theatre. He was accustomed to express his opinions aloud, if anything struck him on the stage. In that audible manner he said something which did not appear to me to be well-founded, and I ventured to express a different opinion; the partition of the boxes only between us. Whether he assented to my opinion, and was too proud to concur, or whether his irascible temper resented my forwardness, I know not, but he immediately raised his voice loud enough to be heard all over the theatre, and said: "Write down what you have said, sir, and I will answer it." I was awed into silence, for two reasons,—one, because I was really too diffident to answer this vociferous speech of the veteran; and the other, because I was afraid that people at a distance might suppose I had insulted him; I therefore made no reply.

Some years after this, I met him at the house of Merlin, the great mechanic, in Prince's Street, Hanover Square. Merlin attended him with great respect, and displayed all his curious mechanical works to him. Macklin was delighted, and seemed to be particularly gratified with a stool on which he turned himself about with ease; and he uttered many humorous sallies on the occasion. When he had sufficiently diverted the persons present, and gratified his own curiosity with the extraordinary skill and ingenuity which all Merlin's works dis-

played, Macklin quitted his movable seat, and, looking at Merlin, uttered these words, with a gravity almost solemn : " Sir, if I were a despotic monarch, I would have you confined in a room ; I would supply all your wants and wishes ; I should then say to you, for the benefit of mankind, *THINK !*" The last word he pronounced in the most emphatic manner, and then retired respectfully from the company. The beginning of this speech, and the awful manner in which it was delivered, for a moment seemed to terrify Merlin, but the complimentary conclusion evidently gave him much pleasure.

When Macklin was announced for *Macbeth*, at Covent Garden Theatre, my father's old friend, Mr. Brooke, told me he would write to Macklin for an order, and that if I would take it, I should go with him to the play. I took the note, which contained a request for an order for his old friend *Jemmy Brooke*. Macklin wrote an answer in my presence, which I well recollect was in the following words :

" Mr. Macklin presents his compliments to his old friend *Jemmy Brooke*. He always valued the man, and the pleasure of thinking he was his friend ; wishes to increase the idea, and begs he will accept the inclosed order for two."

The character of *Macbeth* had been hitherto performed in the attire of an English general ; but Macklin was the first who performed it in the old Scottish garb. His appearance was previously announced by the *Coldstream March*, which I then thought the most delightful music I had ever heard ; and I never hear it now without most pleasing recollections. When Macklin appeared on the bridge, he was received with shouts of applause, which were repeated throughout his performance. I was seated in the pit, and so near the orchestra, that I had a full opportunity of seeing him to advantage. Garrick's representation of the character was before my time : Macklin's was certainly not marked by studied grace of deportment ; but he seemed to be more in earnest in the character than any actor I have subsequently seen.

I attended his performance two nights after. A party had been raised against him, consisting, as reported, of the friends

of Reddish ; and he experienced a mixed reception, but applause predominated. He announced his intention of developing the conspiracy which had been raised against him, on his next appearance. I was again present. He came forward in his usual dress, and was well received. The audience called for a chair, on which he sat, and began his story. He offered, however, no satisfactory proof, and the audience began to murmur. He then said he had authority upon which he could confidently rely ; and in a pathetic tone, putting his hand before his eyes as if he was shedding tears, said : " It was my wife." The audience then expressed their disapprobation, and would hear no more. He was, however, again announced for Macbeth ; and desirous of witnessing the end of the affair, I went the third time. The opposing party had then gained the ascendant, and he was saluted with a violent hiss as soon as he appeared ; and this hostility was so determined, that he went through the part in dumb show, for not a word could be heard ; yet silence and applause attended all the other performers. I did not attend on the fourth night, but met a friend who had just left the theatre, and who told me that a board was brought forward on the stage, on which was written, "*Mr. Macklin is discharged from this Theatre.*"

He had certainly given no provocation for this hostility, except to certain critics who presumed to think that he had no right to attempt a part so different from his usual style of acting. He discovered some of the party, brought an action against them, and they were cast. On hearing the verdict in the court, Macklin arose, and addressing the judge, declared that he did not seek for any damages, but only wished to vindicate his character, and to support the rights of his profession. The judge said : " Mr. Macklin, I have often admired your talents, but you have never acted better than on this occasion." After being discharged from Covent Garden Theatre, Macklin went to Ireland, where, being a native of the country, and admired as an actor, he was well received.

Macklin's devotion to the stage continued long after he had quitted it. He was, of course, indulged by the late Mr. Harris

with the freedom of the theatre, when he frequently took his station in the first row of the pit ; and if an actor's voice did not reach him, he was sure to get up, and in a commanding tone say : " Speak louder, sir, I cannot hear you." The actors, in general, tolerated his peculiarities, and he lived upon good terms with them. He had not, however, relinquished his dramatic pen : for he met me one day, and told me, that he would fix a day when he would give me a beefsteak ; that the windows should be shut and the door locked after dinner, and he would read to me a comedy which he had written. His increasing infirmities, however, prevented his making the appointment, and I therefore probably escaped from a trial of patience ; for, as he was of an overbearing disposition, I should have been obliged to acquiesce in the propriety of all I was to hear, or expose myself to the violence of his temper.

His origin was doubtful ; but I remember he told me, when I had become better acquainted with him, that when he first came to London, he went to a relation of his mother, who kept a public house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where there were then but few houses, and, as I understood, acted as a waiter. Tired and ashamed of this situation, he returned to Ireland, and joined a strolling company of actors. At length he obtained a situation on the Dublin stage, and afterwards in London. He told me that his first performance of Shylock was in Lord Lansdowne's alteration of Shakespeare's play, which was brought forward under the title of " The Jew of Venice ;" and that it was for his performance in this play that the following well-known couplet was written upon him : —

" This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

He said the pit was at that period generally attended by a more select audience than were to be seen there at the present time. As far as I can recollect, the following were his words : " Sir, you then saw no red cloaks, and heard no pattens in the pit, but you saw merchants from the city with big wigs, lawyers from the Temple with big wigs, and physicians from

the coffee-houses with big wigs ; and the whole exhibited such a formidable grizzle, as might well shake the nerves of actors and authors." His reputation being established, he was then engaged by Mr. Fleetwood for Drury Lane Theatre.

Dr. Wolcot and I were one evening at the Rainbow in King Street, Covent Garden, a coffee-house where we used often to sup, when Macklin came into one of the boxes. As the Doctor wanted to have some intercourse with the veteran, and as I was acquainted with him, we joined him, and were glad to find him in a talking mood. I found his memory much impaired, but he recollected facts, though he forgot names. My little acquaintance with theatrical history, however, enabled me to prompt him, and he told the following story nearly as I shall give it.

"Sir, I remember I once played the character of the boy who wears red breeches and offends his mother." "Jerry Blackaire, in 'The Plain Dealer,' I suppose," said I. "Yes, sir, that was the part. Well, sir, I played a great number of tricks to divert the audience ; and the chief part was played by the surly, fat fellow, whose name I have forgot." "Probably Quin, sir," "Aye, sir, that was the man. Well, sir, when I went into the greenroom, the surly, fat man began to scold me, and told me that while I played my tricks, it was impossible to have a chaste scene with me. I told him that, different as our cast was, I had the public to please as well as himself. 'But, sir,' said he, 'you must get rid of your tricks.' I said I could not. 'But, sir,' said he, 'you shall.' By this time I was provoked, and said, 'You lie ;' upon which he threw an apple that he was mumbling into my face. Sir, I was a fighting cull in those days, and I paid him so well about the face, that it swelled, and rendered him hardly articulate. He was obliged to go on the stage again, but he mumbled his part so much that he was hissed. He left the stage, and somebody went forward and said that he was suddenly taken ill. Whether he finished his part I don't remember, but I remember that at the end of the play he sent me a challenge, and said he should wait for me at the pillar in Covent Garden. But,

sir, I was a pantomime cull in those days, and I sent word that I would come to him when the entertainment was over. But, sir, the manager, a sweet man, who was my great friend, resolved that nothing fatal should take place—I forget his name.” “Probably Fleetwood, sir.” “Aye, that was the man,—sent a message to the surly fellow at the pillar, and would make up a bed for me in the theatre for fear of consequences, and so the matter ended.”

Macklin displayed the violence of his temper in thrusting his cane into the eye of Mr. Hallam, the uncle of Mrs. Mattocks, the admired comic actress. Mr. Hallam died in consequence of this wound, which perforated the brain, and Macklin was tried for the crime at the Old Bailey, but acquitted, because it did not proceed from *malice prepense*.

It was formerly the custom with the actors and many literary characters of the time, to walk in the Piazzas of Covent Garden in the middle of the day, and then to adjourn to dinner at the Bedford and other coffee-houses in the neighborhood, and Mr. Murphy assured me that he was present at the following scene. Foote was walking with one party of friends, and Macklin with another. Foote diverted his friends at the expense of Macklin, whom he not only turned into ridicule, but attacked his character on all points. Macklin was not less active in abusing Foote. This scene continued for some time, and the reciprocal attacks seemed to receive an additional stimulus as they passed each other. At length all the friends of both parties went away, and Foote and Macklin were left masters of the field; but Murphy lingered after he had taken leave of Foote, merely to see how the combatants would treat each other. To his surprise, Foote advanced to Macklin, and said in an amicable manner, “Macklin, as we are left alone, suppose we take a beefsteak together.” “With all my heart,” said Macklin; and they adjourned to the Bedford, as if they had been the best of friends. They afterwards, however, came to an open rupture.

Both gave public readings, in which they introduced the most vindictive abuse of each other. My father used to attend

them both. Macklin severely arraigned the moral character of Foote, and his daring impudence in exposing private persons on the stage. Foote was sportive and inventive. Among other matters which my father told me of this warfare, he said Foote expressed his surprise that Macklin should have had a Latin quotation in his advertisement, — "but I have it," said he : "when he was footman to a wild, extravagant student at the university, and carried his master's books to the pawnbroker's, he probably picked up this quotation on the way." After a pause, Foote added, "No, that could not be, for the fellow could not read at the time." It hardly need be said that Macklin never was in that capacity. The belligerents, however, with all the solemnity on one side, and all the wit on the other, tired the town, raised the siege, and became good friends again.

Macklin was a severe father. He gave his daughter, indeed, an accomplished education, and for some years came annually from Dublin, his head-quarters, to play his Shylock and Sir Archy for her benefit, but he always made her pay for the journey and his performance, and she was always obliged to lend her gold watch to a friend during his stay in London, lest he should insist upon having it, as he was too austere for her to dispute his will. Her figure was good, and her manner easy and elegant, but her face was plain, though animated by expression. She was a very sprightly actress, and drew from real life. Her character through life was not only unimpeached, but highly respected.

Churchill has described Macklin's face in very coarse terms in his "*Rosciad* ;" and Quin said of him, "If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain." At another time, Quin had the hardihood to say to Macklin himself, "Mr. Macklin, by the *lines* — I beg your pardon, sir — by the *cordage* of your face, you should be hanged."

I saw Macklin perform Iago, and Sir Paul Pliant, and other characters. In Iago, though doubtless he was correct in his conception of the character, he was coarse and clumsy in his deportment, and nothing could be more rough than his manner

of stabbing Emilia, and running from the stage, in the last scene. His Sir Paul was not wanting in noisy humor, but was rude in action. He was too theoretical for nature. He had three pauses in his acting—the first, moderate; the second, twice as long; but his last, or “grand pause,” as he styled it, was so long, that the prompter, on one occasion, thinking his memory failed, repeated the cue, as it is technically called, several times, and at last so loud, as to be heard by the audience. At length Macklin rushed from the stage, and knocked him down, exclaiming, “The fellow interrupted me in my grand pause.”

The last time I ever saw Macklin was in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, during a very severe frost, when the snow had hardened on the ground. He was well muffled up in a great-coat, and walked to and fro with great vigor. I addressed him, and said, “Well, Mr. Macklin, I suppose you are comparing the merits of former actors with those of the present day.” “The what of the present day?” said he in a very loud tone; “the what, sir?” in a louder tone, “the actors, sir?” He repeated his question with a voice that made the whole street ring. “Perhaps, sir,” said I, “you will not allow the present race to be actors.” “Good-morning, sir,” said he, and abruptly parted from me, resuming his walk with extraordinary strength and speed.

THOMAS KING.

With Mr. Thomas King, generally called Tom King from his easy manners and facetious talents, I was well acquainted. Churchill says of him:—

“'Mongst Drury's sons he comes and shines in brass.”

It has been supposed by some that the critical poet alluded to his performance of Brass in the comedy of “The Confederacy,” but this is a mistake. He was indeed admirable in that character, but the poet alluded to his general excellence in characters of a bold and spirited nature, such as the bucks and bloods of that time, as well as to the daring and intrusive characters of the old comedies.

King possessed a shrewd mind, and copied his characters from real life, and from the manners of any of his predecessors. He was admirable in story-telling in private company, and when any persons beat about the bush to draw from him a particular story, he always stopped them and said, "I see what you are at, don't give yourself any trouble," and he would then begin to tell a facetious anecdote, which required some degree of acting, as if it was some narrative of the day. My friend Donaldson was his school-fellow at Westminster.

To show the revolutions of a theatrical life, Tom King, who afterwards became one of the chief comic actors of his time, told his friend Donaldson that, soon after he adopted the profession, he walked all the way from Beaconsfield to Southwark to procure money from a friend to buy a pair of stockings, and when he walked back to perform the next day, his share of the profits was eighteen-pence, and his proportion, on a division, of the ends of candles.

Poor King unfortunately had an incurable propensity to gaming. After frequent and heavy losses he won one evening about 7,000*l*. He immediately left the gaming-table and ran home. His wife was in bed. He fell upon his knees by the side of the bed and called vehemently for a Bible. Unhappily there was no such unprofessional book in the house, but King remained on his knees and solemnly swore that he would never visit a gaming-table again. His propensity, however, returned upon him, and he ventured his all one night, which was won by a colonel in the British army, a very rich man, not without a strong suspicion that he was guilty of false play; and the suspicion was so near proof, that he went to all the clubs of which he was a member and erased his name from the books, conscious that, when an explanation took place, he would have been dismissed with infamy from them all. This man, who was of a good family, after his conduct towards King, was discarded from society, and used to wander alone through the streets, an object of contempt to all who had before known and respected him.

King once kept his carriage, had a house in Great Queen

Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and a villa at Hampton, near the mansion of his friend Garrick, who held him in high regard ; but his fatal turn for gaming deprived him of these advantages and rendered him a poor man for the remainder of his life. He had for several years been attached to Miss Baker, a celebrated dancer at Drury Lane Theatre, and happening to break his leg, and being attended by her with great kindness during his illness, he married her on his recovery, and they lived many years as happily together after such a change of fortune, the result of his own imprudence, as could well be expected.

It is lamentable to state that this affectionate wife, who had shared prosperity with him, when, besides the advantages which I have mentioned, he enjoyed a large weekly salary, and a very productive annual benefit, was after his death obliged to live in a garret in Tottenham Court Road, supported chiefly by those who knew her in better days. She bore the reverse of her fortune with patience and submission ; and even with her scanty means, by her taste rendered her apartment an agreeable scene of simple decoration.

“JEREMY DIDDLE.”

One of the last original characters which Lewis performed was Jeremy Diddler, in the humorous farce of “Raising the Wind.” The farce was brought forward on a Saturday night, and on that very night died the person who was justly considered the hero of the piece : this was no other than Bibb, a well-known character at that time, who accompanied Shuter in his expedition to Paris to win a wager. Though the person in question was not a theatrical performer, yet he was so much connected with theatrical performers, and acted so singular a part in the drama of life, that I may not improperly introduce him on the present occasion. He was the son of a respectable sword-cutler in Great Newport Street. The father was a grave and prudent man, who gave his son a good education, and afterwards articted him to an engraver. Bibb practiced the art some years, and I remember a print which he engraved, representing the interior of the Pantheon, in Oxford Street.

Bibb's print was not a work of high professional skill, but, from the number of the figures, and the large size of the plate, displayed more industry than could have been expected from a character that was afterwards marked by idleness and dissipation. I knew him very early in life, and occasionally saw him until near his death. He was much inclined to gaming, and took me once to a hazard-table in Gerrard Street, Soho, where I saw Dr. Luzzato, an Italian physician, who visited my father, and was a very agreeable and intelligent man. Baddeley, the actor, was also there. A dispute arose between Baddeley and the Doctor, which was likely to terminate seriously, but the rest of the assembly interposed, lest the *character of the house* should be called in question, and their nocturnal orgies suppressed.

The house went under the name of the Royal Larder, which was merely a cover to conceal its real purpose, that of a place for the meeting of gamblers.

I was very young at the time, and being ignorant of the game, I had not courage to engage at the hazard-table. It was a meeting of a very inferior kind, for a shilling was admitted as a stake. I had a very few shillings in my pocket, which Bibb borrowed of me as the box came round to him, and lost every time. The house was kept by a man named Nelson, who afterwards was landlord of the George Inn, opposite to Wyche Street, in Drury Lane.

How Bibb supported himself, having relinquished engraving, it would be difficult to conceive, if he had not levied taxes upon all whom he knew, insomuch that, besides his title of Count, he acquired that of "Half-crown Bibb," by which appellation he was generally distinguished, and according to a rough, and, perhaps, fanciful estimate, he had borrowed at least 2,000*l.* in half-crowns.

I remember to have met him on the day when the death of Dr. Johnson was announced in the newspapers, and, expressing my regret at the loss of so great a man, Bibb interrupted me, and spoke of him as a man of no genius, whose mind contained nothing but the lumber of learning. I was mod-

estly beginning a panegyric upon the Doctor, when he again interrupted me with, "Oh! never mind that old blockhead. Have you such a thing as nine-pence about you?" Luckily for him I had a little more.

There was something so whimsical in this incident, that I mentioned it to some friends, and that and others of the same kind doubtless induced Mr. Kenny to make him the hero of his diverting farce, called "Raising the Wind," already mentioned. Another circumstance of a similar nature was told me by Mr. Morton, whose dramatic works are deservedly popular. He told me that Bibb met him one day after the successful performance of one of his plays, and, concluding that a prosperous author must have plenty of cash, commenced his solicitation accordingly, and ventured to ask him for the loan of a whole crown. Morton assured him that he had no more silver than three shillings and sixpence. Bibb readily accepted them, of course, but said on parting, "Remember I intended to borrow a crown, so you owe me eighteen-pence. This stroke of humor induced Morton to regret that Bibb had left him his debtor.

Bibb, in his latter days, devised a good scheme to raise the supplies. He hired a large room for the reception of company once a week, which he paid for only for the day. He then, with the consent of his friends, provided a handsome dinner, for which the guests paid their due proportion. There can be little doubt that many extraordinary characters assembled on these occasions. He told me his plan, and requested I would be one of the party. I promised I would attend, and regret that I was prevented, as so motley an assemblage must have afforded abundant amusement.

Bibb's father, knowing the disposition of his son, left him an annuity, which was to be paid at the rate of two guineas a week, and which never was to be advanced beyond that sum. This was, however, probably dissipated the next day, and, when expended, he used to apply to his sister, a very amiable young lady, who was married to a respectable merchant. Having been tried by frequent applications, the husband would not

let him enter the door. Bibb then seated himself on the steps, and passengers seeing a man decently dressed in that situation, naturally stopped, and at length a crowd was collected. The gentleman then desirous of getting rid of a crowd, and probably in compliance with the desire of his wife, found it necessary to submit to her brother's requisition.

When I first became acquainted with Bibb, he had the manners of a gentleman with easy gayety, having recently returned from travelling, as companion to a person of fortune. His conversation was enlivened with humor, and, perhaps, I might add with wit, but as he gradually departed from genteel society, and associated chiefly with gamblers, if not sharpers, his manners proportionately degenerated, and once sitting nearly opposite to him at a public dinner, having received a ticket from one of my friends, I was surprised to observe that all Bibb said, was accompanied by nods, winks, and by thrusting his tongue into his cheek. I could hardly believe that I had remembered him with a pleasing vivacity and well-bred manners.

Nothing could subdue the spirit of his character, for he would make a joke of those necessities under which others would repine, droop, and despair. His death was fortunate at the period when it happened, for it not only relieved him in old age from probable infirmities, which, if they had confined him at home, would doubtless have deprived him of all resources of an eleemosynary nature, but would have reduced him to absolute starvation. It was also, as I have before observed, fortunate, for he escaped the mortification of seeing his character brought upon the stage. The public journals of the Monday after his death were full of anecdotes of his extraordinary life. I may fairly add, that if he had been a man of fortune, with his talents, promptitude, and humor, he might have made a very respectable figure in life, and have been a useful member of society.

GEORGE STEEVENS.

Mr. Murphy said that he had been some time out of town after the successful exhibition of one of his plays, but I do not recollect which. On his return to town Mr. Steevens called on him, and in the course of conversation asked if he had seen a severe attack on his play, in the "*St. James's Chronicle*." Murphy said he had not. In a day or two after Mr. Steevens called on him again, and, referring to the same article, asked him if he had not seen it. Mr. Murphy asked him how long ago the article had appeared; Steevens told him about a fortnight. "Why, then," said Murphy, "would you have me search for it in the jakes, where only it now can probably be found?" There was something of apparent disappointment in the manner of Steevens, and it struck Mr. Murphy that he was probably the author. He therefore excused himself for putting an end to the interview then, pretending that he had some papers to examine; and as soon as Steevens had departed, Mr. Murphy set off post to the office of "*The St. James's Chronicle*," and requested to see the manuscript of the article in question. The late Mr. Baldwin obligingly complied, and Mr. Murphy found that it was in the handwriting of Steevens. Steevens denied that it was his handwriting, and by mutual consent the matter was referred to the decision of Dr. Johnson. Mr. Murphy submitted his proofs to the Doctor, and Mr. Steevens attempted a defense, but the Doctor deemed it so unsatisfactory, that all he said on the occasion was, that Mr. Steevens must hereafter "lead the life of an outlaw."

The late Mr. Kemble told me, upon the authority of Mr. Malone, that when Mr. Steevens called, during the Doctor's last illness, to inquire how he was, the black servant went and told the Doctor that Mr. Steevens waited below. "Where is he?" said the Doctor. "On the outside of the street-door," was the answer. "The best place for him," was the reply.

The following anecdote is told as a proof of the gratitude of Steevens. It is said that he employed a woman of the

town, of some education and talents, to place herself at the door of Mr. Reed's chambers, and tell a pitiable tale of her distress and of the misfortunes which she had suffered. When Mr. Reed came home, she acted her part so well that he was strongly interested, and, as she said she was without a home, he offered her money to procure a bed where she could find one. In pursuance of the instructions which she had received, she said she was ignorant of that part of the town, and too weak to go to any other. Mr. Reed had but one bed, but rather than expose the poor woman to the necessity of wandering through the streets at a late hour, he actually resigned his bed to her, and slept at a neighboring coffee-house.

This despicable trick of Mr. Steevens, by which he intended to try the virtue of Mr. Reed, and perhaps afterwards to disgrace him by promulgating the incident, which he doubtless hoped would have had a different termination, only proved the humanity of Mr. Reed, and the malignant character of his pretended friend.

THOMAS HULL.

He was a man of learning, and possessed literary talents. He wrote a tragedy entitled "*Fair Rosamond*," published two volumes of poems by subscription, and I had the pleasure of being one of his subscribers. He also published "*Letters*" to a lady who had been his pupil, and whom he afterwards married. This lady appeared upon the stage in the character of Paulina in "*The Winter's Tale*." At the time I knew them, they were advanced into the "*vale of years*," and were a perfect Darby and Joan. She often came behind the scenes, to admire and animate her husband, long after she had left the stage. It was gratifying to observe the attention which they paid to each other at their advanced period of life. This attention was often a subject of mirth to the lively actors, but was always respected by those of a graver kind, because it was evidently the effect of long and rooted attachment.

I remember one night seeing them both behind the scenes,

when they came merely from curiosity, as Hull did not act on that occasion. He was just going to take a pinch of snuff, when she said, "Try mine, my dear." "I will, my love," he replied, and in his manner displayed the endearment of a youthful lover. Yet there was nothing ludicrous in the gallantry of this aged pair. The actors of his own rank, in his time, were obviously so much below him in knowledge and understanding, that he rated himself somewhat high, but not proudly, in comparison with them.

I never saw Mrs. Hull act, nor know what characters she performed besides Paulina, but it was said that on one occasion, at the end of the performance, he came to her, and said: "My dear, you played like an angel to-night;" and then, turning a little aside, said to himself: "and for that matter so did I, too." On the publication of his poems, I wrote a few stanzas in praise of them, and sent the manuscript to his wife, and afterwards introduced them into a newspaper. From respect to his memory, I have since inserted them in my volumes. Soon after the lady received my verses, she called on me to express her gratitude, and told me that she had copied them fifteen times, to present them to ladies who were friends of her husband.

Mr. Hull was for a few years the stage-manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and in that capacity, as well as for his good sense, was always required to address the audience when anything particular had occurred. A ludicrous circumstance happened during the time that mobs paraded the streets at night when Admiral Keppel had been acquitted of the charges brought against him by Sir Hugh Palliser. Mr. Hull lived in a corner of Martlett's Court, Bow Street, at the time. One of these mobs came before his door, and called for beer. He ordered his servant to supply them, till a barrel which he happened to have in his house was exhausted; and soon after, another mob came with the same demand, and did not depart without doing mischief. A third mob came, and clamorously demanded the same refreshment. Mr. Hull then addressed them, with theatrical formality, in the following terms: "Ladies

and Gentlemen, one of my barrels has been drunk out, and one has been let out ; there are no more in the house, and therefore we hope for your usual indulgence on these occasions."

Mr. Hull deserves the perpetual gratitude of the theatrical community, as he was the original founder of that benevolent institution, "The Theatrical Fund," which secures a provision for the aged and infirm of either sex, who are no longer capable of appearing with propriety before the public.

JOHN O'KEEFFE.

This gentleman, who is still alive, and who may be considered *sui generis*, as a dramatic writer, I have long known, and have had the pleasure of writing two or three prologues, at his desire, for some of his dramatic productions. I have letters from him expressive of more thanks than such trifling favors could deserve. He had the misfortune to be blind ever since I knew him, and therefore was not able to take that part in company for which he was well qualified by original wit and humor, and, as I have reason to believe, also by learning.

He had written a play, of which our renowned Alfred was the hero, to which, at his request, I gave a prologue. In this prologue, I courted for him, of course, the favor of the public, and signified that they would no doubt be surprised that he who produced "Bowkit," "Lingo," etc., should venture to portray the glorious founder of our laws. This prologue was spoken, but I understood that it did not satisfy Mr. O'Keeffe, who considered himself as equally qualified for the serious and sportive drama. As a proof he was offended that I did not give him credit for a genius for the heroic drama, as well as for the luxuriance of his humor in farce-writing, when a subscription was raised for the publication of his works in four volumes, in order to purchase an annuity for him, to which I was glad to subscribe, though he introduced all the other prologues I wrote for him, he omitted the one in question ; yet, if I do not mistake my own humble productions, it is one of the best of the many which I have written.

MICHAEL KELLY.

Though I class Mr. Kelly among theatrical performers, I rank him also as a private friend, for a more friendly nature I have not known. Though he had no pretensions to literary merit, he did not want good taste, nor was it confined to his musical profession. Allowing for vanity, an essential ingredient in human nature, he possessed humor, and was a pleasant companion. "His Reminiscences," from which I have derived more amusement than from similar works written with higher claims to literary notice, represent his character faithfully, and prove what I have before said of him, namely, that he was only an enemy to himself. His hospitable turn, resulting from the habits of his country, as well as from his own liberal disposition, prevented his acquiring that independence which otherwise his talents would probably have obtained.

Madame Mara, one of my early and most intimate friends, who was well acquainted with the world, gave me a favorable representation of Mr. Kelly before I knew him. She assured me that he was very good-natured, that he possessed great humor, and was peculiarly successful in imitating foreign manners, particularly those of foreign musical performers and composers. I had never any reason to think that Mara had been mistaken in his character.

He first appeared at Drury Lane Theatre in the opera of "Lionel and Clarissa," in which he performed the part of Lionel. I did not admire his singing, and his acting was such an odd mixture of foreign manners and accents, supported by the native pronunciation of his country, Ireland, that, being connected with a public journal at the time, I did not wish to bring my humble judgment in question, or to say anything injurious to a young man who came to London with high musical fame, and of whose private character I had heard a good report. I was the more disposed to decline criticising his performance, on account of Messrs. Sheridan and Richardson, proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, with whom I was intimate, and who expected much advantage from his talents. I there-

fore requested Mr. Richardson to give an account of Kelly's first appearance ; the interest which he took in the theatre, as well as his own benignant temper, induced him readily to undertake the task, and his report was highly favorable. Kelly then, from his intimacy with Stephen Storace, a musical composer of great merit, and with the kind aid of Mr. Cobb, the dramatic author, had songs and characters provided for him, which brought him forward, and enabled him to become a favorite with the public.

Kelly was ambitious of high and literary connections, and his cheerful disposition and amusing talents forwarded his pretensions. By his own account in his two published volumes, he must have been patronized, and admitted to a familiar intercourse with many of the most distinguished characters in Europe, in point of rank as well as talents. Few persons, indeed, seem to have enjoyed a more happy life, or to have passed through the world with a less offensive, or indeed a more conciliating temper.

I cannot take a final leave of my friend Michael Kelly without expressing my sincere regret that his harmless and pleasant life should have passed during some years before his death in so lamentable a state, from the effects of the gout, as to render him wholly unable to move without assistance ; yet when once seated at a convivial table, as I have seen him at that of the late Dr. Kitchiner, his vivacity never deserted him, and he was ready to entertain the company by his good-humor, his anecdotes, and his musical talents.

It should be mentioned, in justice to Mr. Kelly, that he retained the most affectionate remembrance of Mrs. Crouch till his last moments ; and knowing that I had been acquainted with her long before she appeared in public, he seemed to feel a melancholy pleasure in imparting his feelings to me. I knew her father and brother. The former held a situation in the Castle at Dublin ; the latter, a very handsome man and an excellent singer, was a major in the British army.

Michael Kelly was so much in favor with his late Majesty, George the Fourth, that he annually received from that la-

mented monarch 100*l.* as a contribution to his benefit. If Kelly "was not witty in himself," his facetious blunders were "the cause of wit in others;" but his temper was so good, that he never was offended at the liberties taken with him, but attempted to retort their raillery, and generally gave fresh occasion for more sportive sallies on his ludicrous mistakes. There were latent seeds of judgment in his mind, derived from long and varied experience in several countries; and, amidst all his humors and eccentricities, his opinion might be safely consulted in matters of importance.

On one occasion, when Mr. John Kemble was grave and silent, after many persons had expressed their sentiments on a particular subject, and Kemble appeared in dumb solemnity, Kelly turned towards him, and aptly applied the words of Hamlet, "Come, Kemble, 'open thy ponderous and marble jaws,' and give us your opinion."

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

George Cooke's mother had a legacy left her by Mrs. Dunwell. Mrs. Cooke was a crazy old woman, and much annoyed the late Rev. Mr. Harpur, one of the executors. Mr. Harpur was one of the officers of the British Museum. Mrs. Cooke frequently called on him, and demanded her legacy, which he could not pay till certain legal forms gave him authority. On one of her visits, the unfortunate state of her mind was too evident, and was attended with melancholy consequences. While Mr. Harpur and his wife were sitting at breakfast, Mrs. Cooke suddenly burst into the room, and in a vehement manner demanded the corpse of her son, accusing Mr. Harpur of having murdered him. Mrs. Harpur was in a very declining state of health at the time, and knowing nothing of Mrs. Cooke, was much shocked at the violence of her manner, and the horrid crime imputed to her husband. Mr. Harpur, who was a very sensible man, with great presence of mind, feeling for the agitation of his wife, quietly told Mrs. Cooke that she had not taken the right course in order to recover the body of her son, and to bring his murderer to justice. "You should go," said

he, "to Sir John Fielding's office in Bow Street, accuse me of the murder, and he will send his officers to bring me to justice. I shall then be tried for the crime, and punished if I am found guilty." "Well," said Mrs. Cooke, "I will do so immediately," and quietly departed.

The inconsistent and extravagant conduct of George Cooke may, perhaps, be not improperly traced to the mental infirmity of his mother. Very many years had elapsed before I heard anything more of him than that he had been apprenticed to a printer at Berwick-upon-Tweed. Hearing that a Mr. Cooke had acquired high provincial reputation as an actor, and that he had been a printer, I began to think he might be the person I had known when a boy.

Understanding that he was engaged at Covent Garden Theatre, and that he was to rehearse the part of King Richard on a certain morning, I asked my friend the late Mr. Lewis, the great comic actor of his time, and who was then the stage-manager, permission to attend the rehearsal; and he readily consented. It was with difficulty that I could trace the lubberly boy whom I had formerly known, through the great alteration of his person. At the end of the rehearsal, still doubtful, I addressed him, and asked him if he recollected to have known such a person as myself. He remembered our intercourse, but declared I was so much altered, that he should not have known me. I attended his first appearance in the character of Richard the Third, and sat with Mr. Sergeant Shepherd, now Sir Samuel, a gentleman who was held in the highest respect and esteem by his brethren at the bar, which, however, he was obliged to abandon on account of deafness.¹ I had the pleasure to find that Mr. Shepherd concurred with me in my opinion of Cooke's theatrical merit. We agreed that he showed a shrewd, reflecting mind, but that his manner was rough, coarse, and clumsy. The house was not well attended; he was, however, well received. Mr. Kemble sat with his wife in the front boxes, and was very liberal without being ostentatious in his applause.

¹ Sir Samuel Shepherd's father was a respectable tradesman in Cornhill, and much esteemed by all who knew him.

Cooke was strong, but coarse. He had not the advantage of much education, but had a shrewd, penetrating mind, was well acquainted with human nature, and was powerful in those characters for which his talents were adapted, and they were chiefly of the villainous. He thought of nothing but the indulgence of his passions, particularly devoting himself to the bottle. I found him one night in the greenroom during his performance so much affected by liquor, that he was unfit to appear before the audience. He seemed to be melancholy, and when I asked him the cause, he said he had just heard that Mr. Kemble had become a partner in the theatre. "Of course," said he, "I shall be deprived of my characters. There is nobody but Black Jack whom I fear to encounter." I assured him that he mistook Mr. Kemble, who knew his value too well to deprive him of any part. "For his interest," said I, "he would rather bring you more forward. He will revive *"Antony and Cleopatra,"* he will be Antony, you Ventidius. He will be Othello, you Pierre; you Richard, he the Prince of Wales; you Shylock, he Bassanio;" and I mentioned other parts in which they might cordially coöperate. These remarks cheered him, and he said, "if so, we will drive the world before us." In the mean time, I plied him with tumblers of water, and lessened the effect of the liquor, recommending forbearance of the bottle. He thanked me, and promised to take my advice, went home, immediately returned to his wine, and was rendered so ill, that he was confined to his bed the two following days.

EDMUND KEAN.

I saw Mr. Kean on his first performance in London. The part was Shylock, and it appeared to me to be a favorable specimen of what might be expected from a provincial performer, but I could not see any of those striking merits which have since appeared to the public; and, finding in his progress that his fame increased without any apparent improvement, in my humble judgment, and, as I before observed, reluctant to oppose public opinion, I avoided as much as was

consistent with the duty of a public journalist to notice his performances. But I hope I shall not be accused of vanity in saying, that I found my silence in public, and my observations in private, had brought upon me the imputation of being an enemy to Mr. Kean. I should be shocked, indeed, if I felt conscious that I deserved such an imputation. As a proof, however, that such a suspicion had gained ground, I dined once with my old acquaintance, Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, M. P., at his house in Spring Gardens, when Mr. and Mrs. Kean were of the party, and I heard afterwards that Mrs. Kean, a lady by no means unwilling to communicate her sentiments, had expressed her surprise, either to Mr. Grenfell himself, or to one of the company, that Mr. Taylor should be invited to the same table with Mr. Kean. I happened to sit next to Mr. Kean at dinner, and paid him particular attention, to obviate, or soften, any displeasing feeling on his part, and endeavored to enter into conversation with him on dramatic subjects; but, though he conducted himself with politeness, he seemed of a reserved and taciturn habit, yet without the least indication that he thought himself near a person inimical to his fame. I have since seen Mr. Kean in most, if not all, of his theatrical exhibitions, and I can even solemnly declare that I went for the purpose of enlightening my mind by the public judgment, but unfortunately my opinion remained precisely the same; I say unfortunately, for otherwise I should have received from his acting the same pleasure which the public have enjoyed.

Perhaps it may be thought that I am biased by my recollection of Garrick, whom I saw in many of his performances, when I was twenty and twenty-one years of age. If so, I cannot but admit the charge, since I am supported by the testimony of the best authors and critics of his time, as well as by the opinion of all his theatrical contemporaries. Far from feeling a prejudice against Mr. Kean, I should have been happy in joining with the million in admiration of his abilities, as he is the grandson of an old and long esteemed friend of mine, Mr. George Saville Carey. And here let me stop to

pay a tribute of respect to the memory of a very worthy man, and a man of real genius.

George Saville Carey was the son of Henry Carey, a very popular dramatic author, but more particularly known for his fertility in song-writing. His "Sally in our Alley," has been long a favorite ballad; he was the author of "Chrononhotontologos," and other dramas popular at the time; and is mentioned in Dr. Johnson's "Life of Addison" as one of Addison's most intimate friends. His son, my old friend, labored to prove that his father was the author of the words and music of what has been styled the National Anthem, "God save great George our King."

Henry Carey was a musician as well as a dramatic writer, but being, like too many of the literary fraternity, improvident, and careless of the future, he was reduced to despair, and hanged himself on the banister of the stairs where he resided. A single half-penny was all that was found in his pocket; and it came into the possession of my father's old friend Mr. Brooke, whom I have before mentioned, and who kept it as a mournful relique of departed friendship.

George Saville Carey, I believe, had no recollection of his unfortunate father, though he cherished his memory, and was well acquainted with his works. The son, it is said, was originally apprenticed to a printer, but he soon adopted the theatrical profession, with however so little success that he became a sort of public orator and mimic, in which capacity I became acquainted with him early in my life. He was chiefly a mimic of the theatrical performers of that time, but introduced many odd characters in his miscellaneous compositions, which he publicly recited. I remember to have heard him deliver his recitations at Marylebone Gardens, now covered with elegant manions. Like his father, he was a musical performer, and accompanied himself with skill and taste on the guitar.

As the nature of his profession induced him to lead an itinerant life, I never knew when or where he died, but have reason to fear not in prosperous circumstances. He wrote many songs and other poetical productions; but as he kept

them in reserve as instruments of his calling, I only know them as he recited them in public, or to me when he called on me. I only knew of his death, when his daughter, whom I understood to be the mother of Mr. Kean, called on me to sell some musical productions of her deceased father; and on more than one occasion that child accompanied her, who was destined to become the most popular and attractive actor of his day.

I have introduced these circumstances, merely to show that I had more reason to be the friend of Mr. Kean than to be adverse to his talents.

I will venture to say a few words respecting Mr. Kean as an actor. He had the sagacity to perceive that there were many points and passages in dramatic characters, which performers in general passed negligently over in their endeavors to support the whole of the part, but which admitted of strong expression. These points and passages Mr. Kean seized upon, and brought forth, sometimes with archness, and often with a fiery emotion, which made a strong impression on the audience, and essentially contributed to his extraordinary success. That he performs with great energy, must be readily admitted, and it is to be hoped that he will inoculate some of his professional brethren with the same fervor.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Mr. Sheridan, unhappily, was not reputed to be the most prompt and punctual of paymasters. He was indebted to Mr. Shaw, the leader of the band at Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Shaw, though a friendly, good-natured man, tired with frequent applications without success, called on me, and said he wished to submit a statement of his situation and his correspondence with Mr. Sheridan to the public, observing that as it related to so conspicuous a character, it would attract much attention to any newspaper that contained it. He said that therefore he gave me the preference, requesting it might appear in "The Sun." He was highly incensed, and it was with great difficulty I persuaded him to let me write to Mr. Sheridan on the

subject, and endeavor to procure an amicable arrangement, observing that, if he could not succeed in his application and the statement were published, he was not likely to be more successful after the matter appeared in print; and that I should despise myself if I endeavored to draw attention to my newspaper by exposing the differences of friends. At length he assented, and I wrote to Mr. Sheridan, who in his answer, which I have retained, desired me to appoint a meeting at my office between him and Mr. Shaw on the following Saturday. I accordingly wrote to Mr. Shaw for that purpose. Mr. Sheridan punctually attended at the appointed time, and I explained to him that any advantage which my paper might derive from the publication, could have no weight with me when his interest was concerned. His answer was so gratifying to me that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of mentioning it. "Oh," said he, "when *you* do an unkind thing chaos is come again!" Mr. Shaw, perhaps conscious of the persuasive powers of Mr. Sheridan, or unwilling to appear as an enemy before one with whom he had long been in friendship, did not attend the meeting, but came soon after Mr. Sheridan, who had waited two hours, left the place, desiring me to appoint a meeting with Mr. Shaw for the following Tuesday. On this occasion the latter attended, but Mr. Sheridan did not. He however sent Mr. Graham, a friend, to meet Mr. Shaw, and request him to accompany him to Sheridan's house, where the latter waited for him. These gentlemen went away together, and matters were settled, as I afterwards understood from Mr. Shaw, who told me that he had been able to obtain by my intercession 400*l.* of his money.

At a subsequent period Mr. Shaw applied to me again, in hopes that I might succeed upon a similar occasion. I immediately wrote to Mr. Sheridan, but heard no more of the matter, and therefore infer that a similar arrangement took place. Mr. Shaw, I understood, was brought into difficulty by accepting bills for a perfidious friend, and retired to France, where he still lives, and most probably is able to support himself by his musical talents, and is doubtless esteemed for his manly

character and social disposition. As a proof of Mr. Shaw's friendly feelings, knowing that I was very fond of one Van-hall's concerto, he never saw me at the theatre without selecting that piece for the next performance in the orchestra between the acts; and as I constantly expected it, I always remained to profit by his kindness.

The last time I ever saw Mr. Sheridan I overtook him in Oxford Street, leaning on his servant's arm. I joined him, and he dismissed his servant on a message, leaning on me till we reached the top of Bond Street. In the course of our walk I told him, that if he would accompany me to the place where I was then going, he would make an amiable and enlightened family happy. He asked me to whom I was going, and I told him I was to pass the evening at Mr. Shee's. Mr. Sheridan expressed his regret that some friends were to dine with him at his house in Saville Row: "But tell Mr. Shee," said he, "that I am unluckily engaged, and add, that I esteem him as a friend, honor him as a poet, and love him as a country-man."

The late Dr. Bain, a truly amiable man and an acute and experienced physician, of whose friendship I was proud, and whose memory I revere, attended the last days of Mr. Sheridan, and when the sheriff's officers were sent by some unrelenting creditors to take Mr. Sheridan in custody, prohibited them from exercising their inhuman purpose on pain of being indicted for murder, as such an outrage in his present situation would certainly kill him, and they would only have his dead body to remove. The men were not so barbarous as to persevere, but retired. The Doctor gave me an account of the last moments of Mr. Sheridan, and said that for a day or two before his death he was either too weak for utterance, or not disposed to make such an exertion. The Doctor told him that the Bishop of London was in the house, and asked him if he would permit his lordship to repeat a short prayer by his bedside. Mr. Sheridan did not speak, but bowed assent. The Bishop and the Doctor then knelt by the bedside, when the former repeated a prayer, but the fervor of devotion ren-

dered it much longer than the Doctor expected. Mr. Sheridan appeared to be attentive during the whole. He closed his hands in the attitude of prayer, and bowed his head at every emphatic passage.

A few days previous to Mr. Sheridan's death the late Mr. Taylor Vaughan came to the house, and addressing Dr. Bain told him, as it was probable that Mr. Sheridan did not abound in money, he was commissioned to present him a draft upon Coutts's for 200*l.*, adding that more was at his service if required. The Doctor said, that, as he did not observe any appearance of want in the house, he could not take it without consulting Mrs. Sheridan. The lady, on hearing of this unexpected liberality, assured the Doctor that she was fully sensible of the kindness of the donor, but must decline the intended donation, adding, that whatever the Doctor might order for the relief of Mr. Sheridan should be fully supplied. The draft was then returned. It was understood that the draft was sent by his late Majesty, who had graciously inquired into the state of Mr. Sheridan, and was distinguished among the very few who were not indifferent to the fate of an old friend in his extremity.

It would be unjust to Lord Holland and Mr. Rogers, the admired poet, if it were not mentioned that they visited Mr. Sheridan during his last illness, and that on the application of the latter to Mr. Rogers, that gentleman sent to him a draft for 150*l.*, in addition to previous pecuniary proofs of friendship. Lord Holland, however, insisted on paying half of that sum. As Mr. Moore has stated, on the funeral of Mr. Sheridan,

"The splendid sorrows that adorned his hearse,"

it is not necessary to add anything upon that subject in this place.

When the reports of Mr. Sheridan's illness became very alarming, a letter appeared in "*The Morning Post*," drawing the attention of Mr. Sheridan's friends to his melancholy situation, without mentioning his name, but designating him in such terms as left no doubt to whom it related. The writer,

citing the line above mentioned, concludes with the following passage: "I say *life* and *succor* against Westminster Abbey and a funeral." The letter was anonymous, but it is proper to state that it was written by Mr. Denis O'Bryen, a gentleman whose liberality generally exceeded his means, who was then not upon the most amicable terms with Mr. Sheridan, but who, as Mr. Moore says, "forgot every other feeling in a generous pity for his fate, and in honest indignation against those who now deserted him."

Mr. Sheridan, with all his great intellectual powers, was at times disposed to indulge in boyish waggery; and Mr. Richardson told me, that passing over Westminster Bridge with him, he had much difficulty in preventing him from tilting into the Thames a board covered with images, which an Italian had rested on the balustrades. Mr. Richardson had witnessed some playful exertions of this nature. He did so merely to excite surprise and fear in the owners, for he always amply indemnified them for any injury they might suffer.

Upon one occasion, when a nobleman, who had heard much of the talents of Mr. Richardson, had desired Mr. Sheridan to invite him to the country seat, where the latter was then on a visit, and had received a letter stating that Mr. Richardson was unable to come, Mr. Sheridan kept up the expectation of the master of the house, and left the room pretending that he was going to write a letter. Having seen a good-looking man in the house, a visitor to the servants, Mr. Sheridan procured a suit of clothes belonging to the master of the house, had the man dressed in them, availed himself of the noise of a carriage, and formally introduced him as Mr. Richardson to the noble host. Mr. Sheridan had previously tutored the man not to speak, but to bow when anything was addressed to him. The company were struck with the rustic manner of the supposed Mr. Richardson, but thought that his conversation would amply compensate for any awkwardness in his deportment. The noble host was particularly attentive to his new guest, but, after many vain attempts to draw answers from him, he went to Sheridan, and expressing his disappointment observed,

that if Mr. Richardson had not so high a reputation, he should have thought he was a very stupid fellow, and had never been used to good company. Sheridan said, "Wait till you see him at supper, when the wine has warmed him, and then you will find that he fully deserves all the fame which his talents have excited." The nobleman, however, induced others of the party to address the pseudo-Richardson, and all endeavored, with the same ill-success, to draw forth his powers. They all therefore agreed in considering Mr. Richardson as one of the dullest men they had ever met with, and in astonishment that so discerning a judge as Mr. Sheridan should be such a bigot to friendship. At length supper was announced, and the company were less prepared to enjoy the luxuries of the table than to witness the brilliant sallies of Mr. Richardson. Sheridan, however, thought that he had carried the joke far enough, and having contrived to get the countryman away, revealed his whimsical expedient, and by his own pleasantry atoned for the retirement of the rustic Richardson.

Richardson told me that he was persuaded by Sheridan to accompany him to Putney, with the assurance that Mrs. Sheridan was anxious to see him, that he had promised to bring him, and that Mrs. Sheridan was preparing a nice supper for him according to his taste. Sheridan knew that Richardson, though not inordinately attached to the pleasures of the table, was not however indifferent to them, and therefore frequently on the road congratulated Richardson and himself on the good cheer which Mrs. Sheridan was preparing for them. When they reached Putney there was nothing in the house but bread and cheese, and about the fourth part of a bottle of port in the decanter, nor had Mr. Sheridan any credit in the neighborhood.

Mr. Sheridan was certainly a good-natured man, and capable of great fortitude when occasion required. When Drury Lane Theatre was destroyed by fire, the House of Commons adjourned, from motives of respect and sympathy, on account of the dreadful stroke which had fallen upon one of their distinguished members; contrary to the desire of

Mr. Sheridan, who observed that the business of the country ought not to be interrupted and suspended by any private loss. The measure, however, having been adopted, Mr. Sheridan retired to the Piazza Coffee-house to a solitary dinner. Two of the principal actors of Covent Garden Theatre were dining together in a distant box, and having finished their repast, they agreed that it would be proper for them to approach Mr. Sheridan, and express their concern for the calamity which had happened. Hearing from them that they were going to observe the scene of devastation, he expressed his desire of going with them. They quitted the tavern, and mingled with the crowd, standing for some time at the end of the Piazza in Russell Street. Mr. Sheridan looked at the blazing ruin with the utmost composure. At length the gentlemen expressed their surprise that he could witness the destruction of his property with so much fortitude. His answer, which was recited to me by both of the gentleman in identically the same words, was as follows: "There are but three things that should try a man's temper, the loss of what was the dearest object of his affections — that I have suffered; bodily pain, which, however philosophers may affect to despise it, is a serious evil — that I have suffered; but the worst of all is self-reproach — that, thank God, I never suffered!" The last of these declarations may be thought to be rather repugnant to the course of his life, yet I think it will admit of a satisfactory solution, according to the opinion of my friend Richardson, who was a very penetrating man, and could sound the depth of character with the utmost sagacity.

Mr. Sheridan was one of our great men, and will not only live in dramatic annals, but be recorded in the history of the country. His errors as well as his good qualities should be known, that they who may emulate his merits may also avoid his faults. He is a proof how a mind originally proud, delicate, and honorable, may be warped and injured by adversity, which often sours the temper and corrupts the heart.* Almost all his errors may be imputed to his necessities, which destroyed the balance of his mind. His talents raised him into

a rank which he had not the means of supporting. When sober, he was cheerful and good-humored. When he had drunk too much, he sometimes became misanthropic, splenetic, ready, and almost eager, to offend. Our mutual friend, Joe Richardson, who was a penetrating observer and knew Sheridan better than anybody, said that in his sullen fits he "would search his mind for the bitterest things that he could conceive," and freely give vent to them against the person at whom his temporary pique, or rather anger, might be directed. But this was the result of those pecuniary difficulties which compelled his pride to submit to obligation.

I will only mention one instance of this unfortunate disposition, which occurred at a time of convivial excess, that happened at Kelly's saloon in Pall Mall, which Kelly kindly concealed, but which I learned from Richardson. On this occasion he had taken offense against the late Mr. John Kemble, and had assailed him in the most bitter manner. Kemble had borne this venomous hostility for some time with great patience, and had pushed round the bottle in hopes that Sheridan might be tempted to drink away his anger; but finding that, as the lion lashes himself into fury, so Sheridan's rancor seemed to increase, unable to bear the provocation any longer, Kemble seized a decanter and threw it at Sheridan, who luckily turned his head aside and escaped a blow which might otherwise have been fatal. The company then interfered, Sheridan apologized for his ill-humor, and as they were really both liberal-minded and good-natured men, they went out soon after in perfect amity together.

Sheridan was indeed good-natured, and if he had been a man of fortune would not only have been a man of nice honor, as Richardson said of him, but have been a liberal patron and a generous friend. I met him one day while the naval mutiny spread a general alarm, when Mr. Canning had styled him the "glorious exception" from the revolutionary principles of his party; and, alluding to his conduct in Parliament, which had procured him this honorable distinction, he said: "Well, Taylor, though our politics differ, what do you think

of me now?" "Why," said I, "it is possible for people to condemn in public what they privately encourage." "Now," said he, "that's very unhandsome." "What!" rejoined I, "you, the great wit of the age, not take a joke?" "Oh," said he recovering his good-humor in a moment, "a joke, is it? Well, it is, however, the dullest I ever heard, and I am sorry you have no better, but I shall be glad to see you at Polesden."

Having been annoyed by the appearance of flying spots on the paper when he read or wrote, he sent to me, requesting that I would call on him and give him my opinion upon the subject. As I was going I met Mr. Courteney, the Irish wit, who was long the Momus of the House of Commons. Hearing I was going to look at Sheridan's eyes, he asked the reason. I told him that Sheridan complained of flying spots before them, which were called *muscæ-volantes*." "No," said Mr. Courteney, "with Sheridan they should be called *vino-volantes*."

Mr. Sheridan asked me one morning to attend the rehearsal of Hamlet by Mr. Foote, a nephew of my old friend Jesse Foote, the popular surgeon. I went to the theatre and concealed myself in one of the upper boxes until the rehearsal ended, and then joined Mr. Sheridan on the stage. I afterwards wrote an introductory address for Mr. Foote. Mr. Foote, as well as I can recollect, recited the first speech of Richard the Third, and was kindly encouraged by Mr. Sheridan. In the course of conversation, I asked Mr. Sheridan what he thought of Garrick's Richard. He said it was very fine, but in his opinion not terrible enough. I mentioned this opinion to Mrs. Siddons, and she exclaimed, "Good God! what could be more terrible?" She then told me, that when she was rehearsing the part of Lady Anne to Garrick's Richard, in the morning, he desired that when at night he led her from the sofa, she would follow him step by step, as he said he did a great deal with his face, and wished not to turn it from the audience; but such was the terrific impression which his acting produced upon her, that she was too much

absorbed to proceed, and obliged him, therefore, to turn his back, on which he gave her such a terrible frown, that she was always disturbed when she recollected it.

DR. DODD.

Mr. Woodfall told me, that after Dr. Dodd had been tried and convicted, but not ordered for execution, he sent to request Mr. Woodfall would visit him in Newgate. Mr. Woodfall, who was always ready at the call of distress, naturally supposed the Doctor wished to consult him on his situation, or to desire that he would insert some article in his favor in "*The Morning Chronicle*." On entering the place of confinement, Mr. Woodfall began to condole with him on his unfortunate situation. The Doctor immediately interrupted him, and said that he wished to see him, on quite a different subject. He then told Mr. Woodfall, that, knowing his judgment on dramatic matters, he was anxious to have his opinion of a comedy which he had written, and if he approved of it, to request his interest with the managers to bring it on the stage. Mr. Woodfall was not only surprised but shocked to find the Doctor so insensible to his situation, and the more so, because whenever he attempted to offer consolation, the Doctor as often said, "Oh ! they will not hang me !" while, to aggravate Mr. Woodfall's feelings, he had been informed by Mr. Ackerman, the keeper of Newgate, before his interview with the Doctor, that the order for his execution had actually reached the prison. For this extraordinary fact, the reader may confidently rely on the veracity of Mr. Woodfall.

I once heard the unfortunate Doctor preach at the Magdalen Hospital. Presuming upon his importance, he did not arrive till the service was over, and a clergyman had entered the pulpit and commenced the sermon. The clergyman, however, resigned his situation as soon as the Doctor appeared. His discourse was delivered with energy, but with something theatrical in his action and poetical in his language. Among other passages of a lofty description, I remember he said, that "the man whose life is conducted according to the principles of the

Christian religion, will have the satisfaction of an approving conscience and the glory of an admiring God." Dodd published a volume of poems, some of which are in Dodsley's collection. His sermons have a tincture of poetry in the language. I heard him a second time in Charlotte Chapel, Pimlico, and his discourse made the same impression.

It was lamentable to remark the difference between his former deportment in the streets and his appearance in the coach the last time I saw him, when he was going to suffer the sentence of the law. In the streets he walked with his head erect and with a lofty gait, like a man conscious of his own importance, and perhaps of the dignity of his sacred calling. In the coach he had sunk down with his head to the side, his face pale, while his features seemed to be expanded : his eyes were closed, and he appeared a wretched spectacle of despair. The crowd of people in Holborn, where I saw him pass, was immense, and a deep sense of pity seemed to be the universal feeling. I was young and adventurous, or I should not have trusted myself in so vast a multitude ; sympathy had repressed every tendency towards disorder, even in so varied and numerous a mass of people.

Dr. Dodd, on the day when he was taken into custody, had engaged to dine with the late Chevalier Ruspini, in Pall Mall. He had arrived some time before the hour appointed, and soon after two persons called and inquired for him, and when he went to them, he was informed that they had come to secure him on a criminal charge. The Doctor apologized to the Chevalier for the necessity of leaving him so abruptly, and desired that he would not wait dinner for him. Soon after dinner a friend of the Chevalier called, and said he had just left the city, and informed the company that Dr. Dodd had been committed to prison on a charge of forgery. I was present at the sale of his effects at his house in Argyle Street. During the sale a large table in the drawing-room was covered with private letters to the Doctor, all open, and some signed by many noblemen and distinguished characters. I presume these letters were to be sold in one lot, but I did not stay till the conclusion of the sale.

LORD BYRON.

I became acquainted with this nobleman in the greenroom of Drury Lane Theatre, at a time when he was one of the committee of management, and, as well as I can recollect, I was introduced to him by Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, who was also a member of the same body. He had so little the appearance of a person above the common race of mankind that, as lawyers were concerned in the affairs of that theatre, I took him for one of that profession, or a clerk; nor when I first saw his features, before I was introduced to him, did I perceive any of that extraordinary beauty which has since been ascribed to him; but soon after, knowing who he was, and gratified by the politeness of his manner, I began to see "Othello's visage in his mind," and, if I did not perceive the reported beauty, I thought I saw striking marks of intelligence, and of those high powers which constituted his character.

I had but little intercourse with him in the greenroom; and as a proof how slight an impression his features made upon me, I was sitting in one of the boxes at the Haymarket Theatre, the partition of the boxes only dividing me from a person in the next box, who spoke to me, and as I did not know who he was, he told me he was Lord Byron. I was much pleased with his condescension in addressing me, though vexed that I did not recollect him; and I then paid more attention to him than to the performance on the stage. We conversed for some time in a low tone, that we might not annoy the people around us, and I was highly gratified in leaving all the talk to his lordship, consistent with the necessity of an occasional answer. I then took care to examine his features well, that, being near-sighted in some degree, I might not forget him.

I still think that the beauty of his features has been much exaggerated, and that the knowledge of his intellectual powers, as manifested in his works, has given an impression to the mind of the observer which would not have been made upon those who saw him without knowing him. The portraits by my friends Mr. Westall and Mr. Phillips, are the best like-

nesses that I have seen of him ; and the prints from other artists have very little resemblance, though some of them have been confidently bruited to the world.

I was in the habit of visiting the greenrooms of both theatres, but went oftener to Drury Lane, in order to cultivate an acquaintanceship with Lord Byron, who always received me with great kindness ; and particularly one night when I had returned from a public dinner and met him in the greenroom, though I had by no means drunk much wine, yet, as I seemed to him to be somewhat heated and appeared to be thirsty, he handed me a tumbler of water, as he said to *dilute* me. Having a short time before published a small volume of poems, I sent them to his lordship, and in return received the following letter from him, with four volumes of his poems, handsomely bound, all of his works that had been published at that time. I took the first sentence of the letter as a motto for a collection of poems which I have since published.

"DEAR SIR, — I have to thank you for a volume in the good old style of our elders and our betters, which I am very glad to see not yet extinct. Your good opinion does me great honor, though I am about to risk its loss by the return I make for your valuable present. With many acknowledgments for your wishes, and a sincere sense of your kindness, believe me,

"Your obliged and faithful servant,

"BYRON."

"13 PICCADILLY TERRACE, *July 23d, 1815.*"

In addition to this kind and flattering letter, his lordship inscribed the first volume in the following terms : —

"TO JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.
With the author's compliments and respects,
JULY 23D, 1815."

His lordship's volumes, his gratifying letter, and the kind attention which I received from him in the greenroom, induced me to express my thanks in a complimentary sonnet to him, which was inserted in "The Sun" newspaper, of which

I was then the proprietor of nine tenths. The remaining tenth share was to belong to a gentleman, when the profits of that share should amount to a sum which was the assigned price of each share, and at which price I purchased, by degrees, all my shares. By the oversight of the attorney employed, the gentleman alluded to, during the previous proprietorship, was invested with the sole and uncontrolled editorship of the paper, under such legal forms that even the proprietors could not deprive him of his authority. When the former two proprietors, of whom one was the founder of the paper, found into what a predicament they had been thrown, they signified their wishes to withdraw from the concern, and I purchased their respective shares, in addition to what I had bought before at a considerable expense, conceiving that the editor would relax from his authority, and that we should proceed in harmony together. But I was mistaken, and after much and violent dissension between us, I was at last induced to offer him 500*l.* to relinquish all connection with the paper, which sum he accepted, and it then became entirely my own.

During his control over the paper, the day after my sonnet addressed to Lord Byron appeared, the editor thought proper to insert a parody on my lines in "The Sun" newspaper, in which he mentioned Lord Byron in severe terms, and in one passage adverted to Lady Byron. Shocked and mortified at the insertion of this parody in a paper almost entirely my own, I wrote immediately to Lord Byron, explaining my situation, and expressing my sincere regret that such an article had appeared in the paper, and stating my inability to prevent it. My letter produced the following one from his lordship, which I lent to my friend Mr. Moore, and which he has inserted in his admirable life of the noble bard.

"DEAR SIR,— I am sorry that you should feel uneasy at what has by no means troubled me. If your editor, his correspondents, and readers, are amused, I have no objection to be the theme of all the ballads he can find room for, provided his lucubrations are confined to *me* only. It is a long time

since things of this kind have ceased to 'fright me from my propriety,' nor do I know any similar attack which would induce me to turn again, unless it involved those connected with me, whose qualities, I hope, are such as to exempt them, even in the eyes of those who bear no good-will to myself. In such a case, supposing it to occur, to *reverse* the saying of Dr. Johnson, "What the law cannot do for me, I would do for myself," be the consequences what they might. I return you, with many thanks, Colman and the letters. The poems I hope you intend me to keep, at least I shall do so, till I hear the contrary.

Very truly yours,

"BYRON."

"13 TERRACE, PICCADILLY, September 25th, 1815."

In a subsequent letter from his lordship to me, referring to the same subject, there is the following postscript. "P. S. Your best way will be to publish no more eulogies, except upon the 'elect;' or if you do, to let him (the editor) have a previous copy, so that the compliment and the attack may appear together, which would, I think, have a good effect."

This last letter is dated October 27, 1815, more than a month after the other, so that it is evident the subject dwelt upon his lordship's mind, though in the postscript he has treated it jocularly. The letter dated September 25th, is interesting, because it shows, that though his lordship was indifferent to any attacks on himself, he was disposed to come resolutely, if not rashly, forward in defense of Lady Byron, of whose amiable qualities he could not but be deeply sensible, and it is therefore a lamentable consideration, that a separation should have taken place between persons so eminently qualified to promote the happiness of each other.

Before her marriage, Lady Byron was the theme of universal esteem and admiration to all who had the pleasure of being acquainted with her, and there can be no doubt that in her matrimonial state she fully maintained her pretensions to the same favorable estimation, though untoward circumstances, unfortunately too common in conjugal life, may have occasioned the melancholy event of a separation.

I remember that soon after the marriage I dined with Mrs. Siddons, and know no person who was better able to appreciate character, and to pay due homage to personal worth than that lady. Referring to the recent marriage, she said, "If I had no other reason to admire the judgment and taste of Lord Byron, I should be fully convinced of both, by his choice of a wife."

It is impossible to review the character and talents of Lord Byron without entertaining a high respect for his memory. That he possessed strong passions is too evident; but they were accompanied by a generous and forgiving disposition, as my friend Mr. Moore's valuable life of him demonstrates. His poetical powers, though certainly of a high order, have perhaps, like the beauty of his person, been represented in too favorable a light. They were chiefly of a satirical and descriptive kind. He could draw characters with great force and beauty, as well those of masculine and ferocious energy, as of female softness, delicacy, and exquisite feeling; but perhaps if we were to search in his works for that species of poetical excellence which is denominated the sublime, and which is the essence of true poetry, we should be disappointed.

I feel somewhat abashed at thus venturing to criticise the works of so popular a writer; but much as I respect his memory, and feel sensible of his kindness to me, I may be permitted to express my opinion, considering the high reputation which he acquired, and the great poets who do honor to the literary character of the country, and whose names seem to have sunk into comparative oblivion.

As Lord Byron made so conspicuous a figure in society, and will always remain so in the literary world, it may not be an in-curious speculation to reflect on what he might have been if he had not been born to rank and affluence. That he possessed great poetical talents, nobody can deny; and it must be equally admitted that he was born with strong passions. It is hardly to be doubted, that whatever had been the condition of his parents, they would have discovered uncommon qualities

of mind in him, and would have afforded him as good an education as their means would have allowed. Born in humble life, he would not have been exposed to the flattery of sycophants, which always surround the inheritor of title and wealth, and his talents would have taken the direction which nature might have suggested, and his passions have been restrained from extravagance and voluptuousness. He would have been free from the provocation of captious criticism, and therefore would probably have employed his muse in description, sentiment, and reflection, rather than in satire and licentiousness.

That Lord Byron was generous and affectionate, is evident from Mr. Moore's masterly biographical work ; and this temper, influenced by his situation among persons in ordinary life, would probably have operated with benevolence and philanthropy. His faults may therefore be conceived to have been the consequence of the rank in which he was born, and the allurements, as well as provocations, to which he was exposed. It has been said that the deformity of his foot contributed to sour his temper, but if he had been obliged to support himself by his talents, his chagrin on that account might have passed from him "like dew-drops from the lion's mane." In my opinion Lord Byron was naturally a kind, good-hearted, and liberal-minded man ; and, as far as he was otherwise, it was the unavoidable result of the rank to which he was born, and its incidental temptations.





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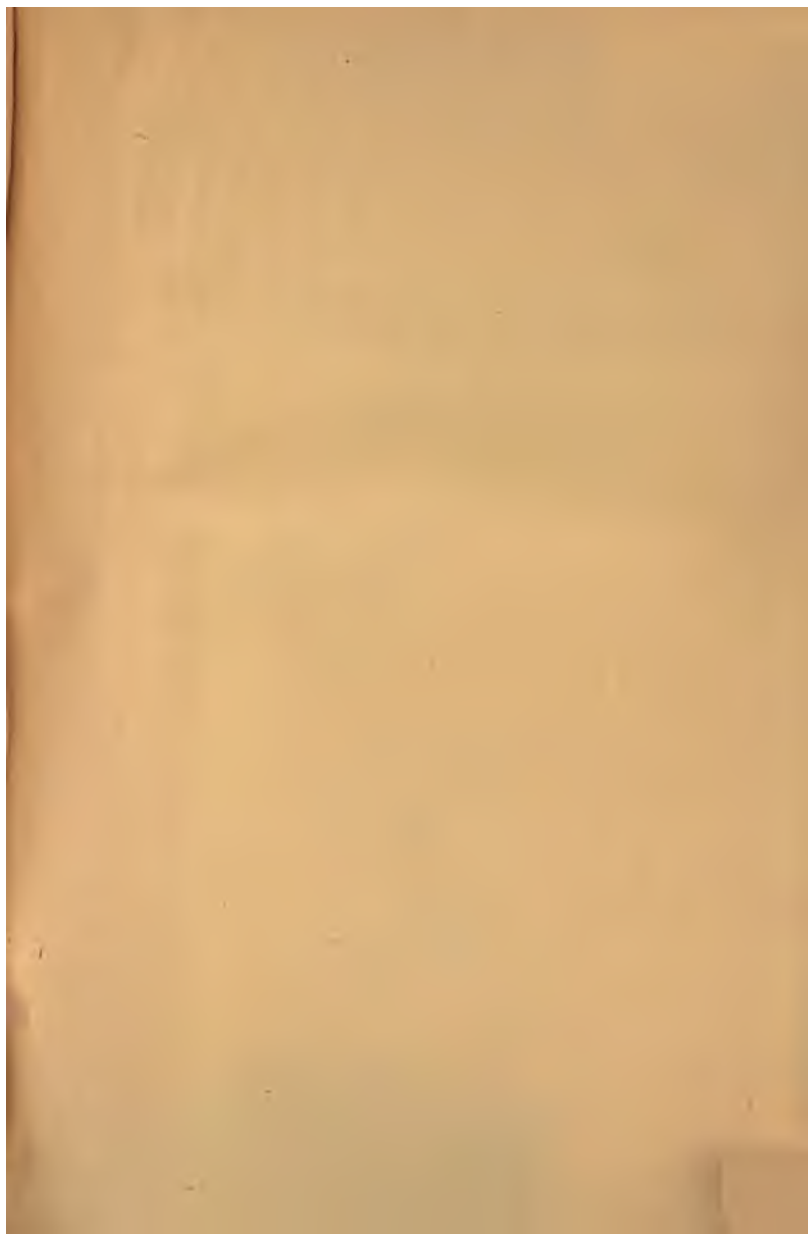
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